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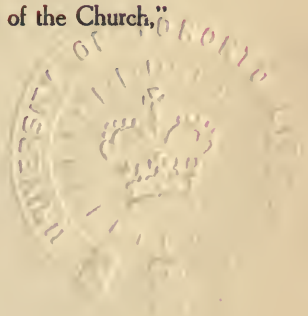
A Memoir

*Together with a Record of the Earlier Years of the
Publishing House Founded by Him*

By

George Haven Putnam, Litt.D.

Author of "Books and Their Makers," "The Censorship of the Church,"
"Abraham Lincoln," etc.



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The Knickerbocker Press, New York

Preface

IN 1903, I brought into print a Memoir of my Father, which had been prepared to preserve, for the information of his children and grandchildren, a record of the chief incidents in his busy life, together with an estimate, based upon personal associations and memories, of the character of the man. The book was printed for private circulation in the family circle, and included details of family history that it was desirable to preserve but with which the public had naturally no concern.

The present volume presents those portions of the earlier narrative having to do with matter that should, it is believed, possess interest for the general public, a public that now represents a later generation and which can include but few who ever had personal relations with the subject of the Memoir.

The sons of G. P. Putnam had thought that the record of his business career ought to be preserved as a contribution to the history of American publishing and of international literary relations. They are particularly interested in emphasising the services rendered by him in furthering the establishment of international copyright between the United States and Europe. Mr. Putnam's work on behalf of international copyright was begun as early as 1837, in which year was organised the first of the long series of copyright committees. From that date until the year of his death, in 1872, Mr. Putnam was the Secretary, and as

a rule the working man in the executive committee of each successive copyright league or association.

It had seemed also that, apart from this record of a business career and of public work, there might be service in making available for the community fuller knowledge of a man whose life gave evidence of high ideals, of sturdiness of character, and of a singularly fine and sweet nature. Such personal details as have been retained in the present narrative have, therefore, been selected with reference to their value in throwing light upon motives of action and upon development of character.

For the same purpose, it has been thought desirable to include in the volume several papers presenting my Father's own reminiscences, together with an article contributed by him to the *Knickerbocker* in October, 1861, in which he gives an account of his experiences at the first Battle of Bull Run.

G. H. P.

NEW YORK,

May, 1912.

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George Palmer Putnam

A Memoir

George Palmer Putnam

CHAPTER I

Ancestry and Early Years

GEORGE PALMER PUTNAM was born in Brunswick, Maine, on the 7th of February, 1814. His father was Henry Putnam of Boston, and his mother Catherine Hunt Palmer of Dorchester. The Putnams of Massachusetts came from the county of Buckinghamshire, in England, where the records show them to have lived, during a number of centuries, as small squires and substantial yeomen. The name was most frequent in the town of Penne, which is about thirty miles from London. The name was originally Puttenham and is, I understand, derived from a Friesland cognomen, *Putt*, the suffix, *ham*, standing for a village or settlement. If this derivation be correct, some early member of the Putt family must have separated himself from his rural brothers and cousins by taking up his residence in the village, so that he was afterwards referred to as "Putt of the village," or Putt-en-ham. A village called Puttenham lies twelve miles from Penne.

There appears to have been no one of any great note in this Bucks family of Puttenham and Puttnams, and

it can only be said for them, in the absence of any evidence to the contrary, that they lived their lives faithfully and did their duty (according to the catechism) in the sphere of life to which they had been called. The one individual of the earlier family (that is of the family before the name had been condensed to Puttnam) who secured any individual repute was George Puttenham, who published, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, *The Art of Poesie* and the less well-known treatise called *Parthenaides*. He died about 1600.¹

One of the earlier members of the branch of the family settled in Penne was a certain Nicholas Puttenham, who is recorded as having held there a small manor in or about the year 1500.

The Puttnams took part with the Cromwellian Puritans during the civil war which resulted in the death of King Charles, and after the accession of Charles the Second, certain members of the family made their way to the colony of Plymouth in Massachusetts. This migration probably took place in the year 1642, in the ship *Fortune*, sailing from Plymouth to Plymouth of the West. The names of these founders of the American branch of the family are recorded in the genealogy published by Eben Putnam of Salem.

Henry Putnam, my father's father, was born in Boston. He was educated at the Boston Grammar School and at Harvard College, and became a member of the Suffolk Bar. He broke down in health, however, and shortly after his marriage (September 13, 1807) he took his wife to Brunswick, Maine. He was admitted to the Bar of that State, but the difficulties of his health appear to have interfered with any sedentary work and his service as a lawyer in Brunswick was probably not important. The

¹ The authorship of *The Art of Poesie* has also been ascribed to George's brother, Richard, but the weight of evidence is in favour of George.

main support of the family came from the exertions of his young wife, Catherine, who opened a school, which she continued to manage for sixteen years.

Catherine Palmer came of good stock. Her family was, like that of her husband, of Puritan origin, the Palmers having come from the county of Essex, where Cromwell was born, and which gave to the Puritan cause an almost undivided support.

Joseph Pearse Palmer, the father of Catherine, was the son of Joseph Palmer, who had taken an active part in the "Committee of Safety" of Boston, in which committee was vested, for two years before the battle of Lexington, the direction of the cause of the protesting colonists of Massachusetts. It was from the house of Joseph Palmer that, in 1773, a body of citizens disguised as Indians went to the tea vessels at Griffin's wharf, and, in throwing overboard the tea upon which the new tax was to be collected, committed the first act of the Revolution.

Joseph Palmer served in the Continental Army, from which he retired with the rank of Brigadier. He had also enjoyed the distinction of being the presiding officer of the first Colonial Congress or Convention, which was called in 1773 to formulate the grievances of the colonists against Great Britain.

The following letter from a descendant of Joseph Palmer makes clear the line of descent:

DORCHESTER, MASS.,
July 20, 1896.

GEORGE H. PUTNAM.

DEAR SIR:

Please excuse the liberty I've taken in addressing these few lines.

In looking over the genealogy of the Palmer family, I find that Gen. Joseph Palmer's Son, Joseph Pearse Palmer, had a daughter named Catherine Hunt, who married Henry

George Palmer Putnam

Putnam, a lawyer, Sept. 13, 1807, and that your father, George Palmer Putnam, was one of five children. I think your father was named after my Grandfather, George Palmer. Gen. Palmer came from England in the ship *Wilmington* in 1746. In the year 1770, he went to England for the benefit of his health. While in London he had his portrait taken by the celebrated Copley, and sent to his family at Braintree, Mass. I have the same in my possession with the original frame, etc., as received from England.

Respectfully yours,

CHARLES S. PALMER,

Great-Great Grandson of

Gen. Joseph Palmer.

Catherine Palmer had been brought up in the Congregational faith, but, at the time of her marriage, she was probably not a member of the Church. Shortly after her settlement in Brunswick, she joined the Baptist Church, and, through her long life, she always remained a very earnest believer in the Calvinistic creed. She found occasion, however, to modify for herself certain of the Baptist tenets, and some of her views were characterised as tending to the doctrine of the Swedenborgians. She united with a clear-headed precision and a certainty of conviction a mystical tendency. She was a believer in types and symbols, and she found not only in the Scriptures but in many other things a double meaning, the first apparent and direct, the second hidden and indirect or spiritual. For the purpose of expounding these theories in regard to the interpretation of the Scriptures, she began a series of commentaries on the Old Testament. The two octavo volumes, published, with filial respect, by her son George, in 1852 and 1853, carried the analysis of the Old Testament no farther than the Book of Exodus, and

because there were no further funds to spare, or because the active work of her busy days promised no further time for elucidating the typical meaning of the Pentateuch, the work was not continued. The fact that but few purchasers were found for these rather heavy octavos did not trouble her at all. She was quite firm in her conviction that the Lord would, at his own time and in his own way, show the truth to his people. . This firmness of conviction and apparently undoubting certainty that she had grasped God's truth and that God's ways were righteous and wise and just, is the chief impression that remains in my mind of my grandmother's faith. I do not say that she never had doubts, but, without any cant and without any offensive dogmatism, she always spoke and always lived as if her doubts had been solved and her way made perfectly clear. To this particular servant of His the Lord seems to have spoken in no uncertain tone and in a way not to be misunderstood.

I should say, however, that Catherine Putnam had, notwithstanding, a full measure of sorrow and trials. She was possibly rather dogmatic in her method of holding and expressing her special views concerning scriptural interpretation, these views brought her early into issue with her fellow Baptists in Brunswick. After a short term of membership in the First Baptist Church, she seceded with a small number of the congregation and organised a Second Baptist Church that continued in existence during her sojourn in Brunswick, but which shortly after her departure was again absorbed into the original congregation. The building within which the Second Baptist congregation held its services was many years afterwards enlarged, and is now (1912) occupied by the Brunswick Historical Association.

I should give a wrong impression of my grandmother's Christianity if I should make reference only to her

theological views and her theological contentions. She was in fact one of the most practical and consistent Christians I ever knew. Her faith and her practice were precisely the same on Monday as on Sunday. It was, indeed, one of her favourite contentions that all the days of the week had been made by the Lord and that they were all to be kept holy. She considered that the selection by the Jews of the seventh day and by the Christians of the first day for special observance and religious service, had a certain convenience in securing uniformity of action, but was not otherwise important. She was prepared, whenever practicable, to give to religious service such hours of each day as were available, while she did not consider that the performance on the Sabbath of any ordinary and necessary occupation was in any way sinful. All the days given to men were to be devoted to glorifying God, but all faithful service done during the fitting hours of those days would be accepted by God as done for His glory.

The little town of Brunswick, in 1808, when Catherine Putnam began her work as a teacher, did not differ in any material respect from the other New England towns and villages, which in a long series of contests against the severities of the New England climate, varied by occasional campaigns with the New England Indians, had made a full test of the endurance and the capacity for fighting and for living of the sturdy primitive settlers. The people were at this time largely engaged in fishing, but there was some farming in the regions that could be most easily reached from the coast, and the Androscoggin River was utilised to bring, for shipment southward, the timber of the hills. There came into existence also, along the banks of the river between Brunswick and Bath, some shipbuilding yards, in which were constructed, not only the smaller smacks and sloops and schooners for the fisheries and coastwise trade, but also ships of con-

siderable burden. These yards were utilised effectively during the war of 1812-15 for the building of the privateers which made so much havoc with the commerce of the Canadas and of the British West Indies.

Catherine Putnam's school is commemorated in the history of Brunswick as the best of the preparatory schools that had as yet been known in the town. In connection with the management of this school, the loyal service and effective co-operation of Catherine's most intimate friend, Narcissa Stone, must not be forgotten. Narcissa had known Catherine Palmer in Boston where they were at school together. When Henry Putnam's health and law practice broke down and the young wife was looking about for some means for the support of her family, it was Narcissa who suggested that there was in Brunswick an opening for a school and who placed at the disposal of Mrs. Putnam, for the beginning of her school operations, a house owned by her father.

The school was carried on for a year or more in the house lent by Miss Stone, and in 1809, when these quarters had been outgrown by the increasing number of pupils, it was moved into what was then known as the Dunlap house, which is at this time in the possession of the family of the late Dr. John D. Lincoln. Mrs. Putnam remained there for eleven years, and during a large portion of this time Miss Stone was her assistant. The friendship of the two women continued during the lifetime of Narcissa, and Catherine always spoke of her as a woman in whom she had great confidence, and whom she trusted implicitly. In 1820, Mrs. Putnam moved her school into what was known as the Forsyth house. Later, she occupied one-half of the house on the corner of Main and Mill streets, the other half being occupied by Dean Swift. She remained there until 1829, when, the house having been destroyed by fire, she removed her school to New York.

One of the local writers, describing the Brunswick community of the time, says that Mrs. Putnam was generally recognised as an excellent woman and a conscientious and capable teacher. I find from certain references in the history of Brunswick that Henry Putnam, being driven into the open air by the requirements of his health, had found himself fascinated with outdoor life, with the result of becoming diverted from the interests and responsibilities of his legal work. It is certain that this work proved neither important nor remunerative, and that the chief burden of the support of the family came upon the young wife. The first child in the family, born in 1808, was a boy who was called Henry. This child was four years old at the time of the breaking out of the war of 1812. He died in January, 1815, shortly before the news of the peace had arrived from Ghent. The second child, Catherine, was born in 1810, and the third, Anne, in 1812, while the country was still agitated by the troubles and disasters of the war times, troubles which not even the brilliant successes of the little navy were sufficient to offset; the fourth, George, was born in 1814, and the youngest child, Elizabeth, was born in 1816.

It is to be remembered in connection with this war of 1812-1815, that with the single exception of the battle of New Orleans, practically all the noteworthy successes were secured by the navy. The war had been largely the result of Southern sentiment and ardour, but the army, which was very largely officered from the South, effected hardly anything. It was the New Englanders who furnished by far the larger portion of the naval forces and who brought fame to the flag of the young republic, while it was in New England, the citizens of which had protested against the war policy of the administration, that the vessels of the new navy were built.

George received his training with his sisters in his mother's school, in which was presented an early example of coeducation. The people of Brunswick did not have time to think over the possible advantage of providing separate schoolrooms for boys and girls whose life in other respects was carried on in common. My father occasionally spoke to me concerning his recollections of Brunswick, but I do not now recall anything very distinctive or important in his reminiscences. He spoke of skating on the Androscoggin River, of boating down the river to the big shipping yards at Bath, and of enjoying the sports which were usual in the New England country life of the period. He told me that he had once been able to render service to Bowdoin College. A fire having broken out on the roof of one of the buildings, owing to the carelessness of a tinman who had been doing some repairs, George ran down the street shouting the alarm. He suggests, in his modest way, that it was probably for this service that the college, thirty years later, when he was forty years of age honoured him with the title of Master of Arts.

The system of work in the Brunswick school was doubtless modelled (as far at least as the material difference in circumstances rendered practicable) upon that of the famous school of Mrs. Rowson in Boston, where my grandmother had been a pupil. Mrs. Rowson was herself a woman of good family, and in her schoolrooms had been gathered, during the last years of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth, representatives of some of the best families of Boston. She was the author of a romance belonging to the sentimental school of literature, entitled *Charlotte Temple*. The book had considerable vogue at the time and was reprinted in New York as late as 1894. It was in Mrs. Rowson's school that my grandmother made the acquaintance of Narcissa Stone,

whose friendship was later so valuable in more ways than one.

In 1825, when George Putnam was eleven years old, a suggestion came to his mother from John Gulliver, a merchant of Boston who had married the sister of George's father, presenting a business opening for George. Mr. Gulliver was taking into apprenticeship, or into employment (the more formal apprenticeship having by this date become infrequent), his son John Putnam Gulliver, who was of the same age as his nephew George Putnam. He proposed that George should come to Boston, where he would make a home for him and where he could secure, in company with his cousin, a business training in the work of the store. The principal article dealt in by Mr. Gulliver at that time was carpets, the stock including the home-spun material from the country districts on the one hand and importations from England on the other.

Mr. Gulliver was a just man and he intended to do what was right by his wife's nephew. I judge, however, that both in his business methods and in the arrangement of his home he was rather hard and narrow. George certainly had all the luxuries that were enjoyed by the son of his employer, but these were few and far between. The boys swept out the store in the early morning hours and kept it clean during the day. For some time, at least they slept together in the back of the store. I doubt whether they had anything to do with the selling of goods, but they probably did have some responsibilities in connection with the delivery of packages. During the rare holiday hours, there was fishing in the Charles and from the wharves on the Bay, and in the winter time, there was, of course, coasting on the Common. The business day was, however, a long one, and the holidays or spare hours came at rare intervals. The Sabbath was observed with full New England strictness. The duties of the day in-

cluded morning and evening prayers at home, and in the church, Sunday-school and morning and afternoon services, with their long Puritan sermons. No "frivolities" were permitted, and under this term was understood all reading other than that of a devotional character. Whether on the Sabbath or on the other days of the week, reading matter must have been difficult to secure, and time for the use of books, even if the books had been available, equally difficult. Young Putnam had already in some way developed a strong taste for reading, and in some of his later letters, after he had reached New York and when he had at hand the great supplies of the Mercantile Library, he refers more than once to this "literary starvation" in Boston. He mentioned once to my sister Minnie the compunctions of conscience he experienced when, while still an inmate of his Uncle John's family, he secured and read surreptitiously a volume of Miss Edgeworth's Tales. One might suppose that Miss Edgeworth was sufficiently moral in tone for the guidance of any young person, but her writings belonged to the forbidden class of fiction, and the reading of them constituted therefore a frivolity.

George had in his mother's time been accustomed to a strict observance of the Sabbath. From my memory, however, of my grandmother's way of looking at things, I judge that she was much less inclined than were her fellow-church-members to draw arbitrary lines between "Sunday employment" and "Sunday reading" and what was proper for the other days of the week. According to her contention, all days were God's days, and no occupation which was not wholesome in its character and sound in its purpose should be permitted on any day.

The following letter from George to his mother throws some light upon his methods of life in Boston, and also upon his painstaking conscientiousness.

BOSTON, April 10, 1829.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

I have been expecting to hear from you since Miss Stone returned but have been disappointed. But as your time is no doubt entirely taken up I will not complain.

You know I keep an account of all my expenses; I have a book in which I set down everything which I have from Uncle G. and everything from you separately, and I wish you would state in your next what the Cloth and Cap cost which you sent last, the Cloth, vesting, gloves, and stockings, and the Book for Mary P. which I consider as at my expense. The whole amount which I have down from Oct. 1826—to Jan. 7, 1828, (as I did not keep an account before) is \$44.38, including Clothes made from Uncle's old ones, and everything but my board. When I was at Miss MacDonald's, he paid \$1.38 for my board including washing, but I was absent nights and Sundays. I however took 18 meals per week, a little more than 7 cents a meal, which I think is very cheap as I am monstrous hearty. I assure you I never want for appetite, especially when I have a good lot of Carpets (which we deal pretty largely in) to handle. I have not boarded at G. MacD's since I was sick and I conclude Uncle does not intend to have me any more. She says her Mother is coming up to live with her this Spring.

I had a coat made last December from an old one, which I put down on my book—for the coat itself \$3.00—for making and trimmings \$2.00—Total \$5.00. I also paid a bill for tuition in writing \$1.00. I took about ten lessons. I think I learnt a dollar's worth. I have in my book in the time above stated, 1 pair of shoes, 3 vests (old) and three or four Coats and Pantaloons, all old but one. The amount on your side exclusive of those things named above which I do not know is \$10.91 which I had in N. Y. and \$6.00 cash which you sent to Mr. G.; spent as follows:—viz., paid Dr. P. for cleaning teeth cost \$2.58. Cash for Hat, \$2.50, for mending Shoes .42, trimmings .50. That is, the \$6.00 was credited in first place on the Book, and then these articles charged though without reference to the \$6.00, and there is \$4.21 charged more. He

had not kept an account on the Book before you sent the money. Since the 1st of Jan., Aunt has had the vest which you sent, made, and also a new silk one. Narcissa sent me one too, so that I am well supplied with vests. The Coat is not made yet. I wear the one which was made in December, constantly, on Sundays and in the week. The Brown Suit which you sent is most worn out and I have most outgrown them.

I have stated all this because I thought you would like to know. I am at present in special need of nothing; the Coat, I suppose will be made before long, and I have pantaloons which I can wear this summer if they are not too small. I have also a Black Hat most new and a good great Coat. I am rather in want of the shirts I wrote you about. Aunt says if it is not convenient for you to send them she will make some; she has delayed it because she expected E. would make them. If you send them, I would rather you would not make or cut the collars, as I want to have them cut to fit well. For my part I do not think you ought to provide any more clothes for me, I feel as if I was old enough not only to support myself but to help you instead of being any tax upon you; and I do not think that it is any more than right for Mr. G. to provide my Clothes or the value of them. You know best however. I think Uncle G. would be perfectly willing to do it all; You know he said he would. I know I have not been so faithful to him as I ought to have been. But I shall try at least to merit his confidence, and sufficient compensation to enable me to help, instead of being a burden to you. So much for these matters.—But I do not know as I have anything to tell which would be pleasing or interesting to you. I told you Mr. Bourne had moved here. Aunt G. called to see Mr. B. the other day. He is quite feeble and does not go out at all. Aunt invited Jane to go to our meeting, and I called for her the next Sabbath. She appeared glad to see me, so did her mother. He had gone to meeting. Jane staid at the communion after meeting. I did not know before that she belonged to a church. I always thought she was rather vain and conceited, but now she appears very

amiable and kind. Her mother I should think was an excellent woman. Aunt introduced Jane to Mr. Green after service. He was very much surprised and delighted to see her. He was very intimate with the family when a tutor at Brunswick. Jane says, he used to come to the house and learn her little hymns &c. when she was a child. George has grown very much; he is about my size; Miss Stone says Mr. B. is very much opposed to the orthodox and is not willing to have his wife or family go to their meeting. Aunt G. sent Mrs. B. two books to read which she wanted to see. She invited me to call and see them often. I thought they would want to send Maria to school and I spoke to Aunt Curtis about it. She gave me one of her school Cards which I gave to George but it was too late as they had sent her to a man's school.

Aunt C. said she wanted to write to you and she will probably send with this. You owe me three letters. I would write to — but I guess this will do for all. They must not think me negligent.

I go to Dr. P.'s about once a week. Uncle thinks I had better not go oftener, and I think so too, on some accounts. I progress a little in the French but I think it will take me some time to get through with it. Aunt Pickman was here a short time ago. She received the bundle from you. I have most finished my paper and must say good-bye. I am sorry that I have to do this and that I am not where I could be with you and talk familiarly on these various matters and have your instruction and advice. However kind and affectionate other friends may be, they are not like a tender, anxious mother,— But as providence has placed me from you and I am surrounded with so many comforts and blessings and kind friends, I will be happy, and contented; and the Grace of God assisting me I will try to act the part of

Your affectionate and dutiful son.

Remember me to Uncle Palmer and family.

CHAPTER II

Removal to New York—Begins Work as a Bookseller

GEORGE PUTNAM remained in the carpet business with his uncle about four years. In 1829, he decided to try his chances of securing a livelihood in New York City. He had made the journey from Brunswick to Boston by sea, coming round Cape Ann in a sloop. His journey to New York was made in like manner by schooner around Cape Cod. He speaks of the schooner as belonging to Captain Nickerson's "packet line," and wrote to his mother that the voyage was varied by squalls at Holmes's Hole and Hyannis and by reiterated calms in the Sound.

The record of his first experience in New York can most conveniently be given in my father's own words. He began in the *American Publishers' Circular*, in July, 1863, what was apparently planned to be a series of papers describing what he remembered about the book-trade in New York. The record, as far as it came into print, is chiefly interesting as showing the energy with which the youngster began his business career, and particularly the application by which he endeavoured to supply the deficiencies of his education and to make up for lost time in reading. It appears from this account that, after being kept at the store until nine or ten in the evening, he would make his way to the Mercantile Library and devote

himself to reading (chiefly in history) as long as the library was kept open. Then, taking with him the permitted allowance of books, he continued his reading in his own room until one or two o'clock. He had to report in the morning again at the store at eight.

It appears further from this chronicle that the historical manual which formed his first literary production was begun the year of his arrival in New York, when he was fifteen years old, and that it was completed in its original form in three years' time. He speaks of having shaped out for himself a course of historical reading, which included Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Livy, Tacitus, Sallust, Gibbon, Russell's *Modern Europe*, and several histories of England, such as Hume, Lingard, Smollett, and De Moleville. This historical manual, which was later developed into *The World's Progress*, comprised, in its first edition, about four hundred pages, and was issued, in 1832, by Daniel Appleton and Jonathan Leavitt, under the title of *Chronological Introduction and Index to Universal History*.

The article also records young Putnam's first venture as an editor. In 1833, he compiled and published, through West & Trow, a weekly chronicle entitled *The Publishers' Advertiser*. His name did not appear in connection with the journal, and under the safe protection of his anonymity, he undertook to review the current publications of the day, publications which in that year included the first volume of Bancroft's *United States*, Abbott's *Young Christian*, Mrs. Sigourney's *Sketches*, Cooper's *Letters to My Countrymen*, the first of the long series of romances by Simms, etc.

The article previously referred to overlaps and anticipates some of the later events in my father's business life, but it is convenient to include it at this point in my memoir.

Rough Notes of Thirty Years in the Trade.

It was in 1829 that the book-trade and I were introduced to each other. Four years before that, I had doubled Cape Ann on my sloop voyage from away down east, to take my chance in the wide world, or rather in the great city of Boston, which I imagined to be at least equal to all the rest of sub-lunary things. Four years' apprenticeship there in the business of supplying a footing for the understanding of the modern Athenians—in other words, selling them carpets—and then my fortunes were to be sought in what seemed at that period the remote El Dorado of New York. Two or three times a week, the stages would start off hours before daylight to take passengers to "the splendid steamer *Washington*," at Providence—a longer and more tiresome journey than it is now to New York, six times the distance. Not, however, by the swift luxury of the stage-coach, or railway, or steamer was my momentous journey to be performed, but by a week's voyage in Capt. Nickerson's fast schooner round Cape Cod, varied by a morning's call at Holmes's Hole and Hyannis, and by reiterated calms in the Sound. Coenties Slip and the wonders of Pearl Street were approached with suitable deference and awe, as one might now arrive at Moscow or Timbuctoo.

Thus, at the age of fifteen, afloat in the great metropolis, expected to make my own way in the world, my first studies consisted of paragraphs in the papers beginning "Boy wanted." With one of these cut from the *Courier*, I promptly presented myself, as required, at the counting room of the great mercantile house of Phelps, Peck & Co., on the corner of Fulton and Cliff streets.

A few questions from the rather awful personage at the head of the firm had so shaken my self-confidence or my nerves that when I essayed a specimen of handwriting, as he directed, the result was a failure; the great merchant shook his head, and I departed crestfallen. A year or two after this, it may be here mentioned, this great house tumbled down, not metaphorically, but literally, burying in its ruins nearly every person in the building. . . .

Vexed with the defeat of this first application for "a place," I was all the more ready for the next chance. At a little book and stationery store in Broadway near Maiden Lane, there was a notice in the window of "A boy wanted." I presented myself on the spot. "You are too old; only a small boy is wanted for errands, to sweep, etc., and to live in my family; wages twenty-five dollars a year and board." "That will suit me; if you choose to try me, I don't object to the work or the pay." The docility of the applicant seemed to please, and I was at once installed in the situation. This, my first master in the book-trade, was Mr. George W. Bleecker. He lived, London fashion, over his little store, a practice which in these days neither fashion nor economy would tolerate, at least in Broadway. He published a quarto monthly, called *The Euterpiad*, an "Album of Music, Poetry, and Prose." My first travel out of New York was a cruise up the Hudson to canvass for the interests of this creditable but rather short-lived periodical. The editor of the *Catskill Recorder* of that day, and perhaps some others in Hudson and Poughkeepsie, can testify to my zeal if not to my success in this expedition. An apprenticeship of a year or two as clerk-of-all-work in this little mart of school books, Andover theology, albums, stationery, and cheap pictures, was not a severe ordeal.

J. & J. Harper, then just beginning their successful career as publishers, were supplying the market with the new English novels on the whity-brown paper and in the rough paper labelled boards which that era of the world deemed all-sufficient. In the production of many of these novels there was a lively competition between the Harpers and the old-established house of Carey & Lea, of Philadelphia. I well remember the almost frantic delight of poor McDonald Clarke, "the mad poet," our frequent visitor, when the enterprising printers of Cliff Street had ventured upon so great an investment as Moore's *Life of Byron*, in a couple of very fair octavos. This amiable but erratic son of genius, I am sorry to add, used literally to swear by Byron, who appeared to be, both in verse and in shirt collar, his hero and his model; he would stand at the counter eagerly turning over Moore's leaves and quoting

scraps. Whether his purse was finally equal to the coveted purchase is now uncertain.

To recall the unsolicited and mysterious promotion from this errand-boy position to the dignity of first clerk in the stately "Park Place House, an emporium of literature and art" (since degraded into the vulgar purposes of a hotel) and the transfer to the less showy but more active duties of general clerk and messenger for Mr. Jonathan Leavitt, in the two-story building on the corner of John Street and Broadway, and to tell of the incidents of trade in those times, might be tiresome and unprofitable. "Egotistical stuff" has already been muttered by the reader. I will try to drop the personal pronoun, only retaining it when needful for clearness and accuracy in these rough and rapid recollections.

No more worthy or conscientious man ever published or sold books than Jonathan Leavitt. Shrewdness and good sense made up for him the lack of elementary book-learning, and he became the leading New York publisher of theological and religious books,—particularly in connection with Crocker & Brewster, of Boston. What stacks of S. T. Armstrong's edition of Scott's Bible used to come weekly from Boston; what rows of Rosenmüller, and Calvin, and Tholuck from Leipsic; and what shelvesful of Calmet, and Lightfoot, and Baxter, and Owen, and Lardner, from the pioneer in "English remainders," Mr. W. C. Hall, the Yankee of London! The piles of these consignments from England and Germany grew so high that an extra room had to be hired for them in the Park Bank. Mr. Daniel Appleton, late of the "dry goods" interest, and brother-in-law of Mr. Leavitt, was there installed in charge to supply the trade. This excellent gentleman, thus initiated among books, soon after became the founder of the great house of D. Appleton & Co.

At this time (1832-33) the chief publishers of the land were these: In Boston, Lincoln & Edmunds (succeeded by Gould & Lincoln), devoted especially to the views of the Baptists; Crocker & Brewster (still flourishing as the oldest book firm in the United States), the leading Orthodox Congregationalist publishers; Cummings & Hilliard, afterwards Hilliard, Gray

& Co., chiefly engaged in school books; Lilly, Wait & Co., reprinters of the foreign reviews, etc.; R. P. & C. Williams, respectably rusty in the general trade; Allen & Ticknor, predecessors of the present well-known firm of Ticknor & Fields, on the classic corner of School Street, clinging with praiseworthy tenacity to the venerable old building which has survived some five or six generations; Little & Brown, still flourishing in strength, wealth, and respectability, though they have lost the original junior partner, Mr. Brown, one of the ablest and best-informed publishers this country has produced. Perkins & Marvin and some smaller concerns were also flourishing in Boston.

In New York, the old and most respectable firm of Collins & Hannay carried on the best of the "jobbing trade" on Pearl Street, the sorted stock of Dabolls and Websters, and slates and sponges, and Ames's papers filling three or four lofts, supervised by the versatile and witty John Keese; T. & J. Swords, the "ancient Episcopal publishers in Broadway," whose imprint may be found dated as early as 1792; Evert Duyckinck, an estimable man, father of the well-known authors, E. A. and G. L. Duyckinck; S. Wood & Sons (the sons worthily continuing) and Joseph B. Collins in the school book and jobbing trade; Elam Bliss, the gentlemanly and popular literary caterer on Broadway (where Trinity Buildings now stand), whose elegant little *Talisman*, edited by Bryant, Verplanck, and Robert C. Sands, was the father of American "Annuals," and a good deal better than some of the children; G. & C. Carvill, the English successors of the still more famous Eastburn, on the corner of Wall Street and Broadway, the most extensive retail dealers in general literature (including English books), and like Bliss's opposite, the lounging place of the *litterati*; George Dearborn, then a new star, also "gentlemanly" and intelligent, issuing double column Byrons, Shakespeares, Johnsons, Burkes, and Rollins, besides the *American Monthly*, the *Republic of Letters*, and the *New York Review*; Jona. Leavitt, as aforesaid, taking charge especially of the department of theology; and the brothers Harper, as mentioned, were building up their gigantic business of producing

general literature, then chiefly consisting of reprints from English authors. In Philadelphia, this main branch of the trade was then largely in the control of Carey & Lea, successors of the famous Mathew Carey, a name that will always be remembered as an honour to our "craft," in the premises still occupied by Blanchard & Lea, the leading medical publishers. This house was then issuing, in quarterly volumes, the *Encyclopædia Americana*, edited by Dr. Lieber, an enterprise of considerable magnitude for that day. Carey & Hart, in the same "corner of Fourth and Chestnut," rivalled the Harpers in their dispensations of the new novels, and also in more solid literature. John Grigg, a publisher and bookseller of remarkable ability, rare judgment, and tact, afterwards Grigg & Elliott, published largely in medicine (as did also the Careys), but "everybody knows Eberle's is the best Practice," and the "Standard Poets," "in the best Philadelphia sheep," and Weems's *Washington*, and Gaston's *Collections* and Wirt's *Patrick Henry*, and the *Cases of Conscience*, but doing a still greater trade in furnishing the "country dealers" in a thousand places, south and west, with their whole supplies of "books and stationery," thus founding the present extensive business of Lippincott & Co., besides one or two princely fortunes for the retiring partners. The rest of the trade in school and other books was divided between Hogan & Thompson, Uriah Hunt, Key & Biddle, and a few others.

In Andover, Massachusetts, Mr. Flagg printed the learned works of Moses Stuart and Leonard Woods. In Hartford, "Uncle Silas" Andrus would grind out cords of Shakespeares, Byrons, Bunyans, and *Alonso and Melissas*, suited for the country trade; and the Huntingtons and Robinsons produced cart-loads of *Olneys* and *Comstocks*. In Springfield, the Merriams printed Chitty's law-books and others, but had not yet begun to work the golden mine of "Webster's unabridged." Here and there a book would come along with the imprint of Hyde of Portland, Kay of Pittsburg, Howe of New Haven, Metcalf of Cambridge, Gould of Albany, Armstrong of Baltimore; but the three great cities first named, then as now,

monopolised the bulk of the book-making—Boston rather leading the van.

The importation of English books was almost wholly in the hands of Thomas Wardle, of Philadelphia, a sturdy Yorkshireman, who had served as porter at Longmans', in London.

Thus were all these names, thirty years since (and many of them happily remain), "familiar in our mouths as household words."

At this era, stereotyping was the exception (and in England is so yet). With us it is now the rule. Then, editions of 1000 copies of new books from type were the average; those of 500 copies were as usual as any exceeding 2000. Advertising was then an expense so trifling as to be scarcely taken into account; now, it frequently adds one-half to the cost of a book. Authors' fortunes were as rarely found in books as in gold-mines; but then, as now, school text-books were often sources of large, steady income, both for author and publisher.

In process of time Mr. Daniel Appleton, after a short connection with Mr. Leavitt, opened his own separate business at No. 200 Broadway. Among the investments divided was one in an edition of 1000 copies of a volume of my own, of some 400 pages, then just printed, entitled *Chronology, an Introduction and Index to Universal History*. It was rather grand to have to say that two great publishing firms were required to produce my first work; for this little book of reference thus anonymously put forth by two (now rival) sponsors had been honestly compiled, originally for my own benefit alone, from some 150 different volumes of historical works. In itself the book was "of no consequence," except as an ordinary manual of historical dates; but the origin of it I may be pardoned for noticing only as an encouragement for other lads in the same circumstances. It had so happened that although my father had graduated at Harvard, and my home influences were of the educated and cultivated sort, I had not received even the ordinary elementary "schooling," to say nothing of a college course, and further, I had been permitted even less than ordinary access to general reading. It is, therefore, a pleasure to testify, as I can very heartily, to the usefulness of the New

York Mercantile Library, then a few years old, and just located in the new Clinton Hall, in Beekman Street, the corner-stone of which I had seen laid by that liberal-minded citizen, Philip Hone. In these degenerate days, boys in my position of sixteen or seventeen are usually dismissed from the "store" at six or seven o'clock. In 1831-32, we were kept till nine or ten; so that it was usually after nine when I could get up to the Mercantile and take out my book. It chanced that my tastes rather turned from the novels to the more solid interest of a course of history. Beginning with Father Herodotus (in Beloe's English) I plodded on through Thucydides, Xenophon, Livy, Tacitus, Sallust; then Gibbon, Russell's *Modern Europe*, several histories of England, including Hume, Lingard, Smollett, and De Moleville. Crammed with some hundred and fifty octavos, rapidly mastered in succession, and with no clear guide at hand, personal or in book-shape, to systematise and classify the stock of lore thus acquired, I began to take notes and make parallel tables. I copied and recopied, and collated and revised until I had written over a couple of reams. Much of this industry might have been spared if I had fallen in with any book of tables, such as now abound; but I look back upon this little exercise in amateur historical "research" as the best self-discipline and drilling I could have contrived. I can't imagine any more profitable self-instruction for a boy than something of this kind—a digest of what he has read or studied, prepared by himself, in systematic form, for easy reference and remembrance. The manual I refer to was commenced at the age of fifteen, and occupied me about three years, chiefly at night, between ten and two o'clock. When matured, as it appeared useful to me, I imagined it might be worth printing for others. Mr. Leavitt said, "Yes, if some learned man will examine it."

So I gathered pluck enough to present myself and my little wares to some of the *literati*. The first I called upon was Rev. Professor McVickar, of Columbia College. Looking at me somewhat sternly, as he turned over the leaves, he asked, "Where were you educated, sir?"

"I have never had any education, sir."

“Ah!” (expressively).

The MS. was presently handed back to me with the intimation that it was not deemed expedient to promote and encourage any such presumption as my request and my statement implied.

The next *savant* approached was the late Rev. Dr. Schroeder, a man of extensive learning, whom I found in his library surrounded by Talmuds and Targums and scores of folios and quartos which would have put Dominie Sampson into ecstasies. Dr. S. was specially remarkable for courtesy and suavity of manners. Nothing could be kinder than my reception. His scrutiny was not very severe; but he gave me, nevertheless, a recommendation so cordial and emphatic that Mr. Leavitt was won over at once. Mr. Gray, of Cherry Street, was sent for, and the printing of the book was commenced. It took a whole year to get the volume through the press. In 1832, I carried home a bound copy, only quietly elated with my “authorship.” The edition was soon sold out in both the rival Houses, and for twenty-five years the book has been “o. p. q.” (the “Row” sign for “out of print quite”).

I was still an underclerk at Mr. Leavitt’s counter, but the habit of digesting and arranging facts and figures, acquired in making the *Chronology*, spurred me on to attempt what seemed a desideratum in the trade—a periodical register of the publishing business. So I persuaded an enterprising firm of printers, West & Trow (the latter still one of the leading printers of the country), to let me edit such an affair for them, and it was accordingly issued through the year 1834, under the title of the *Booksellers’ Advertiser*. In this, besides giving lists of new books, foreign and American, and statistics, I amused myself, if not others, in essaying an occasional “Notice,” or short review of new books.

The audacity of this conduct on the part of a boy who could not give a single rule in English grammar is sufficiently obvious to those who “know the ropes”; but it is not a solitary instance, I imagine, of a bray behind a lion’s skin, and only reveals a small bit of the hollow pretension of the mysterious editorial “we.” Thus twenty-seven years ago, “we,” the

errand boy, actually, reviewed with becoming gravity and decorous brevity, the first volume of Bancroft's *United States*, Knapp's *Female Biography*, *Jack Downing's Letters*, Abbott's *Young Christian*, Mrs. Sigourney's *Sketches*, Simms's *Guy Rivers*, Cooper's *Letters to my Countrymen*, Stewart's *Great Britain*, Rapelye's *Voyages*, etc.

In a brief notice of a volume of Mrs. Sigourney, "we" took care to embody a remark about the book which "we" had overheard in the store from the venerable "counsellor" George Griffin. When the paper was published, the good old gentleman came in with a copy in his hand, took his accustomed chair, put up one of his long "continuations" to be nursed over the other, adjusted his glasses, and began reading "our" notice as a remarkable corroboration of the opinion he had expressed, etc. Of course "we" demurely enjoyed the little joke none the less for its being harmless.

This little monthly, the grandfather of the present *Publishers' Circular*, was I believe the first attempt in this country to furnish a booksellers' journal with a statistical record of American publications. The scope of it was limited, of course, yet it was received with favour, and "promised to pay" in time, but I was unable to give it the needful attention. The editor's name was only given in the "Valedictory," in which it was stated that the paper "had been well received on both sides of the Atlantic," and had been "noticed in complimentary terms by various contemporaries. I resign it because it cannot be properly attended to without interfering with more legitimate duties, or infringing on midnight hours."

This quotation brings to a close the sketch of reminiscences, and the papers of my father's that have been preserved fail to give any more autobiographical material.

In the foregoing reminiscences, George records his engagement in the shop of Jonathan Leavitt. In this position, he earned as his second salary the sum of \$2 a week, which was increased after a few months to \$4. His work was rather varied, including not only the sweeping

out of the shop, the dusting of books, the filling of ink-stands, and other details such as to-day would be given to the charge of a porter appointed for the purpose, but also tasks more strictly clerical, such as the copying of letters, and, after the first year, the cataloguing of books. With an income of \$208 a year, he thought it in order to pay for a seat in church.

For the first time in his life, George had at his command practically as many books as he wanted, the only difficulty now being to procure time for their perusal. He devoted himself more particularly to the study of history, and in 1831, when he was seventeen years of age, he began the compilation of the work described in his own narrative, which combined chronological tables with historical facts, and which was published in 1833 in a thin volume which was finally entitled *The World's Progress*. *The World's Progress* was reissued from time to time in successive revised and enlarged editions until, in 1870, it had increased to a thick octavo of 1200 pages. One division of the work, the plan of which was, as I understand, original with my father, presenting in parallel columns what he called a "tabular view" of the most noteworthy historical events, it has been found desirable to keep in print, and this portion of my father's original work, "with supplementary pages added by other hands," is still being published under the title of *Tabular Views of Universal History*.

CHAPTER III

Wiley & Putnam, 1840

IN 1833, my father entered the employ of Wiley & Long, publishers and booksellers. The senior partner, John Wiley, was but a year older than himself. In 1840, the firm of Wiley & Putnam was formed.

The book business of New York was at this time in a comparatively undeveloped condition. The literary activity which produced books was greater in Boston, while the work of distributing the literature of the country to the communities of the Southern States and to the still very much restricted territories in the West which contained any booksellers or any very considerable number of book-buyers, was being chiefly cared for in Philadelphia.

The principal publishers in New York in 1840 were J. & J. Harper, later Harper & Bros., whose publishing interests had already developed to importance from the original printing concern. The firm when organised as Harper & Bros. comprised the well-known quartet, James, John, Wesley, and Fletcher.

The firm of the Appletons had already been founded by Daniel Appleton, who had recently come to the city from western Connecticut and who was a brother-in-law of Jonathan Leavitt.

In 1840, the principal retail booksellers in New York were Stanford & Swords. This house made a special

interest of church books, both of the partners being active members of Trinity Parish, but their stock included also a very good collection of general literature. They were succeeded in the years following by C. S. Swords & Co. and D. G. Francis. During these successive changes, the character of the business had also altered, the denominational association becoming Unitarian in place of Episcopal.

Jonathan Leavitt, who was the first employer of George Putnam, had his book-shop in Nassau Street. His son, William H. Leavitt, later gave up his retail book business and devoted himself to selling books at auction. The semi-annual trade sales of the publishers, organised in the first place by Bangs & Co., were afterwards carried on for many years by the Leavitts.

A very important proportion of the stock of the book-sellers of that time was made up of works imported from England. American literature, while slowly developing, was still far from sufficient to supply even the very inconsiderable reading public which then existed. The poets of the country were largely grouped about Boston, which for the following quarter of a century remained the centre of poetical production of the country. *Thanatopsis* had been written and was printed in Boston, although its author had already made his way to New York. George P. Morris and Nathaniel Willis shared with Halleck the prestige of being the poets of New York. Cooper had written his earlier books, which were also among his best. Irving's *Salmagundi*, *Knickerbocker*, *Sketch Book*, *Alhambra*, *Bracebridge Hall*, and *Columbus* had been published, and were to be credited to the literature of New York, although their author was, during the larger portion of the years which included their publication, a resident first of England and later of Spain. Theodore S. Fay published shortly after 1840 one or two novels which were considered noteworthy.

The first ocean steamer had already crossed the Atlantic twelve years back, but trade between Great Britain and the United States was still being chiefly carried on by sailing vessels, the average time of the passage being forty days. Freights were, however, not expensive and there was at the time no duty on books. The monthly shipments from London formed, therefore, a very important portion of the business of the new house.

In the absence of any international copyright, all of the English publications that seemed likely to prove of interest to American readers were promptly reprinted in American editions, from the sales of which the authors derived no benefit. The same course was taken by not a few English publishers with such American books as were likely to prove popular with English readers, but the list of these was at that date comparatively small.

I now resume the narrative as nearly chronologically as the data will permit, a narrative which, in part, of necessity overlaps the record given in the article already quoted. Shortly after the beginning of George's business career in Boston, Mrs. Putnam decided upon the venturesome step of removing from the village of Brunswick to the great city of New York. She could at that time have had but few friends in New York and I do not know what suggestions, if any, may have come to her concerning the practicability of establishing among strangers a school which would give support for herself and her children. The group included three out of the five that had been born to her; Catherine, the second child, had died quite suddenly in 1827, when she was seventeen years old, while the oldest, Henry, had lived only to his seventh year. She brought with her Anne, who was at that time seventeen, and the youngest, Elizabeth, who was thirteen. My grandmother had a sister living in New York who had been a widow since 1826. Her married name was Curtis. She had

before her marriage been a teacher, and she was probably able to give some help in getting the school started. Mrs. Putnam was already known also to the Rev. Dr. Cone, who was at the time probably the leader of the Baptist community of the country and who then had charge of the First Baptist Church, whose building was on the corner of Broome and Elizabeth streets. My grandmother had met Dr. Cone in Boston at some Baptist gatherings and he had knowledge of her own active and intelligent service in Christian work. She took membership in the Broome Street Church, where she soon became a member of influence. She remained associated with the Church until her death in 1869. Dr. Cone's friendship was undoubtedly of service in helping to secure the first group of scholars. We may assume that later, as the reputation of the school increased, there was no difficulty in filling up the classes.

Mr. Isaac Townsend Smith, of Boston, who married Elizabeth, the youngest of my father's sisters, told me, recalling in 1895 the memories of sixty years or more back, that when, in 1830, he first came to know the mother of his future wife, the school must have been already upon an assured business foundation. It was his impression that Mrs. Putnam had been able to bring about this result without incurring any indebtedness or financial obligations. I have a memory, however, of a reference made by my grandmother to a loan which came to her, shortly after her removal to New York, from her old-time friend, Narcissa Stone.

My grandmother appears to have accepted no more pupils than she was able to give personal attention to. After devoting a few years to the school work, she decided, in order to obtain more leisure for work in the Church and in the missions, to secure through boarders the necessary addition to her income. Among the first boarders

who were taken were Park Benjamin and Epes Sargent, two young men who had recently come to the city to engage in journalism. The latter, a year or two later, went to Boston to take editorial work on the *Transcript*. His brother, John O. Sargent, while I think never a boarder in the house, was a frequent visitor and became a very close friend of my father, to whose generation he belonged. John Sargent was at that time at work on the staff of the *Courier and Inquirer*, the owner and chief editor of which was General James Watson Webb. It is probable that, between 1830 and 1840, General Webb might be described as the leading journalist in the country. He took an active part in the councils of the Whig party, of which the *Courier* was one of the important organs.

My grandmother's first home in New York was in Varick Street. Later, she lived successively in Crosby, Bleecker, and McDougal streets. Bleecker Street had at that time the reputation of representing quiet and solid respectability. It is my impression that the house in McDougal Street was, however, the most capacious of her several residences and it was in that house that the boarders were taken. Whether engaged in school work or later in connection with her active service in the Church and her interests with certain groups outside of the Church, Mrs. Putnam seems to have won for herself in this larger community a satisfactory position and repute. Her home became the centre of an active and varied social circle. The guests of the house included, in addition to the pastor and the workers in the Broome Street Church and the somewhat different set of Christians who were helping my grandmother to carry on the sailors' missions, certain visitors who were in many ways the opposite of these Christian friends. My grandmother had, apart from her interest in the religious condition of mankind, a very active sympathy with all peoples who were contending against

tyranny and were attempting to secure the rights of man as Americans understood these rights. She would doubtless have been horrified to have any opinions of hers associated with those of Rousseau or of Thomas Paine. She must, however, at this time have used not a few phrases which had their origin with Paine or with the French school back of Paine, and she was certainly cordially in sympathy with not a few of the ideas which, as expressed by Paine and later by Jefferson, had had so important an influence in the founding of our nation. It was from this side of her temperament that she found herself in sympathy with the Polish and Hungarian exiles who between 1830 and 1850 were coming to New York in increasing numbers. These guests of the Republic, or at least certain among them who brought recommendations of one kind or another, found a welcome at my grandmother's table, and while she had no money of her own, she was undoubtedly able through her influence to secure for the needier cases subscriptions from moneyed friends.

The young firm of Wiley & Putnam had before them, from month to month, the English books for which there was the most continued demand in the American market, and they had, of course, the same opportunities as those possessed by their American competitors for printing American editions of any of these books which seemed likely to prove profitable. The publishing division of the business was more particularly in charge of my father, Mr. Wiley's training and inclinations causing him to be more interested in the work of bookselling. From the outset of his career as a publisher, my father declined to consider any suggestions for publishing works of contemporary authors excepting under arrangements with those authors. Irrespective of the protection or lack of protection afforded by the law, he held that authors should be left in full control of their own productions and that political bound-

aries had no logical connection with the property rights of the producer.

In 1837, just before he associated himself with Mr. Wiley, my father acted as secretary for what was probably the first international copyright association organised in this country. Among the men whose names were included in the list of the association were Bryant, Albert Matthews, Halleck, Cooper, and Fay. It may be mentioned now, in advance of its proper chronological place, that in all the subsequent movements that were made in behalf of international copyright between 1837 and the time of his death in 1872, my father took an active part, while a considerable proportion of these copyright undertakings were initiated at his own instance and were conducted very largely through his efforts.

In 1840, not many months after the beginning of the operations of the firm of Wiley & Putnam, my father made his first business journey to England. He conceived the idea that the time had come for a closer relation between the book-trades of the two countries and that his own firm might advantageously take an active part in helping to establish such relations. He succeeded in inducing Mr. Wiley (who was always the more conservative of the two partners) to consent to the plan of establishing a branch house in London, and in 1841 he made his second journey to England and opened in Paternoster Row (the old-time centre of the book-trade of London) the first agency for the sale of American books in Great Britain.

While this was specified as the distinctive object of the agency, the more remunerative portion of its business consisted in the purchase of English publications for sale in the United States. At that time (and for many years thereafter) by far the larger proportion of the books supplied to American readers were the productions of British authors.

Of such books, only the smaller number could depend upon a sufficiently extended demand in the American market to warrant the production of editions printed in the United States, and of these works, therefore, it was the English editions for which sale was found and which had to be imported for the purpose. With the increase of the book-manufacturing facilities in the United States, and with the cheapening of methods for producing books, it became practicable to secure profit from American editions of a larger proportion of these English works, such editions being in part authorised and issued under arrangement with the English authors, but in the larger number of cases representing simply the appropriation of the work of the English author. The production of these American editions, whether authorised or unauthorised, lessened of necessity the importation of the English issues of the works of the more popular British authors.

Of the book-importing business done between 1841 and 1848, Wiley & Putnam had a fair share, and the relations established by my father, during the seven years of his sojourn in London, with British authors and with British publishers proved of far-reaching influence in subsequent years in connection not only with the publishing undertakings of his own firm, but with the later business of his sons.

Having completed his preliminary business arrangements and having opened the office, or rather the shop, in Paternoster Row, my father returned, during the same year, 1841, to New York for the purpose of securing certain supplies of American books, and for the still more important purpose of marriage.

The wife was Victorine Haven, whom he had met a year or two earlier in New York, when she was a pupil in my grandmother's school in Bleeker Street. She was at that time living with her only sister Corinna, who was the wife

of John Bishop, a retired sea-captain. There was in the Haven family one brother, Julius, who was six years older than my mother. He had run away to sea when a school-boy and had been heard from only at long intervals. Corinna, the elder daughter, was ten years older than my mother and had had, since her marriage, the responsibility for the care and for the education of her younger sister. It was through her selection of Mrs. Putnam's school that my mother and father were brought together.

The Haven girls remained in Dorchester until the marriage of Corinna, when Mr. Bishop, who, in taking to himself his wife, understood that he was also to care for her little sister, established his own home in New York. He happened to select a house in Bleeker Street which was not far from that in which Mrs. Putnam was carrying on her school. My mother always spoke with very full appreciation of the affectionate care given to her first by Mr. Bishop. At the time she became a pupil in Mrs. Putnam's school, she must have been about fourteen years old. At the time of her marriage in 1841 she was sixteen years old, my father being ten years older.

In connection with the various removals of the family home, it proved practicable to preserve but a small portion of the family correspondence. I find, however, in one scrap-book a fragmentary series of letters from my father to my mother, beginning with several written in 1840, before and immediately after their engagement, and ending with a brief note, without date but belonging from its contents to 1871, the year before his death. The greater number of these letters are too personal for use.

I reproduce two of those written shortly before the brief engagement period, and interesting chiefly on the ground of their graphic little pictures of Washington as it appeared during the early forties, the slave-holders' Washington. These letters are in a sense very personal, that is, they give

a distinct impression of the personality of the writer, of his receptive and intelligent interest in the things about him, and also of the keenness of the pleasure (such as has, of course, come to thousands of young lovers) in utilising his own impressions and opinions to bring him into sympathetic relations with his correspondent, still of necessity more or less of a stranger.

The fact that these earlier letters are characterised by a certain primness of expression natural to the generation (they begin for instance, "My dear Miss Haven"), and the further fact that they are so largely devoted to description, prevent me from feeling that their reproduction here is any breach of confidence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 4, 1840.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, THE CAPITOL.

Had you not given, my dear Miss Haven, a tacit assent to a proposed sketch of the Senate, "taken on the spot," I should scarcely have ventured that excuse for a letter; but perhaps this is not the worst excuse that ever was thought of, for writing to a young lady without leave.

I think you told me you had not visited Washington, yet I dare say you have the place familiarly in your "mind's eye." It will truly be a gigantic city—when it is finished! Ecce signum!

[Here follows a diagram of the city.]

N. B. This map is not from actual survey. These are a part of the general outlines only. Of course there are multitudes of streets between these Avenues, but these are made to "radiate" from the two prominent buildings—the Capitol and the White House. The Penn. Avenue between these two buildings is a mile and a half long and 120 feet wide, nearly as wide again as Broadway. The whole length of this Avenue, from the Navy Yard to Georgetown, is nearly six miles. When you remember that the private houses are greatly scattered,

and mean in their appearance, and that the two great buildings (especially the Capitol) are elevated far above the greater part of the town, you will have some idea of its appearance. But how silly it is to attempt to describe places. You must come and see for yourself. I will only say that the Capitol is really a noble building—in spite of its white paint. The situation is superb—and the view from the balcony of the library, where I am sitting, is, of itself, worth a visit to Washington. The grounds about the Capitol are very beautifully laid out and contain a great variety of trees, plants, and flowers, kept in fine order. I am glad to see that there is some taste extant even in this ultra-radical and utilitarian age.

When I reached the Senate Chamber this morning, I found the galleries crowded with “beauty and fashion” listening to a masterly speech by Mr. Clay, on the Bankrupt Bill—a measure in which I presume you don’t feel any special interest. Yet you would have been interested in Mr. Clay’s pathetic appeal in behalf of the honest debtor—who had been crushed by misfortune and not by his own faults or extravagance—and whose exertions for the future were checked and cramped by fears of an unfeeling and grasping creditor. This is one side of the picture, and one which should certainly be considered, but it is astonishing what different views one receives on the same subject from different orators. Mr. Clay was replied to by Senator Wright, of New York, who undertook to defend the cause of the creditors. I will not tire you with dry details. They were both fine specimens of argument and oratory, and I wish you had heard them.

There are several noble-looking men in the Senate, and taken as a whole, I think it is a much more dignified and better looking Assembly than the British House of Lords. Calhoun is the most remarkable one among them. He seems the very beau-ideal, the condensed essence of the Southern character—talented, chivalric, hot-headed, and obstinate. Webster, Preston, Benton, Grundy, in fact almost every member was in his seat to-day. While Mr. Clay was speaking, John Quincy Adams came in with his arm in a sling. His appearance is truly remarkable and I could not help thinking of him as the

special representative of the last century and of the great founders of our country and its constitution. He is the only one in either House who looks like those great men. I have had the honour of an introduction to Mr. Webster, Mr. Talmage, and Senator Preston of S. C., and have been invited to Mr. Talmage's to-morrow morning.

There are a great many strangers here now, but not so much gaiety they say as usual.

You will wonder why I bestow upon you so much tediousness about nothing, and I can scarcely account for it myself except that a certain young lady in New York has been more in my thoughts than other matters with which they should more properly be occupied.

Hoping for your gracious absolution, I remain

Very respectfully,

GEO. P. PUTNAM.

WASHINGTON, June 6, 1840.

MY DEAR MISS HAVEN:

I have been trying to think of some plausible excuse for this second infliction of an unauthorised epistle to a young lady who perhaps will not take the trouble to read it, or if she does, will only be amused at the self-complacency and impertinence of the writer. However, I concluded to "cudgel my brains no farther," but to rest satisfied in the assurance that the said young lady has too much benevolence in her disposition to be seriously offended even by a dull letter from one who feels a great regard for her good opinion.

I have discovered that Washington is, after all, a very stupid place. This discovery was not made until I found that my business will detain me here (much against my will) until Tuesday next, and how to exist till then is a problem yet to be solved. The Senate does not sit to-day, and there is so much noise and confusion and calling of "yeas and nays" "previous questions" in the House, that I have finally deserted and left them to settle (or unsettle) the affairs of the Nation without my assistance. It is to be hoped they will eventually come to their senses, but the case seems desperate.

There was quite an interesting debate yesterday in the Senate. I wish I could give you an idea of the tone and manner of the different speakers, particularly of Mr. Clay. He has a most melodious voice. In its lowest tones, even in a whisper, it is heard distinctly in every part of the hall, and his manner is inimitably graceful and impressive. There is a Senator from Arkansas (Sevier) who talks like a steamboat; he bolts ahead and slashes away, right and left, in his speeches, in the most elegant stump-orator style, which always puts the Senate into good humour and sometimes occasions a hearty laugh. In the course of his speech yesterday, which was such a "harum-scarum" tirade that nobody could make out what he was driving at, Mr. Clay would every now and then call out with richly sarcastic good humour, "that 's sound doctrine"—"that 's as plain as A B C," etc. The tone in which he spoke was irresistibly ludicrous.

Mr. Webster also made a speech yesterday, and it was the first time I had heard him in a regular argument. He does not win you so much by his manner and his voice, as Mr. Clay, but he excels in making what he attempts to prove, perfectly clear and tangible to the comprehension of every one; there is a strong force and substance in his arguments which give them immense weight. He appeals rather to the understanding, Mr. Clay to the heart.

Mr. Calhoun, the "Cast-Iron Man," as Miss Martineau calls him, said a few words, but they were quite enough to show his impetuous character. He seems incapable of doing or saying anything except under an impetuous impulse and excitement. He would be a dangerous man for President.

I called with a friend at the "Palace" to-day, and we were shown the "East Room" where his Democratic Excellency gives levees and balls. It is really a very handsome apartment and if it had a few fine paintings, would be equal to almost any belonging to Queen Victoria. The house generally is worthy of the Nation, and I for one don't care how handsome they make the residence of the chief magistrate, especially as it belongs to "Us the people." It is to be wondered that in this ultra-Democratic age, some of the "people" do not rise in the

“majesty” of their “reserved rights” and take possession of one or two of the apartments in “Our Palace.”

I spent an hour this morning very pleasantly in the studio and picture gallery of C. King, a very distinguished artist who has long resided here; I wonder he has not been more known at the North. He has two large rooms filled with his own paintings, some of which are remarkably fine. I have never had a greater treat of the kind. He has also there for the present Sully’s great picture of Victoria, which I presume you saw in New York. It is exceedingly beautiful, and, though a good deal flattered, a capital likeness. The position and the style of the picture were acknowledged even by the English artists to be better than any they have done there.

You will perceive that I have written merely “for the sake of it” and not because there was anything of interest to tell you. If anything seriously affecting the welfare of the Country should transpire during my stay, I shall apprise you by a special express. Till then, dear young lady, believe me,

Yours with sincere respect,

GEORGE P. PUTNAM.

The wedding journey was taken to Washington during the brief administration of President Harrison. The bride was presented to the President, who took the liberty of putting his finger under her chin and saying, “How old are you, my child?”

My father’s aunt, Mrs. Peabody, left three daughters. The eldest, Elizabeth, never married, but gave an active life to work which, while very varied in character, was always for the benefit of mankind. Miss Peabody had more “causes” in hand than any person of whom I ever knew. She lived to be over ninety, and in the course of her years of active life (and all her years after girlhood must have been active) she had to do with associations or with efforts in behalf of the independence of Poland, the freedom of Hungary from Austrian rule, the revolutionists in the states of South America, the protection of the

American Indians, the freedom of the negroes, the work for women's suffrage, the efforts for the higher education of women, the kindergarten system for the education of children, the reform of tenement houses, the cause of liberal faith as against Calvinism, and many other undertakings which I could not at this moment name. She was an active worker during the Civil War in helping to get the soldiers to the front and in caring for the invalids and wounded on their return. When she had convinced herself that some wrong needed to be righted, she was equally clear in her mind that there must be no possible delay. The wrong ought if possible to be gotten rid of before another sun had set. She was equally clear that others ought to be as zealous and as prompt in their interest as herself. Whether it was for the cause of a nation or the aid of an individual, she was perfectly ready to talk about it to any one—relation, friend, acquaintance, or stranger—and to demand, rather than to request, aid and co-operation. I remember a story of one Boston merchant who under her pressure had arranged by will to leave to some cause which she had at heart a legacy of \$10,000. A day or two after he had made this promise she went back to him with a fresh suggestion. She had been talking with some life insurance people and had gotten some ideas about average longevity and the present expectation of life, calculations which are to-day much more a matter of routine than they were half a century ago. She had calculated out the expectation of life of her acquaintance and wanted him now to agree to give her, in place of the promised legacy of \$10,000, a check for the present value of the same with interest deducted. I understand that this particular subscription was not secured.

The second sister, Mary, married Horace Mann, who did noteworthy work later in helping to develop the educational system of the country. Mr. Mann was for some

years of his life a teacher at the head of a school in Massachusetts and later was made president of Antioch College at Yellow Springs, Ohio, one of the first of the colleges planned for coeducation. He died there in 1860. He left some important treatises bearing upon the science of education. His wife worked cordially with her sister Elizabeth in the long series of reforms and causes, but while her interest was almost equally earnest, it is my memory that she had a better sense of proportion and was not so aggressive in demanding sympathy and co-operation. She died about 1870. The youngest of the three sisters, Sophia, married Nathaniel Hawthorne. Sophia must have had as a young woman a good deal of beauty. She was still beautiful when I first knew her in middle life. She was my father's favourite cousin, and he was able after the death of Hawthorne to be of service to her in more ways than one.

CHAPTER IV

Life in London

IT must have been with some dread of her new responsibilities that my mother took her departure in the autumn of 1841 for her new home in London. She was only sixteen years old and had never before been absent from her sister (who had been for her practically a mother) for more than a few days at a time. While her sister was the kindest of guardians, it is probable that her judgment in regard to practical training was not very judicious. I recall hearing from my mother that the only housekeeping instruction she remembered receiving was as to the detail of cutting up loaf sugar into small pieces for the sugar-bowl. The housekeeping convenience of sugar cut into lumps by machinery in even sizes and of granulated sugar was an invention of later date.

The responsibility now came upon my mother not merely of organising and carrying on a household, but of doing this in a strange country the methods of which must have been in many ways unfamiliar and difficult of mastery. She had in London at the outset no women friends. My father had, however, during his previous sojourn come into pleasant personal relations with a number of interesting Londoners, some of whom became and remained close personal friends, and my mother seems to have been particularly fortunate in attracting to herself,

very speedily after her arrival, a social circle of her own. It would seem as if the social faculty which was possessed by my father in a very marked degree, and in which my mother also shared very largely, proved sufficient to overcome more readily than usual the English reserve and the prejudices (more active in 1841 than half a century later) against Yankees.

Among the earliest friends whose friendship continued for a lifetime were John Champney Rutter and his wife, Dr. and Mrs. Edward Newton, and Mr. and Mrs. John Graham. The circle also included as friends or as pleasant acquaintances Mrs. Cowden Clarke (who had been Miss Novello), Robert Balmanno, Edward Moxon, the publisher of Tennyson and of Lamb, and Nicholas Trübner, a scholarly young German who had come to London to try his fortunes in the book-trade.

The young couple made their first home in Euston Square, not far from the present Euston Station. From there, after I believe a year's sojourn, they migrated to St. John's Wood, the house being in some small street leading out of St. John's Wood Road. The third home, where they remained during the longer portion of their seven years' residence in London, was in Mornington Road, the approach to which is from Tottenham Court Road. Nearly all the houses in the Road had, London fashion, names as well as numbers, and my father promptly utilised for his gate-post the very distinctive title of "Knickerbocker Cottage."

My father had a taste, which might almost be called a genius, for hospitality. The income was at this time limited, and the entertainment that could be afforded to guests must have been modest. My father believed, however, that the right kind of people would enjoy the privilege of being together and of coming to know his wife, and the little cottage seems to have had a considerable

number of guests from week to week. The visitors represented a rather curious variety of individuals. They included not only staid and conservative Londoners like the Rutters and the Newtons, but an interesting group of Continental exiles and of visitors who may not have been precisely exiles but who had associated themselves with the Leicester Square colony. I do not think my father would ever have called himself a revolutionist, and I doubt whether he had any very keen interest in, or any very full understanding of, the character of the organisations which were at this time scheming to bring about in Germany, France, Italy, Poland, and elsewhere the movement that finally resulted in the revolution, or rather in the revolutions, of 1848. It is not clear to me just what it was that attracted my father to the revolutionists or them to him. It is possible that the men whose talk was of republics for Europe felt that they could always trust to the friendly sympathies of an American republican. It is also possible that as my father had no knowledge of French, German, or Italian, some of his revolutionary friends and acquaintances may have considered the little parlors of Knickerbocker Cottage a safe place in which to do their talking, undisturbed by any of the political supervision which was dreaded by, and which was possibly exercised over, doubtful gatherings in Leicester Square, and free also from any risk of meeting the monarchical spies, some of whom were unquestionably at that time earning incomes in London by watching the refugees.

The circle that came together from time to time in Knickerbocker Cottage included Mazzini and other less well-known Italians, who had more or less to do with the Carbonari; Karl Blind, from Berlin; Louis Blanc, from Paris, and a quiet, ill-featured, sallow-cheeked young man who was known a few years later as Napoleon the Third.

I do not know, of course, that Napoleon and Mazzini

actually met at my father's house, and I doubt whether there could ever have been much in common between the earnest, honest, and rather bitter revolutionist of Italy and the self-seeking schemer of France. Both men, however, did come to the cottage and each found occasion more than once to express appreciation of my father's friendly service and hospitality.

I remember my father saying that, on the famous 10th of April, 1848, the day on which the great petition for the Charter was presented to the House of Commons and when outbreaks in London were apprehended, he met Louis Napoleon carrying a musket as a special constable on London Bridge. The Chief of Police or the Home Secretary had sworn into service as additional guards for the metropolis a number of citizens, who were given badges and authority as special constables and who, on the 10th of April and for a day or two thereafter, were provided with muskets. It is probable that a considerable proportion of the trusty butchers and grocers were handling muskets for the first time in their lives. In a number of *Punch* issued during the Charter days there is a picture of one of these citizen constables in his uniform, surrounded by admiring members of his family, drying his powder on a shovel over the kitchen stove! Louis Napoleon needed, however, no instruction in the use of the musket, and on this day he contributed his services to the preservation of the peace of London. My father told me that he congratulated the Prince on his public-spirited readiness to serve the community in which he had made his home. "Yes, Mr. Putnam," said Louis; "London is a great city, of value to the whole world. The peace of London must be preserved." Two or three months later, after the flight from Paris of Louis Philippe, Napoleon left London and presented himself to the voters of France as a candidate for the presidency. Frenchmen could have known very little

about the personal character or the abilities of the nephew of Napoleon the First. The Napoleonic tradition, however, proved strong enough to secure for him a substantial majority of the votes cast, enabling him to defeat a tested soldier like Cavaignac.

On the 1st of January, 1849, he was inaugurated as President and gave his oath in regular course to support the Constitution and to maintain the Republic. The obligation so assumed was observed during the four years of the presidency. When, however, the time approached for the new election and there was good ground for doubt as to his securing (even with the privilege of counting the votes) the necessary majority, such trifles as the Constitution or the oath to maintain the Republic were not allowed to stand in Napoleon's way. The essential thing was that he and the conspirators associated with him (the most capable of whom was probably the Duc de Morny) should continue to control the government, and above all the treasury, of France. This result was accomplished by the *coup d'état* of December, 1851, and the young man who was (at least by tradition) the son of Louis Napoleon and the nephew of Napoleon the First began, as Napoleon the Third, the reign that was to continue for eighteen years.

This, however, as Kipling would say, is another story, and had nothing to do with my father's sojourn in London. My father was in Paris more than once, not during the years of the presidency, but later under the Empire, but he seems never to have tried the experiment of recalling his old-time relations with Louis Napoleon.

A few of the letters from the correspondents of these earlier years of the sojourn in London have been preserved. John O. Sargent, an old friend in New York, had been best man at the wedding. He writes from time to time to my father of New York literary gossip, and with suggestions concerning possible publishing undertakings. He

asks also for information on English political conditions, information doubtless required for his editorial work. Mr. Sargent himself married about 1849, and as his wife had a fortune he gave up journalism. He kept up his interest in literature, however, collected a large library, and gave special attention to securing a copy of every edition of Horace that was within his reach and within the compass of his purse. He himself made some very graceful translations of his beloved poet.

In 1843, I find the first letters from George Sumner, who remained a close friend of my father's until his death, which occurred shortly after the war, I think in 1869. Mr. Sumner was a brother of the well-known Senator from Massachusetts. George's interests were, however, literary rather than political. He was a journalist, a *litterateur*, a *bon-vivant*, a joker. He was as genial as his great brother Charles was stern. He cared little for causes, for the rights of man, or for Anti-Slavery, but he was a genial companion and, what was better, a loyal friend. Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney, whose name in the forties occupied an important place on the list of American authors, writes from Hartford in November, 1843, sending (probably for use in the volume on *American Facts* to be mentioned later) the titles of twenty-eight of her works. She mentions that some of these had been reprinted as many as fifteen times. William Henry Prescott writes from Boston during this same year asking for certain English books and adding a word of personal cordial greeting. James Kent, Chancellor of the State of New York, writes also asking my father to collect for him books under certain divisions of law. Kent's *Commentaries on American Law* were published a year or two later. Horatio Greenough, the sculptor, writes from Rome and later from Florence in regard to his statue of Washington. It appears that he hoped to secure some help from my father in correspond-

ence with the members of Congress and other authorities in Washington.

Theodore Parker writes from Boston in August 1844. He also wants some books. He refers to certain of father's old-time friends in Boston and speaks of an approaching visit which he hopes to make to England. He was at this time but twenty-four years old. His active work as a preacher came ten years or more later. George P. Marsh writes in July from Burlington. He wanted information concerning certain scientific writers in England with whom my father was, as he thought, likely to come into relation. Mr. Marsh was Minister to Italy between the years 1861-65, and was the author of a number of important philological works. Horatio Southgate writes from Constantinople in March offering for publication a treatise on "The Churches of the Orient." Mr. Southgate was the first and only Protestant-Episcopal Bishop at Constantinople. He was consecrated in 1844, the year of this letter, and remained in his diocese until 1850. He was the author of several books having to do with Eastern experiences.

The first place of business occupied by my father in London for the transactions of Wiley & Putnam was in Paternoster Row. In 1844, when the Paternoster Row shop was given up for quarters in Waterloo Place that appeared to be more convenient, the shop was taken over by Nicholas Trübner, who, beginning business in that year on his own account, succeeded in organising a firm which took an important place in the publishing concerns of Great Britain. The Trübner undertakings were particularly noteworthy in Oriental literature and in the departments of philology and philosophy. The undertakings of Wiley & Putnam were principally concerned with the export of British books and periodicals. Some business was done in selling for English readers American publications, but the demand for these grew but slowly.

I should not complete the record of my father's sojourn in London without a fuller word concerning the volume, *American Facts*, which was written and published by him, and which may be considered as a labour of love or of public spirit done for the sake of the repute of his native land.

It was undoubtedly the case in the early forties (as throughout the rest of the century) that any American sojourner in England was exposed to more or less annoyance (according to the irritability of his temper) on the ground of the ignorance shown even by intelligent Britons in regard to matters relating to the United States. It sometimes seemed as if the readiness to arrive at sweeping conclusions (and usually very critical conclusions) concerning American methods, American character, and American achievement, was in direct proportion to the absence of any trustworthy knowledge concerning things American. Partly with the praiseworthy desire of correcting error, often as a matter of patriotic self-defence, the American then, as in later years, found occasion from time to time to make corrections of absurd statements, to point out the true cause for this or that action on the part of his government or of his fellow-citizens, or to specify with some measure of completeness the actual results secured by the Republic of the West during the half-century of its existence.

My father finally felt himself called upon to put into print material which could be utilised for a fuller and more comprehensive reply to criticism based upon inadequate information than was usually possible for an American who did not have at hand the statistics concerning the history or the status of his country. He therefore wrote and put into print, in 1845, a volume of 300 pages, entitled, *American Facts: Notes and Statistics Relating to the Government, Resources, Engagements, Manufactures, Commerce, Religion, Education, Literature, Fine Arts, Manners, and*

Customs of the United States of America. The volume contained as a frontispiece a portrait of Washington, engraved from the painting by Trumbull, and contained also portraits of Edward Everett and Fenimore Cooper. These two latter plates were, as is stated in a note in the book, transferred from ordinary prints "by Darton's new process as described in the *Art Union*." The volume further included a map giving the territory of the Republic—a territory which did not yet include Texas, New Mexico, or California, and in which the organised States numbered twenty-seven. It presents in a conveniently arranged series of chapters the statistics of the time as to the extent and the resources of the Republic, a description of the Constitution and government, both national and State, an explanation of its religious institutions and its educational system, a brief summary of its literature and achievements in the fine arts, and a study of the manners and customs of its society. The appendix presents the Constitution, the chronological table of chief events, tables showing the growth of population, and further tables presenting agricultural and manufacturing statistics, records of exports and imports, statistics concerning the State debts, the record of the railroads and canals, a tabular view of educational institutions, statistics of fisheries, etc. The scheme was certainly promising in itself and the material presented must have been of no little service, not only to Americans looking for "ammunition," but to English editors, writers, students, or authors really desirous of securing trustworthy information concerning their American cousins. It could have been by no means an easy task to have put together this material at so great a distance from the original sources of information. When the book was first announced, some at least of the editorial comments upon the plan could hardly be called encouraging. A writer in one of

the journals (the name of which is not specified) says pleasantly: "We have had quite enough both of their facts and of their fictions. Bankruptcy and vulgarity are the only facts left in their swindling land of liberty." An American is described as saying in regard to the plan of such a book: "It is useless to expect that such a volume will at this time find readers. The anti-American feeling is too strong. Our former best friends and well-wishers are now the most bitter against us. When the delinquents turn the tide by faithfully bringing up the arrears, fulfilling their engagements, and paying their debts, some hints and facts on various American topics might be advantageous to both parties." When the book itself appeared, however, it secured, at least from the more intelligent reviewers, a very satisfactory reception, and the demand for it outside of the little American circle was considerably larger than its author had anticipated. This little volume was the first attempt of the kind. During the seventy years that have gone by since its publication, the work attempted in it of giving information to our transatlantic cousins has been continued by a long series of books, some of which were much more comprehensive and scholarly and have, therefore, proved of more permanent value. There is no legitimate excuse at this time for any intelligent Englishman to remain in ignorance of the history or of the political or social conditions of the United States. The task undertaken by my father was, however, most important, particularly at this period when very natural prejudices had been excited by the bad behaviour of Pennsylvania and Mississippi to their creditors on the eastern side of the Atlantic.

One of the more important divisions of the book, that relating to the reprints in the United States of English books, has already been referred to. My father's relations to the old-time issues connected with the lack of a

satisfactory protection for authors on either side of the Atlantic will be described later.

One of the most bitter of the English criticisms of the time, a criticism which unfortunately did not have adequate cause, was directed against the American practice of appropriating, without arrangement or permission, and most frequently also without compensation, the productions of English authors. My father was from the outset, as before stated, strongly opposed to this practice, and he had insisted from a very early date that it ought to prove practicable to arrive at some international system or arrangement for the protection of literary property. He had, therefore, no word of defence for the American publishing "piracies." In his volume on *American Facts* he was, however, able to make clear that the wrong was not limited to one side of the Atlantic. It was possible, even as early as 1846, to present very considerable lists of American works which had been issued in unauthorised English editions and from the sale of which the authors derived no compensation. The list included a number of instances in which the titles of the American books had been altered, partly for the purpose of glossing over the appropriation and partly possibly in order to give to the British readers the impression that the English edition was the original issue. In other cases, the text had been mutilated or garbled and conclusions or morals had been appended by English writers which were better suited than the original endings may have been to the prejudices of English readers.

An inspection of these early English "piracies" gives the impression that the British publishers of the day appropriated from American literature all that for their purpose was worth taking. The American appropriations were naturally much more considerable, but as far as willingness or concern to enter upon piracies whenever

piracies might be made profitable, there was evidently not much to choose between the piratical printers on either side of the Atlantic. The British "reprinters" were able, however, to plead in extenuation of their practices that their government was from the outset ready to enter into a copyright arrangement, and that for the delay in such arrangement, the Americans were responsible.

Schedule of American books reprinted in England during the preceding five years, as abstracted by G. P. P. in 1846.

American Books Reprinted in England.

Theology.....	68	works.	History.....	22	works.
Fiction.....	66	"	Poetry.....	12	"
Juvenile.....	56	"	Metaphysics.....	11	"
Travels.....	52	"	Philology.....	10	"
Education.....	41	"	Science.....	9	"
Biography.....	26	"	Law.....	9	"

These lists of British reprints might have been used as a convenient answer to the query quoted from Sydney Smith, "Who reads an American book?" The volume of *American Facts*, while printed for "missionary" or "educational" purposes, seems to have met with some measure of public interest and demand, as, in the course of the next three or four years, no less than three editions were called for.

Another of the grounds for British criticism of American methods was (like that of the piratical reprints) not capable of being defended. One or two American States whose bonds had been sold in Europe had failed to make provision for the payment of the interest, and had later, in a portion of the cases, repudiated responsibility for the principal. Among the States which had thus disgraced themselves were Mississippi and Pennsylvania. I think that later Minnesota was added to the list. The bonds

upon which Mississippi made default were never made good. Those of Pennsylvania were later taken up by the State and payment was made of the arrears of interest. It was Sydney Smith who, owning some Pennsylvania bonds, gave public expression more than once to his indignation at the lack of honour among the Yankees, and on one occasion, in a circle which was partly ecclesiastical and which included some American guests, took occasion, in referring to Pennsylvania, to quote St. Paul: "Would that ye were even as I am excepting as to these bonds."

The following letter from Jared Sparks is to be connected with my father's labours in collecting information for his *American Facts*. With this I include one from George Sumner, who expresses himself as warmly interested in the plan of the volume.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., May 13, 1843.

GEO. P. PUTNAM, Esq.

DEAR SIR:

I have received your letter of the 15th of April, and also the pamphlet, for which I beg you will accept my thanks. Your prefatory remarks are of great value, and they cannot fail to correct, in some degree at least, the false and absurd impressions, respecting the Unites States, which prevail in England. Mr. Alison's ignorance is as astonishing as his temerity is unexampled, in attempting to write historically of a country with the first elements of whose history he seems so totally unacquainted. Such gross and unpardonable blunders throw a shade of discredit over his whole work.

Your estimate of the sale of *Washington's Writings* falls considerably short of the mark. The actual sale has been as follows:

Writings in 12 volumes,—2500 copies.

Life. 8 volumes sold separately—7000 copies.

Abridged *Life*, 2 volumes, 12 mo. 2000 copies.

The sale is still going on with considerable rapidity. The *American Biography* (10 vols. 12 mo.) has been very successful.

The first edition was 2000 copies,—*Life of Arnold*, 3000. The stereotype plates have since gone into the hands of the Harpers, who diffuse the work far and wide.

Prescott and Bancroft publish what are called "editions," 500 each. They think there is some advantage in it, although where there are stereotype plates, one can hardly see the propriety of calling each impression a new edition. By this plan the *Writings of Washington* would have gone through 13 editions and the *Life* 14 editions. I have never adopted this mode. More copies of Webster's *Spelling-book* have probably been printed than of any other American book. Many years ago, the author said in the preface that two and a half millions had been printed; and the number has probably doubled since, making the whole number not less than five millions. I would not state this as an authentic estimate, but I am inclined to think it within the actual amount. The number of school-books published annually is prodigious; and of this class of books there are very few English reprints. . . .

I am, with great regard,

Your most obedient servant,

JARED SPARKS.

Friday, 1843.

[Probably written from Paris in June.]

MY DEAR PUTNAM:

. . . I applaud with all my heart your scheme for the volume, but I doubt whether it will soon appear, if it be made to depend on the Philadelphia bond payments. Poor Smith [Sydney] has gone. "After life's fitful fever he sleeps at rest." He will put no more spurs in the side of restive, high mettled repudiators. The volume will be good; but for the Review, I should almost fear that it would be difficult to keep it going. An intellectual spasm would occasionally no doubt occur, a few flashes would be and then—darkness visible. You are far better able, however, than I am to judge of this. Everett would, I think, unbend a little in order to give you hints that would be useful, in case you are determined to go on.

As to the "Facts,"—one very material one is this. The

annual appropriation in England for Public Instruction is £25,000 or £30,000, I forget which of the two, but that you will easily determine. The annual appropriation of the Town of Boston for Public Instruction is \$180,000. Put that and that together, and it makes according to my arithmetic, a town of 90,000 population do more than a nation, not the most modest in its pretensions. Ireland, you know, has its school system apart, as has also Scotland, so that it is for England that this sum is devoted.

Another.—In Cushing's treaty with the Chinese (of which I have only seen the French translation) there is a clause which says that "American citizens shall at all times have permission to hold free intercourse with the learned men of China, to study their language and literature, to purchase books and MSS. upon all arts and sciences, and to gather up wisdom from its Chinese storehouses,"—or words to that effect, as the witnesses say. Now, in the English treaty, I don't remember to have seen any such claims as this. That you can settle thoroughly, for both will be accessible in London. There is a Commerce! exclaimed a Frenchman on reading Cushing's treaty, very different from that of opium and Manchester. . . .

Ever faithfully yours,
GEORGE SUMNER.

The following letter from the Hon. George S. Hillard of Boston is fairly representative of a long series of appreciative comments on the little volume:

BOSTON, May 1, 1845.

GEORGE P. PUTNAM, Esq.,
MY DEAR SIR:

. . . Mr. Sumner has received a copy of your *American Facts*, but I had only time to glance at it, as one of our neighbours immediately borrowed it. It struck me as being an excellent book, compiled with great industry and written in a true and manly spirit. I shall read it attentively and will write you more upon the subject, and will also commend it

to our own countrymen. You have earned a title to our gratitude by your manly and spirited defence of us, and, God knows, we have need of defenders. I notice that you have fallen into an error in regard to Mr. Prescott's age. He is not on "the sunny side of thirty-five" but about forty-eight, though his very youthful appearance would fortify your statement.

Yours, GEORGE S. HILLARD.

During the years between 1840 and 1850, although regular lines of steamers were already traversing the North Atlantic, a very considerable portion of the traffic, not only for freight but also for passengers, continued to depend upon the sailing vessels. The *Savannah* had crossed the Atlantic from New York to Liverpool as early as 1818, making the passage (using both steam and sails) in twenty-six days. The first steamers making schedule trips were, however, the *Sirius* and the *Great Western*. The line was known as the Great Western Steamship Company, and its operations began in 1838. The charges for passengers on these earlier steamships were of necessity heavy, and it was a number of years before passengers became sufficiently accustomed to the idea of trusting themselves on the Atlantic with steam-engines, so that, even apart from the question of expense, the more conservative travellers continued to give their preference to the packet vessels. Of these there were in the years back of 1850 several famous and well-appointed lines, such as the "Black Star," the "Black Ball," and others. The owners of the former line, Messrs. Williams and Guion, organised, later, one of the earlier steamship companies, known as the Atlantic and Great Western Company, the flag of which continued to carry the old sign of a black star. The line came afterwards to be known as the Guion Line, and its operations were discontinued in 1892, after the death of the several members of the two families of

Williams and of Guion. Mr. Williams was an old friend of my father, who had also made friends among the old captains of the Black Star packets and had used these packets for his own earlier trips. In going to Liverpool in 1841 with my mother, he had sailed in the *Margaret Evans*, commanded by Captain Tinker. He used the same vessel (which was still under the command of his friend Tinker) in 1847, when he was bringing his family back to the United States.

He had occasion during his seven years' sojourn in London to make various trips across the Atlantic, and he experimented more than once with the steamers. He told me that he had his passage engaged for the *President* at the time of her last trip. In connection with some business complications he was obliged to forfeit his passage at the last moment, and I think he said that he also had to sacrifice some portion of the money that he had paid for his passage. The mischance seemed to him at the time a serious misfortune. He thought differently of the matter later in the year, when all hope of the *President's* safe arrival was finally abandoned. She was one of the first of the rather considerable list of steamers which, having met on mid-ocean with some overwhelming disaster, left neither survivor nor remnants to show what had been the cause. The loss of the *President* and later the disappearance of the *Pacific*, the *City of Boston*, and the other steamers recorded as "missing" have, as a rule, been charged to the account of the icebergs.

The change from the old-time leisurely method of crossing the Atlantic with a small ship's company, a company not infrequently made up in the main of people of similar social standing and interest, to the hurried trips in company with five or six hundred fellow-passengers, with whom one finds little in common and with whom one has in fact no time to become acquainted, must certainly

have presented very many sharp contrasts. The comparison recalls the first lines of the *Sketch Book* of Irving in which he says: "To the traveller about to visit Europe the long voyage is an excellent preparative." The length of these "long voyages" was from thirty to sixty days, the average being about forty days. The vessels were well appointed, the staterooms being usually larger than those obtainable in the big steamers of to-day. The food was excellent, and the captain presided over his cabin table as if his twenty-five, thirty, or, at the most, forty, passengers were his personal guests. The whole experience was, in fact, rather like sojourning in a well-arranged househo'd, with a pleasant selection of fellow-guests with whom one had full time to form social relations. A very different matter is the six or seven days' trip of to-day in a floating hotel, in company with from five hundred to a thousand fellow-passengers, of whom one has hasty glimpses or with whom one may come to exchange a few words on the last days of the trip.

There were also, of course, considerations the other way; head winds or a calm meant a journey indefinitely prolonged, and seventy years ago, as to-day, unexpected delays involved not a few anxieties, both business and domestic. The trips in stormy weather and particularly in the winter season, when the hatches had to be closely battened down and the passengers were confined to cabins with closed ports and without any of the present means of ventilation, also meant serious discomforts. In fact, a winter trip must, for many people, have constituted a real hardship. I recall in this connection the vivid description given by Fenimore Cooper in his *Homeward Bound* of the trip on a London packet, and some of the incidental risks belonging to the journey by sail across the Atlantic. The vessel in Cooper's story (I have for the moment forgotten her name) having been blown southward and far out of her course,

was wrecked on the western coast of Africa, and the passengers narrowly escaped being carried off as slaves by the coast Arabs. Some exceptional pluck and good fortune rescued both the passengers and the ship and she finally arrived at New York only five or six weeks later than her expected time, and before those who were awaiting her had begun to be very seriously anxious.

During my father's stay in London, Washington Irving visited England once or twice, but Irving's longer English sojourn had been made some years earlier, during the thirties. Irving was Minister in Madrid during the years 1844-48, and he was in London in 1845 on a visit to Mr. McLane, at that time American Minister at the Court of St. James. My father had met Irving before, both in New York and in London, but during this visit of 1845 he seems to have been thrown in with him more intimately and began the closer association and friendship which continued until Irving's death in 1859. In a paper written for the *Atlantic Monthly* in November of 1860 (reprinted in this volume), my father gives several interesting personal reminiscences. The first occasion on which he met Irving on the other side of the Atlantic was at one of the annual dinners of the Literary Fund, held on the 11th of May, 1842, which was presided over by Prince Albert, only recently married. This was the first appearance of Albert in his rôle as president of the society.

The paper goes on to say that "the Prince's three speeches were more than respectable even for a Prince; they were a positive success." At the same dinner speeches were made by Hallam and Lord Mahon; Campbell and Moore for the poets, Talfourd for the dramatists and the Bar, Murchison for the scientists, Bunsen and Brunow for the diplomatists, James for the novelists, the Bishop of Gloucester for the Church, and Gally Knight for the antiquarians. Edward Everett was present as an

American Minister, and Irving (then on his way to Madrid), represented the American authors. Most of the speeches were animated, and when "Washington Irving and American literature" was given by the toastmaster, the cheering was hearty and cordial, and the interest and curiosity to see and hear Geoffrey Crayon seemed to be intense. If his speech had been proportioned to the cheers which greeted him, it would have been the longest of the evening. When, therefore, he simply said, in his modest, beseeching manner, "I beg to return you my very sincere thanks," his brevity seemed almost ungracious to those who did not know that it was physically impossible for Irving to make a speech. My father goes on to say that he and Irving left the dinner in company and had an opportunity of rescuing in the hat-room "little Tom Moore," who, as the smallest man in the crowd, had found himself in difficulties. It was raining as the three came out into the street. They were without umbrellas and cabs were scarce, and their plight was becoming serious when a man, described as a common cad, ran up to the group and said, "Shall I get you a cab, Misther Moore? Shure, ain't I the man that patronises your melodies?" The man was successful in his quest, and while putting them into the cab and accepting (rather as a favour) the *douceur* that was given him, he said in a confidential undertone to the poet, "Now, mind, whenever you want a cab, Misther Moore, just call for Tim Flaherty and I'm your man." "Now, this," said my father, "I call *fame* and of a somewhat more agreeable kind than that of Dante whom the passers-by in the street found out by the marks of hell-fire on his beard."

During Irving's visit to London in 1845, he was my father's guest more than once at Knickerbocker Cottage. He refers to one gathering which included in addition to Irving, Dr. Beattie, the friend and biographer of Camp-

bell; Samuel Carter Hall, who was then editor of the *Art Journal*; and William Howitt.

My father found time, while carrying on his publishing and bookselling undertakings, to write letters to one or two of the New York journals in regard to London literary, social, and political occurrences. Correspondence of this kind was more interesting and presented more distinctive information in 1841 than would be the case to-day. But few English journals were circulated or read in the United States, and but very few American journals indulged in the luxury of foreign correspondents. The description given by Dickens in his *American Notes* (written about 1846) of the interview with the foreign correspondent of the New York *Blusterer*, whose letters, dated from various points in Europe, were written in Ann Street, had, doubtless, sufficient foundation in the facts.

The earlier letters of my father were addressed to the *New World*, a paper which finished its career, I believe, about 1844. The letter of May 1, 1841, begins as follows: "The steamer *President* is still missing and nearly all hope of her safety is now extinguished. . . . It is possible that she may still be afloat, but as it is now fifty days since her sailing, there is little reasonable probability that she will again be heard of." My father goes on to say that he had himself been a passenger on the *President* on her previous trip to New York, in which trip the seagoing quality of the vessel had been tested by a severe gale of ten days. He speaks with affectionate remembrance of the captain (Roberts) as a capable seaman and an attractive host.

In the same letter he makes reference to the arrival in Liverpool of the *British Queen* with the news of the death of President Harrison. He says: "Some of the papers are speculating upon the probable consequences, and think it possible that the amicable arrangements with England which had been intended by the late President

are not likely to be carried out or may at least be impeded." The *Times*, with its usual malignity, throws out all kinds of dark hints that democratic pride may not quietly submit to what is so much like hereditary succession. "What asses these islanders make of themselves." This comment on the obtuse imaginings of the *Times* might have been repeated more than once, particularly for instance in 1861.

The *New World* was edited by Mr. Park Benjamin, who had also, I think, been responsible for its coming into existence, although it is probable that he had secured the backing of some capitalist. Benjamin was a typical American in enterprise, persistent courage, and elasticity. He had to do with many undertakings, some of which appeared to promise great results, but something was always wanting, and he never secured an abiding success.

He left a group of energetic sons, for one of whom, Park Benjamin the second, the sons of G. P. Putnam published (in 1900) a *History of the United States Naval Academy*, of which Academy the author is himself a graduate. The following letter from the editor of the *New World* will give an indication of the nature of the service he was asking from his London correspondent.

NEW YORK, April 10, 1841.

MY DEAR PUTNAM:

I wrote by the *British Queen* that I should make to you a further remittance of £10, by the Boston steam packet. It is herewith inclosed.

I hope you have arranged with Curry & Co. for the early sheets of *Charles O'Malley*, commencing with the June No.; and that you have been able to effect some arrangements about *Barnaby Rudge*. Roberts of the *Boston Nation* tells me that he has succeeded in procuring the casts of some excellent wood-cuts in London. I hope you will be able to do something of the kind for us. Could you not persuade Charles Knight to let you have casts of some illustrations of

his Shakespeare? Their publication in the *New World* would, I think, sell a good many copies of the book. We do not intend to have more than two or three long continued stories in the *New World*; we shall hardly begin any other, except *Charles O'Malley*, till *Ten Thousand a Year* and *Barnaby Rudge* are concluded. Send me the volumes of Moore as they come out. I wish them for a friend. I have time I hope to hear from you in extenso very soon, and I expect great things from our arrangement. We expect the *Great Western* on Sunday.

I am, dear Putnam,

Faithfully yours,

PARK BENJAMIN.

In May, 1841, my father is commenting upon the defeat of the Ministers on the Irish Registration of Voters Bill, the result of which was expected to be the resignation of Lord Melbourne. Lord John Russell undertakes the defence of the Ministry (which is hoping to hold office for another year) by serving notice upon the expectant Tories of a motion for considering the duties on corn, that is to say, for making a Cabinet question of the abolition of the corn laws. (It will be remembered that Sir Robert Peel's act reducing, and finally cancelling, the duties on corn was passed in 1846 and went into effect in 1849.) The same letter makes reference to an article in *Fraser's Monthly*, headed "War with America a Blessing to Mankind." The writer proposed to stir up the slaves of the Southern States by an invasion of fifteen hundred Jamaica negroes supported by a single British battalion. The result was expected to be an upturning throughout the Southern States, followed by a dissolution of the Union and the raising of the British flag on the Capitol.

The literary comments of the week are devoted to Campbell's *Life of Petrarch*, the *Memoirs of the Late L. E. L.* (Letitia E. Landon), and Dana's *Two Years before the Mast*. Of this last, the authorised edition had been

published by Moxon, but a piracy edition had been issued in Fleet Street which had secured a large sale.

In the letter of the following week the arrival of the *Great Western* is announced, after a trip of thirteen days. She is described as "as regular as clock-work." In the letter of May 25th, there is further reference to the preliminary fighting over the corn laws and sugar duties with quotations from speeches by Mr. Villiers, giving frightful statistics of pauperism, suffering, and crime. A case is cited of an action brought against a clergyman of the Established Church for refusing to bury a child because it had been baptised only by a dissenting minister. The clergyman was suspended for three months and had to pay the cost of the suit. In the letter of June 3d, my father describes the procession of the Chartists to the House of Commons, bearing a petition with 1,300,000 signatures. The enormous roll was received by Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Duncombe, who managed with some difficulty to roll it into the awful presence of the "Speaker." In this year, 1841, there were, as my father reports, 2000 miles of railway in operation in Great Britain and Ireland. On Eton Montem day (the annual festival of Eton College), he had come by train from Slough to London at the rate of forty miles an hour. In July, 1841, we have a description of the dissolution of Parliament and of the new election.

The great struggle is on the corn law business and the Whigs talk of "Anti-bread tax," "Down with monopolies," "Free Trade and fewer taxes," etc. Large and small loaves of bread and blocks of sugar, showing the effects of the present system and of the proposed changes, are carried about the streets. Other insignia are skeletons of cats perched on poles and labelled "Peel and Starvation," and yet with all the advantages of such apparently popular measures as the Ministers propose, they can scarcely get the vote of the tradesmen and mechanics, and the Tories are carrying all before them. . . . It seems

to me marvellous [writes my father], that these free trade and liberal principles should not be supported by the mass of the people, however steadily the Tories may oppose them. But really the people of England are very thick-headed; they don't know what is good for them. . . . There is little doubt that the Tories will come in with a large majority. Lord Palmerston himself has been defeated at Liverpool.

A sentence in a following paragraph reads rather curiously to-day when we would hardly think of waiting sixteen or seventeen days to learn the results of an English election: "I shall give you the election returns up to the last moment, for this is a crisis of some importance to the United States as well as to England."

President Tyler's message does not receive much praise from the London papers. The *Spectator* says:

It is eminently placid, pacific, and practical but . . . the surmise will suggest itself that the degeneracy of presidents which was deplored in the days of Mr. Van Buren has not been redeemed. Martin Van Buren had determined views of his own, and energy to battle for them; John Tyler speaks, not like a statesman deferring to the voice of a nation but like a servant taking his orders. The race of Jeffersons has not yet come back.

My father's letter proceeds:

I note a paragraph in recent journals recording the receipt for the Treasury of the Repeal Association of thirty-five pounds from "friends of Ireland" in Lowell, Massachusetts. . . . In the House of Commons some discussion has taken place concerning a newly invented war engine which will, it is understood, destroy at a single blow an entire fortification or a whole fleet and which is expected to put an end to war. Several members who have examined the invention have testified to such effect, and it will undoubtedly be purchased by the Government.

There must have been some mistake either on the part of the examining members or of the Government or possibly on that of the inventor. As far as putting an end to war is concerned, the machine has evidently not worked effectively. The years that have elapsed since this discussion in the House of Commons have witnessed more wars and have been accompanied by more continuous expenditures in preparing for war than any half-century since the Peace of Westphalia.

At the date of this writing, April, 1912, the States of Europe are in perplexity over the ever-recurring problems of the near East, the so-called Eastern question. In this connection, it is interesting to read the following paragraph in my father's letter of July 1, 1841:

The Cretan Christians who are in revolt have already assumed the title of a Commonwealth. The excitement among the Christians on the frontier of Turkey is encouraged by the Powers that desire to see a Christian kingdom on this side the Balkans, and by the Hospodars who hope to make Moldavia, Wallachia, Servia, etc., into a kingdom.

The letter of July 19th gives the final report of the election which had been going on for more than three weeks. An important election question in those days was, as my father recalls, who could afford to stand, rather than who was the best man to represent the constituency. The cost of the contested elections ranged from £5000 to £10,000. A Whig handbill in London read, "Lord John Russell, Low Wages, and Workhouses." The opposing handbill of the Tories was worded, "Ships, Colonies, and Commerce."

The Tory majority in the House in this election was eighty-one. Further reference is made in this same letter to difficulties in the Southeast of Europe, and a report is given concerning the convention which had been signed

by the plenipotentiaries of Austria, France, Great Britain, Prussia, Russia, and Turkey as to the straits of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus. The arrangement closed the two straits, as long as Turkey should remain at peace, against the ships of war of foreign nations, and it reconciled all differences between Turkey and France on the Eastern question. "The peace of Europe is now considered as secure for the present." The same letter contains an extract from a communication to the *Morning Chronicle* from Sydney Smith. The communication is one of a series addressed to Lord Stanley (later Lord Derby and Prime Minister), and described by the writer as containing "cash, corn, and other matters." Lord Stanley had, it seems, taken the ground that the repeal of the bread tax (the corn laws) would necessitate the discharge of his grooms and the curtailing of his luxuries generally. The reverend economist makes use of this complaint or admission as follows:

If then, my candid Lord, the repeal of the bread tax would discharge your grooms and circumscribe your luxuries, it must be the bread tax which gives you the indulgence of your present superfluities. It is the bread tax that stuffs your wine-bins and keeps the butlers who draw the corks and the footmen who stand behind your chair as Ganymedes, when the Jove of Lancashire calls for his corn-law purchased nectar. Out of your own mouth you stand confessed, as both principal and accessory in public robbery. Not in the form of contrite admission, but in the bold and impudent swagger of brazen boast, you declare that the taxes keep your grooms, the half of the factory child's morsel maintains your valet, the bloody sweat of over-laboured toil is the purchase money of your game preserves and pleasure grounds, while the sighs of widows fill the sails of the gaudy fleet at Cowes and the tears of wronged orphans lubricate the carriage wheels which bear you to the rendezvous of national spoliation. The dews of heaven will

ripen the harvest of your fields, whether the soiled sheepskin on which the corn law is inscribed be preserved or cancelled. Not a single acre of your broad lands will be withdrawn from space, not one solitary leaf of your clustered oaks will wither in the woods as a result of the act which will obliterate from the statute book the charter of National Starvation. If it be by your own honest gains or by the fairly accumulated means of your longly descended family that you now live, not in splendour merely but in magnificence, the repeal of the corn laws, which will neither circumscribe the boundaries of your estate nor touch your iron chest, will leave you and them as they were.

This vigorous sermon against the assumption on the part of one class of the community, and that the smallest, to have taxes so ordered that the advantage would come to them while the burdens would fall upon others, may very properly be recalled at this time in the United States. Sixty-five years later, the Dingley Tariff Bill, which out-McKinley's McKinleyism, placed upon the dutiable schedule articles of food, from grain to onions, potatoes, and eggs, the materials for the poor man's clothing (corduroy trousers, for instance, at the rate of 120 per cent.) the blankets for his bed (at the rate of 60 per cent.), and the lumber from which is to be built the house in which he lives and the coffin required for his use after death. The world doubtless moves, but there are times when the movement forward seems to be very slow.

In the letter of July 23d, reference is made to the increasing importance of the "repeal agitation," that is, of the movement for the repeal of the Act of Union between England and Ireland. The great "agitator" (Daniel O'Connell) was making triumphal progresses through the country and was meeting (and as far as practicable speaking to) great assemblies of from 50,000 to 100,000 people. Transports with troops and ammunition were being hur-

ried over from England and active fighting was expected. The *Britannia*, a rather extreme Tory weekly, called upon the Queen to make proclamation declaring repeal agitation to be high treason. The writer of the article contended that repeal itself was but the first step in the long series of iconoclastic abominations that the Radicals had in plan, and that it doubtless would be followed by the abolition of the Established Church, the vote by ballot, manhood suffrage, and other horrors. It is curious to note, seventy-two years after this hysterical utterance, while the repeal of the Union has not yet been brought about, that not a few of the other changes dreaded have taken shape in legislation. The Irish Church has been disestablished, there is vote by ballot both in Ireland and in Britain, and if the suffrage is not yet exercised by all able-bodied citizens, the right of voting has been extended to classes which by the Tory editor of 1841 would have been considered as pestilential Radicals. Notwithstanding the popular suffrage and the voting by ballot, the British Empire still lives.

The next reference in the letter of this date has also some present interest. It is a citation from the London papers of the day of an announcement that had been printed "without comment" to the effect that the Sandwich Islands, having been ceded to Great Britain on the 5th of February last, had been formally taken possession of by her Majesty's frigate *Amphilrite*. My father comments upon this announcement with more heat of indignation than would have been used could he have realised that more than half a century later the Government of the United States would be arranging for the annexation of the islands without any objections being raised on the part of Great Britain. He writes:

Considering that the independent sovereignty of these islands has already been recognised by the United States and

that the diplomatic agent of their sovereign is at this moment negotiating for a similar recognition by the states of Europe, this dry announcement seems rather too outrageous or too facetious as the reader may interpret it. It might be considered as a fitting climax to the recent conquest of Scinde. Sir Robert Peel has, however, informed Parliament that the paragraph announcement was premature, the cession *not* having been completed. I do not claim to be an authority in diplomacy or in the laws of nations, but I cannot understand why Great Britain has any more right to these islands than the United States. Will our Government permit this new act of appropriation on the part of the Encircler of the Earth?

Under the same date, there is reference to certain issues which were exciting attention in the theological world. The first steps were being taken in the trials which later brought about the schism in the Scottish Church establishment, while at the other end of the island the earnest Church of England people were not a little troubled at the tendencies towards Romanism shown in the teachings of Doctor Pusey and his immediate associates. A sermon preached by the Doctor about the middle of June was characterised by some of the Church papers as containing the fundamental doctrines of the Romish Church. So great was the outcry that the spiritual fathers of Oxford were obliged to call upon the preacher for a copy of the sermon. Pusey was at this time Regius Professor of Hebrew and Canon of Christ Church (the cathedral of Oxford), and it is probable that the sermon in question was preached in the cathedral pulpit. The result of the examination of this particular sermon was, however, not an impeachment, but a complete vindication of Dr. Pusey, because he was able to show to the Oxford ecclesiastics chapter and verse for each statement in his sermon, not in the Bible, but in the writings of St. Cyprian. As the Bishop of Carthage had died (or had been killed) as early

as 258, it is certainly the case that he could be considered as, in some measure at least, one of the Fathers of the Church of England. It is also true, however, that certain Romish doctrines afterwards repudiated by the English Churchmen could undoubtedly be justified by the teachings of several of the early Fathers, more particularly, perhaps, St. Jerome, St. Augustine, and St. Cyprian. While, on this particular occasion, the learned Canon secured an acquittal, later in the same year he was suspended from his pastoral functions on the ground of a sermon on the Eucharist and of another favouring auricular confession.

In the succeeding letter, quotations are made from certain protests that became historical, submitted by the Rev. Sydney Smith on behalf of himself and other holders of American State bonds, in regard to the repudiation action of the State of Pennsylvania. My father speaks of Sydney Smith's letters as being needlessly insulting to the Republic, but trusts that their ultimate effect may be useful. He goes on to say:

The Canon can make jokes and puns on most subjects—even on railway explosions—but now he is in earnest; for this is an explosion which affects not his neck but his pocket; and, moreover, it is so utterly disgraceful to Democracy and so completely demonstrates the knavery of Republics, that this worthy gentleman is at last obliged to abandon what little good opinion he had entertained of man's capacity for self-government, and to consign all the boasted benefits of liberty and equality to the same perdition which has swallowed up the moneys he was so foolish as to loan to the descendants of William Penn.

In April, 1844, my father begins a correspondence with the New York *Commercial Advertiser*. I have the impression that the *New World* terminated its existence with the

beginning of 1844. Of the *Commercial Advertiser* letters but one has been preserved. The number in which this was printed bears date May 16, 1844, and carries as the heading of its correspondence column the Whig nominations which had just been completed: For President, Henry Clay, of Kentucky; for Vice-President, Theodore Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey. The letter is devoted to the question of the default on the interest of certain State debts, a subject which, while of present and continued importance to all citizens of the Republic, possessed a special interest for Americans who were living abroad and who felt themselves charged with the duty of defending the good faith of their country.

Correspondence of the New York "Commercial Advertiser."

LONDON, April 15, 1844.

I have a grievous complaint to make against certain fellow-citizens in our beloved land of liberty. I have been abused, vilified, disgraced, and even robbed—and that in broad daylight—and by those who ought to know better. You shall hear my complaint—and say how I am to obtain redress.

For certain good and sufficient motives (which I consider not only innocent but in some respects praiseworthy, because as you know, they are patriotic), I have deemed it wise and expedient to reside temporarily in the dominions of Queen Victoria. I will admit that I do so, primarily, for the purpose of buying and selling, and getting gains, though that is nobody's business but my own so long as my gains are just and lawful.—I might show perhaps further that, from the nature of my vocations here, I have rather peculiar opportunities of rendering essential service to my countrymen at home—which, as before said, would be praiseworthy and patriotic. But let that pass;—I am content to be set down simply as an American trader, visiting Europe for commercial purposes—to make money. (I intend by the way to spend the money at home, provided I get redress for my grievances.)

How have I been robbed? Why by Pennsylvania—by two

millions of freemen, with a Legislature and a Governor at their head. By the State of Maryland—500,000 robbers—with similar leaders. I have suffered by other bands of robbers—but to them I would have submitted more tamely.

None of these literally owes me a farthing. I never saw the colour of their bonds. But yet they have robbed me—I say it deliberately, they have robbed me not only of my good name as an American, but they have taken money from my pockets. They have wrongfully and shamefully deprived me of my just gains and lawful property, and in common justice, if our Constitution is good for anything, it ought to give me, at the Bar of the Supreme Court of the United States, ample redress.

Besides taking my property, by injuring my business reputation, the people of these States have injured my moral character as an American; they have subjected me most unjustly to mortification, obloquy, and disgrace; they have made the very name of American (which I have always heretofore been proud to acknowledge) a byword of reproach. They have subjected me and hundreds of my countrymen to the degradation of being obliged to listen, in public places, to scoffs and jeers against ourselves and the nation to which we belong. And so utterly have they degraded the very name of American that not a day passes without bringing with it some new cause of annoyance and mortification to myself and to other Americans in Europe; all of which is directly caused by their want of good faith, of integrity and, I may add, of common sense.

If these annoyances were confined to England they might perhaps be ascribed wholly to English ignorance and malevolence, but the same is true of every part of Europe.

It is for the very reason that there is yet existing in England so much ignorance of, and ill-will toward, the United States, that I feel most bitterly against my repudiating and defaulting countrymen. I say to them that they have put back the course of rational liberty in Europe at least half a century. Even the bloody horrors of the French revolution scarcely did more to crush true freedom and the progress of republicanism

and popular government. It is because England knows yet comparatively so little about us, and is so little able to appreciate the progress of the American Republic, that these petty, disgraceful defalcations are specially annoying and injurious at this time, both to the nation and to individuals. Our national character has yet to be established before the world. We are yet in our infancy as a people; if the infant begins to play the rogue, what sort of character can the man expect to sustain?

I say petty defalcations—for after all they are petty, and more 's the pity that there are any. How small a tax on real property would pay every penny!

I did not undertake to write this letter as an attempt at a facetious imitation of some clerical wit that has been uttered on the same subject.¹ I consider the matter as calling for sober thought and immediate earnest action. As a mere item in the national sum total, I feel that I have a right to state my grievances, and I would do so in the simplest, plainest way. I repeat that I have been injured and my property has been sacrificed by my countrymen—and if my country's laws will not grant me redress, where is our boasted liberty?—how can we say that our Government equally protects the rights of all?

It is very certain that this subject has not been treated in the United States with the consideration which it deserves. The press, with a few exceptions, have alluded to it now and then in a namby-pamby sort of style, perhaps not quite defending repudiation but yet not denouncing it in the earnest, solemn, indignant terms which the occasion demands. I am not fond of abuse or hard words—they seldom do good and often much harm. But I do think that every individual who is entitled to call himself an American has an interest—a deep interest—at stake in this question and has a right to remonstrate earnestly against a single day's continuance of the present state of things.

I consider myself as good an American as any of them. My ancestors bled at Lexington and at Bunker Hill, and one of them was a "repudiator" of British tea in Boston Harbour;

¹ A reference to Sydney Smith's letter on Pennsylvania.

but never, I trust, of his honest debts. I yield to none in warm-hearted love of my country. I have done what little I could to imagine and manufacture excuses for Mississippi, for Michigan, and for Illinois. But when a late packet brought news that Maryland remained a defaulter—that the Legislature of one of the “old thirteen,” the State which has Baltimore for its commercial capital, had again adjourned without taking a single step to retrieve her character from disgrace, I must confess to a feeling of despondency and alarm.

As an American in business here, I am frequently asked by real friends of the United States—“What are we to expect?” “Bad news again?” “Yes—most aggravatingly bad—but they will all pay in the end; be but patient.” I have held out sturdily in the best defence I could muster of these assailable and very weak points in the present state of American affairs—but my own confidence, I must own, is beginning to waver—and more especially when I see pamphlets published and praised, not to awaken a right feeling on this subject but to rake up palliations and excuses for the defaulters.

There has been enough of this. Would that you could appreciate at home the feeling existing in Europe on American affairs—I repeat, you have no conception of the depth of degradation which the American name has suffered here. Perhaps some Jeremy Diddler asks, what care we for opinions in Europe? There are many who do care and will care more.

A captain in the English navy who was born in Virginia, married in Boston, and is intimately connected with the United States in sympathy and attachment, called on me the day after the receipt of the last news from Maryland. He is a worthy and warm-hearted friend of Americans, as many a visitor in London will testify. He holds the stock of three defaulting States, but fortunately does not, like thousands of others, depend entirely upon these funds. He brought several officers of the British navy to look at the maps and works of American art in my office, and talked with enthusiasm and I believe with real pride of his American birth, of that “glorious country,” as spread out in little on one of Smith’s splendid maps.

When his friends had gone, we talked of Maryland and Pennsylvania; and I fully believed him when he said that he would rather have lost every penny of his own claims, than that this disgrace, this ignominy, should fall upon a country he was otherwise so proud of. What a storehouse for sneers and jibes at republicanism have the Pennsylvanians—to say nothing of Mississippi—built up for the use of English Tories. What humiliation and disgust for the liberal well-wishers to the United States and free institutions. “But they have not repudiated,” say you. Then let them tax themselves, put their hands in their pockets and pay. When they have paid every farthing, let them turn round and berate John Bull to their hearts’ content. But let them pay first.

This is the last letter in the series written during my father’s residence in London of which a copy has been preserved in the old scrap-book. He continued for three years longer his work and his home on the other side of the Atlantic, and he told me that he found occasion from month to month to make up reports for the *Commercial Advertiser* or for the *Evening Post* of English and Continental matters likely to prove of interest to his fellow-citizens, but unfortunately these later letters were not preserved. The sermon to the dishonest and short-sighted repudiationists certainly contains sound doctrine and a vigorous expression of the best Americanism. We may hope that it had its share of influence in making clear to the taxpayers and legislators, at least of the two Eastern delinquents, Pennsylvania and Maryland, not only the bad ethics, but the bad business policy of disregarding their obligations. It is certainly the case that these two States did within the succeeding few years make good to their bondholders the interest that had fallen into arrears. The delayed payments cleared their record to a certain extent, but could, of course, not repair the serious injustice that had been caused to the more timid of the bondholders

(including a considerable portion of those in England and Holland) who, in the not unnatural dread that they might lose principal as well as interest, had sacrificed their bonds in a falling market. The securities of Illinois were also redeemed in full and I believe that this was the case with those of Michigan and Minnesota. The record of Mississippi continued consistently bad. The default on the interest was finally followed first by a "refunding" of the principal on a reduced valuation and later by a default on the refunded bonds. This circumstance had an unfavourable influence on the financial operations in Europe of the Southern Confederacy, of which Jefferson Davis of Mississippi was the leading spirit. Davis had been active in the government of his State at the time of this first default and later had occasion to make a defence of the "credit" of Mississippi as a member, first of the House of Representatives, and later of the Senate, in Washington. His unsatisfactory financial theories did not prevent, however, a considerable group of English Tories from investing in the cotton bonds of the Confederacy which bore Davis's signature. The investors have had time since to repent of their unwise optimism.

The following notification of membership in the Apollo Association shows that my father's interest in the fine arts was of early origin. As he was in 1842 (and for five years thereafter) still a resident of London, his service as secretary of a New York society must have been very "honorary" indeed.

1842.

GEORGE P. PUTNAM, of London,
in the Kingdom of Great Britain
appointed an Honorary Secretary of the Apollo Association
for the promotion of the Fine Arts in the United States.

(Signed), DANIEL STANTON, *Prest.*

JOHN P. RIDNER, *Sec'y.*

NEW YORK, August 5, 1842.

Prof. Benjamin Silliman (Benjamin the first) writes in July, 1843, in cordial sympathy with my father's efforts to arouse public opinion in the United States in regard to the reputation of the nation as affected by the bad financial conduct of certain of the States.

NEW HAVEN, July 12, 1843.

MR. GEO. P. PUTNAM.

DEAR SIR:

. . . My son received and distributed your valuable circulars which will I trust do good, by diffusing correct information, although it is hard work to contend against ignorance, sustained by prejudice, which is always stronger as ignorance is greater; and then, as you justly observe, give so much real cause for the most grave imputations both upon our integrity and honour, that it is hard to obtain a hearing, and still harder to produce conviction when we are heard. The doctrine of repudiation is not, however, new. At the close of the American Revolution, you are aware that a powerful party espoused the cancelling of our debts due to individuals in England before the American war, and it required all the moral influence of Washington and his great coadjutors to put the iniquity down. It gives great pain to every lover of his country to see such enormous breaches of trust both in high places and in low places, both of private and public individuals as are frequent in our country and time. . . .

Col. Trumbull resides in New York and is much bowed down with the infirmities of advanced years. He is so feeble that there is little probability that his system will again rally, being now also in his eighty-eighth year since June. We were not a little disappointed that his work sold so badly; it was certainly valuable and interesting, but perhaps not enough in chit-chat and personal anecdote to meet the taste of the time which inclines very much to small talk and gossip.

I think, that, after his death, it will yet loom up, and, like

his pictures, be regarded as more valuable with the progress of time.

I remain, my dear Sir, very truly your obliged and obedient
Friend and servant,

B. SILLIMAN.

In the autumn of 1843, my father made a hurried business trip to the States. It is to the time of this visit that belong the two letters here given from the Rev. George L. Prentiss and Charles Sumner. The former was then occupying a pulpit in Portland. Later, he moved to New York, taking first a parish and in his after years a professor's chair in the Union Theological Seminary. He was a Presbyterian whose Calvinism was tempered by a genial and lovable nature. His wife became well known as the author of *Stepping Heavenward* and other successful books. They remained lifetime friends of my father. Charles Sumner was at this time thirty-two years old, and was engaged in the practice of law in Boston. It was not until 1851 that he was sent by Massachusetts, as a free-soiler, to the Senate, where he remained until his death in 1874.

PORTLAND, October 4, 1843.

MY DEAR PUTNAM:

Now my good fellow, you will do no such thing as to stay "one hour" in Portland. If you do, you will incur the wrath of me and the severe disapprobation of my mother and sisters. Stop with us a little while, one night, at least. You must. We shan't take "no" for an answer. That we shall not.

If you must go through in the Brunswick stage, why come to Portland in the afternoon cars of the previous evening, and I'll be at the Depot to greet you, *nolens volens*. So write me at once just when you will be here, what day, and in what train of cars. All the rest when I see you.

Now no "no"; since I've come to know what a tremendous blessedness there is in "yes."

Most affectionately your friend,

GEORGE L. PRENTISS.

BOSTON, Nov. 30, 1843-

MY DEAR SIR:

I received only this morning your kind note of Nov. 28th, and cannot let pass even the slightest chance of reaching you with my thanks before you sail.

Both Longfellow and myself were pleased with the opportunity of making your acquaintance and I don't remember any incident, while you were with us, which was not entirely agreeable.

The two law-books which I alluded to, as having been sold much more extensively in our country than in England, are *Starks on Evidence* and *Chitty on Pleading*. But this is the case with many other law-books of England.

Your position in London will enable you to exercise a powerful influence in introducing American books to English favour. I think it highly important that you should employ all proper means to make your establishment known as the Depot of American books, so that the complaint need not be made, which I heard so often in London, "Nobody knows where to procure American books."

If I can be of any service to you, in the way in which you suggest, or in any other way, I pray you to command me.

Believe me, my dear Sir,

Very sincerely yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

Mr. F. W. Edmonds, an artist friend, writes from New York in regard to the new *Art Union*, and shows also an intelligent interest in the subject of repudiation.

NEW YORK, May 14, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR:

I am glad that the Editor of the *Art Union* has given such evidence of a disposition to receive information from this side of the Atlantic. It now remains for us, who have started the idea, not only to keep him duly informed, but also to see that his good feelings are not imposed upon by the host of scribblers which we are infested with, and who if they knew of the liberal

offer he has made, would soon inundate him with all kinds of trash. I was so particular in the brief article I sent him through you, that, not trusting to my judgment and information, I submitted it to our mutual friend Wm. Durand—and I shall do likewise in any future articles I send him.

I have taken the liberty to make an extract from your letter on the subject of repudiation and have sent it to one of our most prominent daily Journals for publication. You will perceive, however, that the "Drab Coloured" gentlemen have made a move towards honesty in passing a tax law to pay the interest on their State debt. The people of England should know that New Yorkers hate repudiation as cordially as they do,—so much so, that I could name several of our first merchants who have refused to sell goods to a merchant hailing from a repudiating State although that merchant offered them the silver dollars! Could John Bull do better than this?

It is possible that the people of Pennsylvania may not respond to the call of their tax-gatherers as promptly as they should do, but I think Pennsylvania will now pay her interest—and if she does, the defaulting States will be confined to such as are slave-holding States, and those settled chiefly of paupers from Europe.

I am not unmindful of your appeal to me to "agitate" this subject. I have done so and shall continue what I can to produce a better state of things.

The difficulty which you have to encounter arises from the ignorance of the English people in not understanding our local characters as a people. If the English should be fools enough to loan a clan of Highlanders in the North of Scotland money and they should repudiate, it strikes me they would not condemn all Scotland for this act of an ignorant and destitute people. Why then should New York and the New England States be censured for the dishonesty of Mississippians who are an entirely different race of people and are over one thousand miles removed from us?

The real "Yankees," to wit New Yorkers and New

Englanders, have never repudiated and as long as the Bible and the common schools are as abundant among them as they are now, they never will.

If the people around you want to know the distinction I allude to, they may compare our present Minister to England with our late Minister. If Sydney Smith sees "almost" 19 or 20 shillings in the face of Mr. Everett, what a beggarly account of "empty boxes" must he have found in the face of Mr. Stevenson,—and yet there is a rumour here that our "Accidental" President means to recall the former and reinstate the latter!

I rejoice to hear that you have opened so extensive an establishment for the exhibition of American talent. It is what our country has long needed and I hope your efforts will be crowned with abundant success.

I don't know whether it would be an object to you, but I was suggesting to Mr. Durand that we ought to send out to you by way of a loan for a few months some few of our pictures for your Exhibition room; then Mr. Hall can see something of the works of American artists. I would very willingly send out for a short time the picture you saw in my room and which is now exhibiting in the National Academy and which seems to be popular with the visitors. We should endeavour that you should be put to no expense. . . .

This letter I shall send by one of our New York merchants who may possibly not deliver it till some time after his arrival, but I don't know that there is anything in it that will spoil by keeping.

My respects to Mrs. Putnam.

Yours truly,

F. W. EDMONDS.

I give below a letter from Washington Irving, who was later to become a valued friend as well as a valuable author for the young publisher. The business connection was, however, still to be delayed for three years. Irving was at this time Minister to Spain.

MADRID, August 13, 1845.

GEO. P. PUTNAM, Esq.

DEAR SIR:

I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of July 7th as well as one, on the same subject, dated 1st March last, from your House in New York.

I do not know any House in which I would confide more implicitly than in yours for fair and honourable dealing; but it has one disadvantage in respect to a new work; you publish on both sides of the water, and your cheap New York editions would stand very much in the way of a bargain with a London publisher.

The terms you offer are very probably liberal, in the present state of the "literary market" but they show how the want of an international copyright, by inundating the country with foreign works, published at so low a rate as scarcely to yield a profit to the publisher, is calculated to starve native literature.

However, I have nothing now at present that I am prepared to launch before the public; neither am I willing just now that any of my former works should be published separately.

I am preparing a complete edition of my works, with corrections, alterations, additions, and when in a sufficient state of forwardness, it is my idea to make an arrangement for the whole (and perhaps for any new writings I may have ready for the press), either by disposing of the copyrights, or by turning them out collectively for a term of years, at a yearly consideration.

I think I can then show, when I come to make such an arrangement, how, in the hands of an extensive publishing house, my writings may be made available in a variety of ways. They are voluminous, yet varied; they may be published collectively and separately; they may be thrown into various forms, series of tales, of essays, of sketches; they may form parts of series of similar writings by other authors, etc., all of which arrangements and modifications I would undertake to superintend.

If, hereafter, I can make a satisfactory arrangement of

this kind with your House, I assure you there is none with which I would be more happy to deal.

I am, dear Sir,

Very respectfully,

Your friend and servant,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING TO ROBERT BROWNING.

September 4, 1845.

. . . Only let me remember to tell you this time in relation to those books and the question asked of yourself by your noble Romans, that just as I was enclosing my sixty pounds debt to Mr. Moxon, I did actually, and miraculously receive a remittance of fourteen pounds from the selfsame bookseller of New York who agreed last year to print my poems at his own risk and give me "ten per cent. on the profit." Not that I ever asked for such a thing! They were the terms offered. And I always considered the "percentage" as quite visionary—put in for the sake of effect, to make the agreement look better. But no—you see! One's poetry has a real "commercial value" if you do but take it far away enough from the "civilisation of Europe."

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING TO ROBERT BROWNING.

October 25, 1845.

. . . I had a proposition from the New York booksellers about six weeks ago (the booksellers who printed the poems) to let them re-print those prose papers of mine in the *Athenæum* with additional matter on American literature, in a volume by itself—to be published at the same time both in America and England by Wiley & Putnam in Waterloo Place, and meaning to offer liberal terms, they said. Now, what shall I do? Those papers are not fit for separate publication, and I am not inclined to the responsibility of them; and in any case, they must give as much trouble as if they were re-written (trouble and not poetry!), before I could consent to such a thing. Well!—and if I do not, these people are just as likely to print

them without leave, and so without correction. What do you advise? What shall I do? All this time they think me sublimely indifferent, they who pressed for an answer by return of packet—and now it is past six, eight weeks; and I must say something.

ROBERT BROWNING TO ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

October 27, 1845.

. . . It was on my lip, I do think, last visit, or the last but one, to beg you to detach those papers from the *Athenæum's* *gâchis*. Certainly this opportunity is most favourable, for every reason: you cannot hesitate, surely. At present those papers are lost—lost for practical purposes. Do pray reply without fail to the proposers; no, no harm of these really fine fellows, who could do harm (by printing incorrect copies, and perhaps eking out the column by supposititious matter, *ex.gr.* they strengthened and lengthened a book of Dickens', in Paris, by adding *quantum sufficit* of Thackeray's *Yellowplush Papers*, as I discovered by a Parisian somebody praising the latter to me as Dickens' best work!) and who do really a good straightforward un-American thing. You will encourage "the day of small things"—though this is not small, nor likely to have small results. I shall be impatient to hear that you have decided. I like the progress of these Americans in taste, their amazing leaps, like grasshoppers up to the sun—from—what is the "from," what depth, do you remember, say ten or twelve years back?—to—Carlyle, and Tennyson, and you! So children, leave off Jack of Cornwall and go on just to Homer.

One other volume was completed during my father's sojourn in London, but as it was privately printed in a very limited edition, it can hardly be referred to as a "publication." The volume presents the record, in journal form, of a trip taken to the Continent with my mother in February, 1847. The printed sheets before me bear the title, *Memoranda in Italy and Germany*. The journey was started in ordinary routine in train from London to

Paris by way of Folkestone and Boulogne. My father makes reference to a travelling companion met on the Channel, a "talkative English major,"—topics, ether (only recently applied as an anæsthetic by the American Dr. Morton), Yankees, war with Mexico, etc. He speaks of the steamer *Prince Ernest* as "a marked improvement on the shabby little Dover steamer of 1836. She carried no less than thirty passengers." The journey was continued from Boulogne by diligence. The usual noteworthy things were visited in Paris and the diligence was then taken to Châlons, a thirty-six hours' ride. From Châlons they proceeded by steamboat on the Saône to Lyons. Thence the route went across to the Rhone and by steamer to Avignon and from Avignon to Marseilles.

On the steamer from Marseilles to Genoa they met "Mr. and Mrs. S. of New York and Miss Fuller of Boston." The Miss Fuller was Margaret Fuller, whom my father had already known through his Boston cousins. He was interested in so arranging his plans for Italy as to retain Margaret for a travelling companion during a large part of their journey.

The journey was continued by steamer to Leghorn by Pisa and Naples. Between Leghorn and Naples there is record of a collision between their Italian steamer and a French boat, which might have proved serious, but from which both boats got away without loss of life.¹ From Naples visits were made to Mount Vesuvius and to Pompeii. The journey was then continued to Rome with preliminary excursions to Pæstum, Salerno (the site of the

¹ Father went up on deck to investigate the situation. It seemed to be serious, and he went down again to beg mother and Miss Fuller not to be alarmed. In the meantime Miss Fuller had joined mother and was urging her not to try to dress, but to jump overboard at once. "I'll throw you your things," she added. This threw them both into such gales of laughter that father found his reassuring words (whose truth he himself doubted) to be quite needless. R. P.

medical college in Europe), and Amalfi. Rome was reached on the 20th of March, twenty-seven days after leaving London. In Rome my father appears to have been a diligent sightseer with all the energy and active-mindedness of an intelligent American. He remained in the capital seventeen days, the fortnight including a number of the more noteworthy ceremonials of the Easter season. In leaving Rome, they were obliged to lose the companionship of Miss Fuller, whose engagements kept her longer in the city in which she was later to find a home and a husband.

Miss Fuller was then under engagement with Horace Greeley to write a series of letters for the *New York Tribune*. It was a time when travelling in Europe was by no means so common a performance as it has since become. Letters from travellers who did not have any very exceptional powers either of observation or of description found place in the leading American papers and presumably found readers. Margaret Fuller was, however, to be classed among travellers who had something to say and who knew both how to observe and how to describe. A single letter of the series which my father had preserved presents a graphic series of little pictures of the things to be seen between Paris and Genoa. One of her remarks concerning Paris is quite characteristic of a woman who from the time when she had first learned to talk was ready to examine or catechise other people:

Paris! I was sad to leave you, that wonderful focus, where ignorance ceases to be a pain because there we find such means daily to lessen it. It is the only school where I ever found an abundance of teachers who could bear being examined by the pupil in their special branches. I must go to this school more before I again cross the Atlantic on the American side of which I have often for years carried about some trifling question without finding the person who could answer it.

[Those who knew Miss Margaret Fuller could bear testimony that her failure to get answers was not due to any lack of persistency on her part in pressing the question.] Really deep questions we must after all answer for ourselves—the more the pity not to get through more quickly with a crowd of details in which the experience of others might accelerate our progress.

My father referred afterwards to Margaret Fuller's experiences in Rome and spoke particularly of one occasion when he found her late at night somewhere near the Forum, separated from her party and apparently quite dazed as to what she should do with herself. Her interest in Italy caused her to make another visit some years later and during the second sojourn she was married to the Count d'Ossoli. A year later, she started with her husband and infant child to return to her own country. The vessel was wrecked on Rockaway Beach, and but one or two sailors were saved from the disaster. Margaret must have been at this time about forty years of age. Her friends had prophesied great accomplishments for her in literature when she should again take up the work and the responsibilities of her Yankee home.

The journey from Rome was continued to Siena, Florence, Pisa, and Lucca. In Florence, my father hears that the popularity of the Grand Duke was considered to be rather on the wane because, "although once very liberal and an encourager of progress he has allowed the new Pope to get the start in the race of Reform." The "new Pope" was, of course, Pius IX. The reform measures, favoured by the Pope and carried out to a certain extent by the more liberal of the rulers of the Italian principalities, did not prove sufficiently satisfactory to the people to prevent Italy from becoming a year later the hotbed of the revolutionary movements of 1848. My father had had, as mentioned, opportunity, while in London, of hearing from

Mazzini and other of the revolutionary counsellors more or less concerning the aspirations and the plans of the revolutionists of Italy and also of their sympathisers in Germany and France. He does not seem, however, to have noted during this journey of 1847 any symptoms in the Italian cities visited by him of the events that were a few months later to give the Italian peninsula so serious a shaking up. It is to be borne in mind, however, that my father had no knowledge of Italian (and in this my mother was not then able to be of service) and was, therefore, not in a position to gather information from street talk. He does seem to have taken pains to make friends with fellow-travellers at various points in the journey, but these travellers were naturally not Italians.

He describes with patriotic interest his visit to the American sculptor, Powers, in his studio in Florence. Powers had just finished for an American client a replica of the *Greek Slave*. With a prejudice which was perhaps pardonable; my father says that he would rather own the *Eve* or the *Greek Slave* by Powers than the *Venus de Medici*. The travellers had but three days to spare for Florence ("It is too bad," said my father, "instead of three days one wants thirty"). He speaks, with the interest of a man of business, of seeing in the museum of the Palazzo Peruzzi the series of unpaid bonds of Edward III. of England, for an amount of 135,000 marks lent to the English King by the Palazzo family. "The King's repudiation of these bonds," says my father, "or his failure to pay them, caused the bankruptcy of the holders. This repudiated debt," he continues, "with the interest to the present time, would amount to more than the present national debt of England; while several other Florentine bankers were served in the same manner by this untrustworthy monarch. This is, however," he proceeds, "no excuse for Mississippi. She ought to teach England better."

Leaving Florence, they proceeded by diligence or coach along the valley of the Arno. At Pontedera, about twenty miles from Florence, they reached the railway, only so far finished from Leghorn and Pisa. Work was progressing on the completion of the road. The journal mentions that "a railway from Florence to Rome is said to be actually in plan. . . . This will be a most desirable achievement, for the journey is now tedious and dull."

The travellers followed the railway as far as Pisa, where they stopped for a second visit for a few hours. When they continued by train to Lucca my father noticed with pleasure that the maker's name on the new locomotive was Morris of Philadelphia. He goes on to say:

American enterprise is excursive. The Morris concern has contracted to supply large numbers of his locomotives to the governments of Austria and Russia, the contract with the latter including the locomotives for the Moscow and St. Petersburg road now in process of construction.

At Lucca, the travellers were amused at the fussiness of the custom-house officers who were "protecting" the frontier of this ten-miles-square principality. These officials made more parade of officiousness than those of France, Naples, and Rome put together. The railroad facilities came to an end at Lucca and the journey was continued by *vetturino* to Genoa. The distance was one hundred and twenty miles and the time allowed for the *vetturino* three days.

I do not undertake to cite my father's descriptions of, or references to, the noteworthy objects of the various cities through which he passed. He was evidently an observing traveller who allowed very few things to escape him, and the notes in his journal, while brief, are clearly expressed and full both of information and suggestion. In

fact, his energy as a traveller, from dawn to midnight, was so tremendous that I wonder he did not wear my mother out. Throughout his life, he never seemed to know what fatigue was.

Genoa was reached on the third day, as planned, without accident. On calling at the post-office to inquire for letters, the traveller was handed from the *poste-restante* division a parcel of a hundred or more from which he was at liberty to take his choice. After three days in Genoa, they left by diligence for Milan. In passing through Pavia, he notes, doubtless from what appeared to be trustworthy information, that the famous university had been founded by Charlemagne more than one thousand years back, that is to say, about 810. The legend of the organisation during the reign of Charlemagne of the two universities of Pavia and Bologna has, of course, long since been corrected. It seems probable that in each town there were instituted, under the general direction of Alcuin, schools forming part of the great Imperial system. There is, however, no evidence that these schools bore any direct relation to the later universities. The University of Bologna, which is the older of the two and which, with the exception of the medical school in Salerno, may take rank as the oldest university in Europe possessing a continuous history, celebrated its one thousandth anniversary in 1887, but the records of university work go back only to 1180.

In Milan, one of the first visits was paid to the Ambrosian Library, which is recorded as containing about 87,000 volumes and 5500 manuscripts. Among the latter were noted a *Virgil* copied and annotated by Petrarch; a *Josephus* in Latin upon papyrus (a papyrus manuscript was at that time and is still a curiosity, particularly if it is in any measure complete); a Homeric manuscript of the fourth century, with numerous illuminations curiously

illustrative of the period; the books of Livy, translated into Italian by Boccaccio, etc.

The highest turret of the Cathedral was visited with customary energy before daylight, in order to keep a promised appointment with the sunrise. The streets of Milan impressed the travellers as "more businesslike and more American" than those of any Italian city yet visited. The journey was continued from Milan by means of a diligence carried on the railway to Traviglio, eighteen miles away, the farthest point thus far reached by railroad. At Traviglio, the diligence was placed on its own wheels and the travellers proceeded to Brescia, noted as one of the corners of the famous quadrilateral which has played so important a part in various Italian campaigns and which came into special note in the Franco-Austrian war of 1859 and in the Italian-Austrian campaign of 1866. At Verona, they are again able to pick up the very fragmentary railroad, which takes them to Venice. Padua, with its famous university, could be examined only from the railway-station. The diary refers to the impression as the railroad traverses a bridge more than two miles long over the lagoon, that the train is plunging head foremost into the sea. It is noted that this bridge called for the labour of a thousand men for four and a half years.

The first morning in Venice was taken, with unabated energy, at dawn in order to catch a sunrise view. The day was crowded with enthusiastic sightseeing, the record of which occupies four or five pages in the journal. It was finished in a late moonlight hour by a walk through a narrow labyrinth of Maceria in connection with which my father expresses a vague wonderment that there was so much dry land in Venice. Three more days were spared for palaces, galleries, and gondolas, and the journey was then resumed to Padua, Vicenza, and Verona. In the last-mentioned town a careful search was made for the

homes of the Capulets and the Montagues and for the tomb of Juliet and her lover. *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* appears not to have been borne in mind. From Verona begins a long diligence ride (three days and three nights) through the Tyrolese Alps, over the pass of the Brenner to Innsbrück and Munich.

In the Bavarian capital, the first visit was to the library, which is noted as standing on a "new street as wide as three Broadways," and as containing 800,000 volumes. In the list of duplicates were found no less than fourteen copies of the Hugo Bible, printed in 1480 by Koberger of Nuremberg. The following two days were given to the galleries and on the third day the journey was continued to Augsburg. The railroad did not bring them quite to the city, and an omnibus ride of two miles was required before they could reach the hotel of the "Three Moors," which hotel had existed under the "same sign for 483 years." In Augsburg, my father was immediately interested in visiting the printing-office of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, which he describes as the most influential journal on the Continent—the *Times* of Germany. After an examination of the old book-shops for which Augsburg had for centuries been famous, the travellers took post-chaise for Ulm, a distance of forty-eight miles. The inns on the road are described as "decidedly primitive."

When we stopped to rest, we were always shown to a public room where country boors of all descriptions were drinking beer in quart jugs and smoking pipes till they could n't see each other's noses. Madam's request for another room was always met by a stare of astonishment and no other *Zimmer* was vouchsafed, argue and entreat as we would. The only choice was to sit in the smoke with the boors or to sit in the carriage. The main feature of the landscape in this flat portion of Bavaria was the breweries.

At Ulm, my father noted that extensive fortifications were now being built to make a more adequate protection for the city and for the district against attack from France. The influence of the surrender by General Mack to Napoleon forty-two years back was, it appears, still being felt.

Stuttgart impressed the travellers as "more modern and more American-looking than any city as yet seen in Germany." It appeared to be "about as large as Baltimore." According to the report of the cicerone, the King of Wurtemberg was in business on quite an extensive scale, having dealings as a banker, a wine merchant, and a horse vendor, with three separate establishments. The King kept three hundred horses in town and twelve hundred more at different breeding establishments in the country. "His 'Lola Montez' lives in a handsome house within sight of the queen's apartments in the palace." The public library is recorded as containing the largest collection of Bibles in the world, a collection comprising 8544 volumes, in sixty different languages. The activity of Stuttgart as a publishing and a bookselling centre is naturally noted.

The castle and town of Heidelberg, reached on the day following, received their full measure of attention and of description. In the library of the University, the travellers are shown a number of curious manuscripts, including an autograph of Luther. They are told that the University at that time contained 700 students. During the seventy years since, it has increased somewhat in actual numbers (the students now aggregate about 1500), but has diminished very materially in relative importance to such institutions as those of Berlin, Leipsic, Strasburg, etc. From Heidelberg the usual river route is followed down the Rhine by Mannheim, Coblenz, Neuwied, and Andernach to Cologne.

The Cathedral (which my father speaks of having seen twice before within ten years) was at that time in progress towards completion. Three hundred workmen were employed upon it, and the cost of the remaining structure was estimated at 5,000,000 thalers, something under \$4,000,000. The famous crane, set up five hundred years back for hoisting stones to the tower, was, in 1847, still in position. It was in position, possibly a little more blackened and fragmentary, when the writer, on his way as a small student from Paris to Berlin in 1860, visited Cologne. The Cathedral was actually brought to completion in the early seventies, and the crane was then taken down.

From Cologne the travellers went by rail to Antwerp by way of Aix-la-Chapelle, Liège, Louvain, and Mechlin. Liège is described as the "Brummagem" (Birmingham) or Pittsburg of Belgium, picturesquely situated, populous, and busy. Arms and chivalry have given way to iron foundries and steam-engines. Even the Bishop's Palace, commemorated in *Quentin Durward*, is now Cocherill's iron foundry, "the largest in Belgium," employing fifteen hundred men and fifteen steam-engines; and, as if to connect the romantic and historic with present matter of fact, the locomotives of the railway are named "Guillaume de la Marck" and "Isabelle de Croye." At Antwerp, special attention was given to the great Rubens collection, and then to the Cathedral. The Plantin Museum would naturally have been a point of interest for my father, but it was not instituted until forty years later. Antwerp is spoken of as "once the richest and most populous city in Europe, but now respectable, decayed, and dull." The impetus given to this old-time commercial metropolis by the development of the steam marine of the Low Countries did not come into effect until nearly a quarter of a century later.

From Antwerp there was a short railroad journey to

Ostend, described as (excepting always Civita Vecchia) the dullest of seaports. In the "Flanders" Hotel the simple honesty of the chambermaid struck the travellers as, in connection with their recent Continental experiences, so great a novelty that she was questioned and found to be an American.

On the 3d of May, the tenth week of their journey, the travellers took a Belgian steamer for Dover, where they arrived after a quiet trip of five hours, and in four hours from the time of their arrival were again at home in London.

The printing of the journal from which the above summary has been given is referred to by my father with the following word of explanation:

These brief notes, written "on the wing" in a pocket memorandum book, were reprinted in the *Literary World* (of New York) and a few copies were struck off from the columns of the paper, for the use of the home circle and some personal friends. The "notes" contain, of course, nothing in the way of novelty, but I have attempted to present in them a simple memorandum record of what can be done and seen in a limited time, a record that may be useful to a person going over similar ground. The value of such notes, if they have any value, consists in their being accurate and comprehensive as far as they go and in their references to the things best worth seeing and that actually can be seen under similar circumstances within the time specified, even if the traveller has the "encumbrance" of a wife. In rapidity of travelling, especially in the regions removed from railways and steam, a bachelor may have the advantage. Every year, every month, however, increases the facilities for travelling, and probably within a term of five years Italy will be brought much nearer within reach. It is really the last country in the world in which railroad speed should be desired by one travelling for pleasure, but when the alternative is rapidity or no Italy at all, economy of time is a material consideration.

The expense of such a journey to Italy and Germany as is here described, covering ten weeks' time, was estimated for a married couple at £140, say, \$700.

While the travelling expenditure had been kept down to a very moderate basis, the calculations had in some way been exceeded, and at some point on the route (I think it was at Milan) my father found his cash exhausted. He secured, by pledging his watch, a loan which carried them over to the next remittance point, on the northern side of the Alps. He was unwilling, however, to speak to his companion of the difficulty and, as a result of his reticence, she persisted with unconscious perversity in making repeated inquiries for the precise time. He succeeded, by means of the public clocks, in giving the information, and it was not until they were again safe in London that he owned up about the pawnshop. The watch which had proved so useful in time of need, a solid piece of work from Tobias, of Liverpool, descended to the eldest son and was taken from his house by burglars in 1883.

In 1847, my father decided to close his business work in London and to return to New York. The operations in London had been only moderately successful. It was quite difficult at that time (and it has in fact not proved easy in later years) to secure on the part of English readers any such continued interest in American books as to render remunerative the business of importing these books into England. There was a better possibility of profit in the line of purchasing in England books and periodicals for sale in the States, and this had in fact formed the more important division of the work in Waterloo Place. My father's growing relations with literary circles had, however, given him an increasing interest in publishing plans and possibilities. These plans he found it too difficult to develop in London, the more particularly as the senior

partner in New York, Mr. Wiley, was disposed to be sceptical in regard to the prospects of profit from publishing undertakings or at least from international publishing arrangements. Mr. Wiley was a clear-headed and shrewd business man; but his experience had up to that time been almost exclusively that of a bookseller. He had realised the value for the development of the modern business in having the House represented by a partner in London who could make purchases direct without the intervention of a commission agent. He had been disposed, however, to discourage as visionary and doubtful not a few of my father's publishing schemes. It is quite probable that, for the conditions in force in the early 'forties, Mr. Wiley's judgment was better in this respect than that of my father. The American publishing House that might first have established assured connections with Great Britain, and that might have been prepared, for the sake of such connections, to risk the outlay required for the maintenance of a branch House in London, would, of course, have had all the advantage of precedence, and such House ought to have been able to secure the control of the American market for a good proportion of the noteworthy English authors. It would further, of course, have had the opportunity of introducing into England books by American writers suited for the interests of English readers the number of which, while still inconsiderable, was certainly increasing. It is quite possible, however, that by 1847 the time had not come for the effective and profitable management of such an undertaking, and that Mr. Wiley's conclusion was the wiser of the two.

I cannot but regret that these two partners should not have continued their association. Mr. Wiley's excellent critical judgment and cautious conservatism would have served as a very valuable brake on my father's publishing optimism. Every well-organised publishing office needs

in its direction at least one persistent pessimist. I am inclined to believe that if Wiley & Putnam had continued to work together, their diverse temperaments ought to have produced a successful and assured business result. My father had the creative touch and the literary instinct. It would, however, have been an enormous service to his future if his enterprise, his pluck, his personal magnetism, and his good literary judgment could have been tempered and limited by an associate possessing the conservative and doubtful temperament; one who would have kept close watch over the financial requirements and possibilities, and who would have held within safe limits (or at least within such limits as may be possible with any publishing undertakings) the speculative risks.

In 1846, Emerson and Carlyle, who had for some years been in friendly correspondence with each other, were exchanging services in arranging for transatlantic editions of their several books. Carlyle's earlier volumes had been issued in the States in various unauthorised editions, sold at very low prices. Emerson had succeeded in securing for certain books arrangements with Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, under which authorised editions were issued which brought to Carlyle certain not very large but satisfactory payments. The moneys were collected by Emerson himself, as it appears from the correspondence that Emerson remitted the amounts in exchange direct to his friend in London. It would appear from Emerson's reports that the Boston publishers became discouraged with the task of trying to secure remunerative sales for their authorised editions in competition with the piracy issues of certain New York and Philadelphia houses. Learning that the Boston arrangements had terminated and were not to be renewed, my father called upon Carlyle in Chelsea and submitted a proposition on behalf of Wiley & Putnam for the publication of a uniform edition of all

the Carlyle volumes at that time in readiness. The proposition was referred by Carlyle to his friend in Boston with authority to act, and Emerson completed the arrangement under which the books were to be issued in New York.

Emerson writes from Concord, April 9, 1846:

MESSRS. WILEY & PUTNAM.

GENTLEMEN:

Mr. Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus* was reprinted for the fifth time from *Fraser's Magazine*, by Munroe, at the request of my friend Mr. Russell and myself, but at Munroe's own risk and profit. Mr. Carlyle received no benefit from it, and I know not what claims Munroe makes on the book, or whether any.

The *French Revolution* I published, for the author, through Little & Brown. That edition was long ago sold. Of the new and converted edition in three volumes Mr. Carlyle sent over to Little & Brown 500 copies, which were sold for his benefit. He has no interest that I know of in any existing American edition.

I collected the *Miscellanies* and published them by Munroe for the author, two editions of the first series, or volumes one and two; and one edition of the second, volumes three and four. When Munroe's stock of complete sets was nearly exhausted, Carey & Hart made me a proposition that they would give Mr. Carlyle fifty pounds sterling for the right to reprint the *Miscellanies* as a part of their series of Foreign Essays. I accepted the proposition; they paid that sum to Mr. Carlyle about a year ago, they purchasing the odd copies of the first series, of which, I believe, there remain a hundred or more, in sheets. I gave Carey & Hart a certificate of Mr. Carlyle's consent to and interest in the work, which I believe they prefixed to it. He has every wish to protect their copies from any competition.

Chartism and *Past and Present* were both published by Little & Brown, for the author, from early copies (the latter from a

copy partly in manuscript) sent out to me. I have not by me any recent account from Little & Brown, but I believe they have never quite closed the sales of their editions, the New York printed copy of *Past and Present* having spoiled our sale.

With the exception of the *Miscellanies*, I should be glad if you will make, by direct proposition to Mr. Carlyle, any arrangement for a correct and uniform publication of his works, from which he shall derive a fair advantage. I shall cheerfully recommend to him such an arrangement.

Respectfully,

R. W. EMERSON.

Carlyle writes to Emerson under date of April 18, 1846:

. . . Certainly I will conform in all points to this Wiley-and-Putnam Treaty, and faithfully observe the same. . . . I hope before May 3d I shall have ascertained whether it will not be the simplest way (as with my present light it clearly appears) to give the sheets direct to the Wiley and Putnam here, and let them send them? In any case, the cargo shall come one way or other.

On the 30th of April, Carlyle writes again:

Here is the Photograph going off for you by Bookseller Munroe of Boston; the Sheets of *Cromwell*, all the second and part of the last volume, are to go direct to New York: both Parcels by the Putnam conveyance. For Putnam has been here since I wrote, making large confirmations of what you conveyed to me; and large Proposals of an ulterior scope,—which will involve you in new trouble for me. But it is trouble you will not grudge, inasmuch as it promises to have some issue of moment; at all events the negociation is laid entirely into your hands: therefore I must with all despatch explain to you the essentials of it, that you may know what Wiley says when he writes to you from New York. Mr. Putnam, who seems to me a very intelligent, modest, and reputable-looking fellow, got at last to sight of me about a week ago;—

explained with much earnestness how the whole origin of the mistake about the First Edition of *Cromwell* had lain with Chapman, my own Bookseller (which in fact I had already perceived to be the case); and further set forth, what was much more important, that he and his Partner were, and had been, ready and desirous to make good said mistake, in the amplest, most satisfactory manner,—by the ready method of paying me now ten per cent. on the selling price of all the copies of *Cromwell* sent into the market by them; and had (as I knew already) covenanted with you to do so, in a clear, *bona-fide*, and to you satisfactory manner, in regard to that First Edition: in consequence of which you had made a bargain with them of like tenor in regard to the second. To all which I could only answer, that such conduct was that of men of honour, and would, in all manner of respects, be satisfactory to me. Wherefore the new Sheets of *Cromwell* should now go by Package direct to New York, . . . “Yes, surely,” said Putnam, but there were other consequences, of more moment, behind that. Namely, that they (the Wiley & Putnam House), wanted to publish certain other Books of mine, the List of which I do not now recollect; under similar conditions: viz., that I was to certify, in a line or two prefixable to each Book, that I had read it over in preparation for their Printer and did authorise them to print and sell it;—in return for which Ten per cent. on the sale price (and all manner of facilities, volunteered to convince even Clark of Boston, the Lynx-eyed Friend now busy for me looking through millstones, that all was straight, and said Ten per cent. actually paid on every copy sold). This was Putnam’s Offer, stated with all transparency, and in a way not to be misunderstood by either of us . . . Mr. Putnam would have had some “Letter,” some “exchange of Letters,” to the effect above stated: but I answered, “It was better we did not write at all till the matter was clear and liquid with you, and then we could very swiftly write,—and act.” . . . This is a true picture of the affair, the very truest I can write in haste; and so I leave it with you—*Ach Gott!*

Emerson writes to Carlyle, May 31, 1846:

. . . I am heartily glad that you are in direct communication with these really energetic booksellers, Wiley and Putnam. I understood from Wiley's letter to me, weeks ago, that their ambition was not less than to have a monopoly of your books. I answered, it is very desirable for us too. . . . The *French Revolution, Past and Present, Chartism*, and the *Sartor*, I see no reason why they should not have. Munroe and L. & B. have no real claims and I will speak to them. But there is one good particular in Putnam's proffer to you, which Wiley has not established in his "first and last" agreement with me, namely, that you shall have an interest in what is already sold of their first edition of *Cromwell*. By all means close with Putnam of the good mind. . . .

Carlyle writes, June 18, 1846:

. . . Yesterday Putnam was here, and we made our bargain. . . . I have given Putnam two Books (*Heroes* and *Sartor*) ready, corrected, the others I think will follow in the course of next month. . . . Directly after this, I set off for Putnam's in Waterloo Place; sign his paper there, stick one copy under a cover for you, and despatch. . . . Be busy, be still and happy.

Emerson to Carlyle, July 15, 1846:

DEAR CARLYLE:

I received by the last steamer your letter with the copy of the covenant with Wiley and Putnam, which seems unexceptionable. I like the English side of those men very well; that is, Putnam seems eager to stand well and rightly with his fellow-men. Wiley at New York it was who provoked me, last winter, to write him an angry letter when he declared his intention to reprint our new matter without paying for it. When he thought better of it, and came to terms, I had not got so far as to be affectionate. . . . I learn that Munroe has bought the stereotype plates of the New York pirate edition of *Sartor* and means to print it immediately. He is willing

to stop if W. & P. will buy of him his plates at their cost but they say no.

The Wiley & Putnam Edition of the Carlyle writings came into the hands of the junior partner at the dissolution in 1848 and was thereafter known as the Putnam Edition. It was published in four volumes. In 1857, the plates passed into the hands of the Harpers. Twenty years later, when question came up between the Harpers and Scribners in regard to the right to control the Carlyle material in sets, this earlier correspondence showing the authorisation under which the Putnam volumes had been issued, an authorisation of which the Harpers, the later owners of the plates, were entitled to the advantage, became important.

It remains only to add that Carlyle was himself able to send some modest remittances to Emerson as results of the sales in Great Britain of authorised editions of certain of the earlier volumes of essays. Here, too, there was immediate difficulty with the pirates as soon as the volumes came into demand, and before long the sale of the authorised editions became so far unprofitable that the remittances ceased altogether.

CHAPTER V

Migration to New York

IN June, 1847, the Putnam family, then comprising, in addition to the parents, three children and the very much valued English nurse, embarked from Liverpool for New York on the packet ship *Margaret Evans*. The vessel was a good example of the old-fashioned sailing packets which, even as late as the early fifties, still took care of a considerable proportion of the passenger travel across the North Atlantic. The steamers (described as "steam-packets") were comparatively few in number and their trips were necessarily made at considerable intervals. The cost of the trip by steam was also much greater (if I remember rightly not less than double) than that of the voyage by the sailing vessel. There was the further consideration with not a few of the passengers, that voyaging by steam still carried with it something of a weird and exceptionally dangerous character. It seemed to many that the ordinary risks of the ocean had now had added to them a number of special perils, which could be still less easily understood by landsmen and which naturally carried with them the greater dread belonging to the unknown. The American sailing packets had won for themselves a well-deserved prestige, not only for the seamanship with which they were handled, but for the care given to the comfort and surroundings of the passengers.

The captains of these packets belonged to the best type of American seamen, and, in fact, in the greater number of vessels, they were good representatives also of the American gentleman. Captain Tinker, of the *Margaret Evans*, had in the course of a service of half a lifetime between England and the United States made for himself a great number of cordial friends on either side of the Atlantic. My father had crossed with him a number of times, and years after the captain had retired from the sea the friendly relations between them continued. My mother described the voyage later to us as having been attended by all the discomforts of the long passage. It is my impression that the trip lasted about forty days. The fatigue of such a journey for the mother must have been serious.

On the arrival in New York in June, my father must have had on his shoulders a special accumulation of labour and responsibility. He had to complete the arrangements for the dissolution of partnership with Mr. Wiley and for establishing the foundations of the new business to be conducted by himself. He also had to find a home for the family; while for my mother, whose housekeeping experience had been limited to London, the methods of household arrangements in and about New York were perplexing in more ways than one, and struck the young housekeeper as especially dreadful in the matter of expense. The question of expenditure for the family was of the more importance as the capital that my father was to secure from the firm of Wiley & Putnam came to him almost entirely in the form of books.

In connection with the requirements of the new business, it was necessary to shape the details of the home on a modest scale. A cottage in the form then described as "semi-detached" was taken in the village of Stapleton, Staten Island. Those who to-day know this region only as a group of lager-beer saloons and unattractive

houses of the smaller kind can hardly realise how beautiful were the surroundings in 1847 of the little village that nestled under the slope of the Staten Island hills, and from which there were varied views of the bay stretching across to Long Island and to the city. The cottage was a few hundred feet from the quarantine hospital, where a year or two earlier had occurred a riot instigated by the indignation of the Staten Islanders at having placed in their midst patients with diseases supposed to be contagious. I do not know how exaggerated the dread of the islanders may have been, but they acted with a fierceness of decision which was at that time a novelty in the quiet life of New York. The fever patients were carried out of the hospital during the night (which was fortunately warm and quiet), and, wrapped in blankets, were left in well-protected fields near the hospital, while the building itself was very thoroughly destroyed by fire. As I remember reading the record later, the patients (who were certainly not themselves to be blamed for being undesirable neighbours) did not suffer either from the shock or from the exposure. The State authorities made arrangements for their transfer to a small island in the lower harbour, which has since been devoted to diseases supposed to be contagious; and no attempts were ever made to replace for this particular service the hospital buildings at Stapleton. The ringleaders of the riot were threatened with various serious results, but they were either never fairly identified or, having come to be known as including some of the best citizens of the community, the authorities decided that prosecution would not under the circumstances be wise. The bill covering the value of the buildings was paid by a tax on Richmond County, and it was doubtless considered a profitable expenditure. The substantial buildings which finally replaced the old quarantine were assigned to the care of hospital patients of a milder variety.

The communication between Staten Island and the city had, not many years back from the date in question, been carried on by sloops or catboats. As is well known to all New Yorkers familiar with the history of the leading citizens of the community, Commodore Vanderbilt, the founder of the great family, began his own operations in transportation by establishing a catboat ferry from New Brighton to the Battery. It was from the management of these boats that there came to Vanderbilt the name "Commodore," a name which seemed some years later, when he was controlling great fleets of steamships, to be appropriate enough. In 1849, the catboats and sloops had been replaced by a steam ferry, which carried its passengers with a fair degree of promptness and regularity, at least when the weather was fair and the bay was free from ice. It is my memory, however, that in certain winter seasons, when the ice-floes brought down from the Hudson had gathered across the space south-east of New York island, these boats, with engines that would to-day be considered puny, were often delayed for hours in more or less fruitless attempts to break through the floes and reach their docks. I have memory also of the boats being once or twice carried out by the floes to the lower harbour. It is probable that they were saved from the disaster that would have resulted if they had passed Sandy Hook, by the breaking up of the floes under the action of the tides at the outer bar.

In the spring of 1848, my father was again in London for a few weeks. There were some unsettled affairs of his old business requiring attention, while it was also important for him to establish connections for his own new concern.

During this year of residence in London, my father was utilised from time to time as a connecting link between the literary circles on either side of the Atlantic. I have

already referred to his correspondence with one or two New York papers. Apart from that, he appears to have transmitted, from time to time, to one or two of the American publishers who were interested in transatlantic literature, reports as to forthcoming literary undertakings (presumably such as might not have been found available for the list of Wiley & Putnam).

In July, 1844, Harrison Ainsworth makes announcement of a work that he has in preparation, to be written on the plan of Sue's *Mysteries of Paris*, and to be entitled *Revolutions of London*. Publication of the papers was begun in *Ainsworth's Magazine*, but I do not recall in the long list of Ainsworth's novels any bearing this title. The correspondence volume contains under the date of November 15, 1845, the playbills of two performances given by the famous company conducted by Charles Dickens and Mark Lemon, which for some years presented what was probably the best amateur acting that England had seen. These particular performances were given in the St. James Theatre and "His Royal Highness Prince Albert had been pleased to express the intention to honour the performance with his presence." The play was Jonson's *Every Man in his own Humour*. The list of actors includes, in addition to the two managers, H. Mayhew, Frederic Dickens, Douglas Jerrold, John Leech, and Miss Fortesque. The proceeds of the performance were to be utilised as a building fund for a sanatorium for literary and artistic workers. My father notes that he had as a companion at this performance Nathaniel P. Willis. It was probably during this sojourn in England that Mr. Willis, who was very hospitably received by a number of pleasant and distinguished English families, gave offence to his hosts by too frank a description of themselves and their affairs in the letters printed in his New York paper, the *Home Journal*.

In April, 1855, is recorded a long (and very illegible)

letter from Fredrika Bremer. Farther on in this narrative will be found the reference to my father's publication of the authorised American editions of the books of this charming Swedish author. Her English is much better than her script. In June, 1855, I find the copy of a long letter from my father to Miss Bremer in which he reports that in connection with the competition of the unauthorised Harper editions, he has been not a little disappointed in the returns from his own authorised issues of her books. He fears that she can look for no further returns from the American sales. He sends, in addition to the settlement of the amount due, a selection of a few of his recent publications which he hopes she may be interested in adding to her library, the selection including the volumes of the *Magazine*, a set of Irving's Works, Downing's *Rural Essays*, etc.

On the 15th of June, 1846, Carlyle writes to my father a letter of which the following is a summary and in part a citation:

I have this day received a letter from Mr. Emerson by which I gather that he seems to think there is, except in the case of Mr. Hart of Philadelphia and the *Miscellanies*, nothing to prevent my engaging with your firm in the way you propose.

He goes on to make reference to my father's proposition to pay a royalty on the *Cromwell* and on certain further books which were recommended by Mr. Emerson as available for the American market. On Emerson's suggestion, Carlyle appointed Mr. E. P. Clark of the New England Bank of Boston to supervise on his behalf these authorised American editions. He goes on to say:

I have had two of the books, *Sartor* and *Heroes*, carefully revised for your printer. Copies for him are now in readiness precisely identical with those that our English printer will

bring out when new editions are arranged by ourselves. The *French Revolution* I have also revised in the same manner and am now getting an Index made of which you in America will have the benefit. We in England will copy you when our time comes. . . . In *Past and Present* (second English edition), I have no change at all to make; if it is necessary for form's sake, I will read the book over but I believe I can be of no benefit to it. My printer (an excellent artist in his line) printed the last time without any proof sheets shown, and will again, in this and the other cases that concern us, so print. For the rest as I understand it, I have to announce at the beginning of each book "that I have read this book for the behoof of your printer and that I authorise you (so far as I have any authority) and you alone, to print and to vend the same for me in the United States." Those I consider the main elements of what I hope will now straightway be an agreement between us. . . . Believe me,

Yours very truly,

T. CARLYLE.

This was, with the exception of an arrangement with Hart of Philadelphia for two volumes of *Miscellanies*, the first agreement that Carlyle had in force with the States for authorised editions of his works. His own authorisation could, of course, not prevent the competition of unauthorised issues, and as these last were sold at cheap competing prices, it is probable that the margin of profit for his publisher was neither considerable nor assured.

In January, 1852, I find a letter from Mary Cowden Clarke, whose correspondence continued over a long series of years and who was held in very valued friendship. She is introducing to my father Mr. Robert Balmanno, whose association with the family continued for a series of years. Mr. Balmanno had interested himself in getting into shape a testimonial for Mrs. Clarke as the author of the *Concordance to Shakespeare*. He writes, in 1852, that the affair has occupied so much of his time and has caused him

so much botheration that his wife (in view apparently both of his devotion to Mrs. Clarke and of some loss of temper) dubs him "Mrs. Clarke's testy-menial."

Mrs. Clarke was a valued member of the Dickens amateur dramatic company. In her volume of *Reminiscences*, printed, I believe, in 1896 (the year before her death), she refers to the weeks spent with this company during a tour through the Provinces as the most enjoyable she can remember in her lifetime. The English testimonial was, it seems, duplicated by one emanating from her American admirers, the printed list for which includes some two hundred and fifty names. In bringing the matter to the attention of Mrs. Clarke's American friends, my father gave active help to Mr. Balmanno. The latter makes reference to the "subscriptions per Mr. Putnam's book." The American testimonial took the shape of a chair, which was made by M. W. King & Sons.

In July, 1846, Mary O. Pickering writes to Elizabeth Peabody, my father's cousin, an appreciative acknowledgment of some service that my father had rendered in behalf of her "father's just rights and literary reputation." Mr. Pickering had, it seems, died in May of the same year. She goes on to say, "it may be gratifying to Mr. Putnam to know that the course which he took in England in relation to the *Greek Lexicon* has met with the approbation of two of my father's most intimate friends, Mr. William H. Prescott and Professor Edward Robinson." It appears from a later letter that Mr. Pickering had found cause for annoyance at the use, without credit to himself, by certain British scholars, of the material in his *Greek Lexicon*. In the volume *American Facts* previously referred to, my father had printed a list of American books which had been "appropriated" in Great Britain, and in this list had included the Pickering *Lexicon* and the specification of the English work which had taken advantage of Mr. Picker-

ing's labours. The editor of the latter, Professor George Dunbar, writes to Wiley & Putnam from Edinburgh, February 23, 1846, making some rather bitter reference to this statement in *American Facts*. He calls it “a calumnious paragraph,” and in a printed letter which accompanied the written one (and which I do not find in the file) he appears to have thought it in order to defend the use of American literary material on the ground that one or more American States had “appropriated,” through the repudiation of the interest on their bonds, moneys belonging to British citizens. The written letter received its own acknowledgment. The printed one was properly enough answered in print. I think it worth while to give the text of the reply in full as it shows the pains that my father had taken, first, to make his original statement accurate, and, second, to support it when attacked. It also indicates the difficulty that any American had at that time in making good a record for American fair-dealing, in face of the dishonest treatment of their bondholders by the States of Pennsylvania, Minnesota, and Mississippi. My father is, of course, quite sound in his contention that the action of these State governments, indefensible as it was, did not constitute a legitimate excuse for a theft by a British professor of the work done by a scholarly American.

“AMERICAN FACTS.”

TO THE EDITOR OF THE “EDINBURGH EVENING POST” AND
“SCOTTISH RECORD.”

SIR: Will you kindly permit me to make one or two suggestions in reference to Professor Dunbar's letter to you, complaining of a paragraph in the volume entitled *American Facts*? I regret extremely that this paragraph should have given personal offence. It was not so intended; but simply as one of a series of instances showing that omissions of proper credit for literary materials are not confined to the other side of the Atlantic.

Professor Dunbar remarks that his *first* edition did contain an acknowledgment of the use of Mr. Pickering's work, and intimates that therefore there was no necessity for a repetition of his name in the second. But, sir, is it not probable that many who possess the second edition might forget what was said in a preface several years ago? and more probable still, that many more who own the present work, never saw the first edition?

In reference to Professor Dunbar's intimation that Mr. Pickering could not feel aggrieved, he having acknowledged the receipt of a copy of the *Lexicon*, I beg to say that Mr. Pickering himself, knowing that I had printed some statistical notes of this kind, voluntarily mentioned to me the substance of the paragraph in question, and complained of the circumstance as unjust to himself; and intimated also the propriety of mentioning this and other like cases in some way which would draw attention to the practice.

For myself, not being learned in Greek lexicography, I do not presume to discuss its details, or the exact boundaries between originality and such compilation as should be credited to its sources; but the present case appears to stand thus: An author takes up a work which he finds contains materials furnished by himself; he refers to the preface; but although credit is there given to various authorities and aids, he finds no mention whatever of his own work, which has furnished its quota with the rest; he is told that a former volume published some years ago *did* give him credit; but would he naturally be contented with such a reply?

An international arrangement as to copyright would prevent jealousies of this sort; as a young member of the trade in the United States, I have done my part in promoting this object. Meanwhile, American literature may most properly be levied upon as far as it goes, to return, in part, the American obligations to Great Britain. American authors are gratified when they can do this; they have no objections to being enrolled among their British cousins in the London catalogue; they only ask, that what they do contribute may be properly credited on the right side of the account current. If this was

always done, a larger amount would stand on that side than is usually supposed.

I must beg leave to add that Professor Dunbar's "repudiating" remark seems to be sufficiently answered in his own letter. If he had taken the trouble to look farther into *facts*, the learned Professor might have seen that his admitted failure to repay the interest due in this little account of borrowed Greek roots is even far less unfair than his sneering imputation in regard to American debts; an imputation which has been stereotyped, but which Professor Dunbar has gone out of his way to endorse, by adroitly mixing it with an entirely different question. I am, Sir, &c.,

THE COMPILER OF "AMERICAN FACTS."

LONDON, March 2, 1846.

A letter dated December 13, 1844, coming from the office of the "Privy Council for Trade" and signed "MacGregor," serves as a reminder that, at the date in question, Great Britain was still including in the series of dutiable articles, books and engravings, a policy which was, as we know, abandoned not very many years later. It appears that Wiley & Putnam were reprinting for English sale a work on weaving which had originated in the States. For this English edition they were importing impressions of the engravings. The duty on engravings was higher than that on books. They submitted the contention that as these engravings were imported solely for the use of this book and would constitute, therefore, a portion of the book, they ought not to be assessed at a higher rate of duty than that provided for books. Their contention was accepted and the duty as originally assessed was reduced.

In May, 1838, George P. Putnam, having paid his subscription of one shilling, was duly enrolled as a member of the Precursor Society. The object of the society was, as stated in the enrolment card, "to procure from the Imperial Parliament justice for Ireland." The printed

statement of the society presents its objects and rules, which were as follows:

- I. The basis and first object of the Precursor Society is entire, cordial, devoted, and unchangeable Loyalty and Allegiance to her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, and to her Heirs and Successors forever.
- II. To place the Parliamentary Franchises and rights of voting of the British and Irish people on a footing of perfect equality, by communicating to the three divisions of the United Empire all that is valuable and useful in the Franchises of each of such Divisions.
- III. To obtain an entire Reform of our Corporations, identical in every respect with the English Reform Act.
- IV. To obtain for Ireland a reasonable, just, and adequate proportion of Members in the United Parliament.
- V. To establish in Ireland the principle which practically exists in England and Scotland, namely that the Majority of the Inhabitants should not be called upon to contribute in any way to the Temporalities of the Church of the Minority, and that the entire of the Tithe Rent Charge, or so much thereof as may be found just and reasonable, should be appropriated to purposes of Education or Charity or to other purposes of general utility; so that, however, no part of such Rent Charge, Minister's Money, or other Temporalities, should be capable of being allocated to the Clergy of any portion of the Irish people.
- VI. To establish the mode of Voting by Ballot throughout the United Kingdom, that being the only mode by which the Voters can safely and without temptation to crime, exercise the Elective Franchise.
- VII. To support every safe, prudent, and practicable extension of the Elective Franchise.
- VIII. The Precursor Society will also co-operate with the Reformers in obtaining a Shortening of the Duration of Parliament, so as not to exceed a duration of three years.

Of these several objects, the greater number have been brought about during the seventy-four years since the date of my father's membership. How far these reforms were due to the society, or how far the successful activity of the society may have been furthered by my father's shilling and co-operation, is not a matter of record. The object specified eighth in the list, the shortening of the duration of Parliament so as not to exceed a term of three years, does not seem to be any nearer accomplishment than in 1838. The placing of Irish voters on a footing with those of England in regard to Parliamentary representation has according to present Parliamentary statistics, been somewhat overdone. It appears that when the next reform of Parliament is brought about, if the redistribution is made strictly according to the proportionate numbers of the constituencies, there must be a substantial reduction in the representation from Ireland.

On the 20th of March, 1872, *Elisée Réclus* writes from Zurich to make special acknowledgment to my father for the part taken by him in helping to secure from President Thiers the remission of the sentence of banishment to New Caledonia which had been passed upon him after the fall of the Commune. The initiative in regard to the service referred to by Réclus had been taken by my sister Minnie, who, during the larger part of her six years' sojourn in Paris had been an inmate of the Réclus family circle. These years included the strenuous period of the siege of Paris by the Germans and the later occupation of Paris by the Commune.

A very faded photograph, which is, nevertheless, successful in presenting the characteristic expression of a well-known face, precedes a letter written November 27, 1852, from the Clarendon Hotel in New York, by William M. Thackeray. Mr. Thackeray regrets that he is not in a position to accept the "very generous offer" made by G. P.

Putnam & Co. for the republication of his lectures, as he has already arrived at an arrangement with the Harpers for the volume. The lectures were those on the "English Humourists of the 18th Century," which he had been giving in several of the Eastern cities under the direction, if I remember rightly, of a lecturers' bureau. He closes his letter with the words: "For my own sake as well as for that of my literary brethren in England, I am sincerely rejoiced to find how very kindly the American publishers are disposed towards us."

A full-length portrait of Charles S. Stratton of Bridgeport, known as "General Tom Thumb," reminds me that the "General" brought letters of introduction to my father from some common friends. Before he had become a personage of world-wide importance, and while the arrangements were in train for his exhibitions in London, he was more than once a guest at Knickerbocker Cottage. I think I can remember (unless I am confusing my memory with the accounts given to me later) one occasion on which the "General" took tea in our nursery with my sister Minnie and myself. He had a doll's table placed in the middle of our nursery tea-table and, sitting in his own chair, he was in convenient position for talking with us youngsters. I remember (or I was told) that he had plenty to say. His conversational abilities (he was at this time twelve years old) were undoubtedly being well cultivated by Mr. Barnum. My father has recorded under this picture (it is in the uniform of Napoleon Bonaparte) that the "General" was at this time twenty-five inches high and weighed fifteen pounds. We saw him some years later in Barnum's Museum in New York, when he was a very "big" man indeed, although he had added but an inch or two to his stature.

Martin Farquhar Tupper writes in December, 1845, from Guilford in regard to a certain "Critique on Poe,"

which was to appear in next Saturday's *Gazette*, and the authorship of which he wishes to make clear as his own. He says further that he has in preparation a complete edition of his best poems, and wants to know whether this will suit for my father's series. I do not remember that any volume of Tupper's poems was issued with the imprint of Wiley & Putnam, although they included in their "Library of Choice Reading" an edition of his *Proverbial Philosophy*. In a note written a few weeks later, Mr. Tupper makes reference to this edition as having been authorised by him and asks for some copies of the second printing (with some corrections that he forwards) to be sent to him in England. If Wiley & Putnam could have secured the entire sales in the States for the *Proverbial Philosophy*, they would have had in their hands a very good piece of property indeed. It is probable that between 1840 and 1860 a larger number of copies of the *Proverbial Philosophy* were sold in the United States, in all the editions, authorised as well as unauthorised, than of any single volume by any other English author. Mr. Tupper's "philosophy" certainly met the requirements of a very large portion of the readers of his generation. Tupper writes again on the 23d of December, acknowledging a copy of father's *American Facts*.

He says:

I have just finished the book which has at once delighted and instructed me. It is a pleasure to be able so warmly to commend it, as in all sincerity I can do. To praise a man to his face is but a clumsy courtesy and, therefore, I will spare your modesty respecting the mere manner of the work, however creditable to you; but its matter is one that without offence I may dwell on in honest approbation. You have stated in a pleasant, just, and temperate spirit "Facts" which may well make you proud of your native land, and Facts which may render the philanthropists of every shore your debtors. I

regret, and for years have regretted, the many pointed insults offered to America by a certain forward race amongst us; my only astonishment has been that they are so warmly and sensitively taken up; it has always appeared to me that you might well afford to laugh at or neglect them. Not but that there is something generous in your acknowledged "thin-skinnishness." America, like a right-hearted youth, earnestly though secretly looks to parental England for praise in doing well, and the fraud of praise withheld, or worse, perverted into censure, is an aching disappointment. Apathy would argue disrespect and disaffection; these be far from you, and far from us, as towards each other. You have by no means over-rated the popular ignorance of all that concerns your New World amongst us; but we have one really fair excuse in mitigation, to wit, your very newness. Ten years ago, haply, Cincinnati was not; possibly ten years hence, you may have an enormous Timbuctoo with a hundred churches in the middle of Missouri. My old country house was built when New York and New Orleans were swamp and forest, and you know how philosophically suitable to the veneration of such creatures of change and chance as we are, is the magic of antiquity. If your Athens, somewhere in Arkansas, was all built of Parthenons and Acropolises, still it never could attain one thousandth part of the glory of the Attic town with one. Old time makes all the difference. Our ignorance then is not merely that we cannot keep pace with the race of your prosperities, but that on archæological principles, we even feel an inward disinclination to believe the "facts" unseen. After all is said, call each other what we may, America and England are one people; language, laws, religion, literature, identity of origin and history,—goodness, here are ties enow; moreover you are not black, nor we cannibals. For my own part, I boast myself a genuine Anglo-Saxon; in 1550, the Emperor Charles V. complimented my direct ancestor in the tenth generation by expelling him from Germany for Protestantism; so that, whilst I dearly love England and her institutions, I claim to be a bit of a cosmopolite. Therefore, as one of the great Anglo-Saxon family, I have sympathy with you as

brethren; and if ever my good star sent me to visit you over the Atlantic, my verdict (I am clear) would be far other and truer than that of Dickens, Trollope, and the like.

I am scribbling this at midnight somewhat loosely, and egotistically too, I fear; but as I perceive you to be a man of sense and feeling, I am sure you will not take my note amiss. Mr. Willis and yourself are the only Americans I have personally encountered; and you make me respect your country.

With reference to your literature, it may interest your patriotism to be told that Moses Stuart and Dr. Robinson taught me my little Hebrew, that Abbott helped my early Christian course, that I found Anthon a vast improvement on the old classical Lemprière, and that "Peter Parley" now instructs my children.

Having prosed sufficiently, and not as yet having thanked you for the book itself (which therefore I now do), I remain

My dear Sir,

Very faithfully Yours,

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER.

CHAPTER VI

Beginnings of the Publishing Business in New York

MY father selected as his first place of business a shop at 155 Broadway. This portion of Broadway was at that time very much the centre of the business life of the city, and was not very distant from the more fashionable residence district. Barnum's Museum was established on the corner of Ann Street, where later the first *Herald* Building had its site. The Astor House had been built in the earlier forties and was the most noteworthy hotel at that time in the city. The New York Hotel, on the corner of Prince Street, was quietly fashionable, although it was considered to be rather far uptown for business convenience. The old residence houses in Houston Street, Bleecker Street, and McDougal Street were still occupied by some of the "first families," although ventures were already being made with building on the district known as Murray Hill, previously occupied with country residences. Columbia College occupied a little park of its own, adjoining the beautiful green of the New York Hospital, and stretching down to the west towards the river. Standing on Broadway at the corner of Pearl Street, one could look through the trees of the hospital grounds and of the college grounds to the waters of the river, with no city building to break the outlook. The college property was sold in '54 or '55, or was put into

the shape of ground leases, and College Place runs across what was once the centre of the campus. The hospital grounds retained their green sward and trees until after the Civil War.

The Broadway shop did not contain any very great amount of space, but the stock that first came into it could hardly have filled it satisfactorily. The business receipts for the first year or two depended chiefly on the sale of books and periodicals imported from London. My father's knowledge of the London market and his connections with the British publishers had given him a certain advantage over the competing importing houses in New York, which, in part at least, compensated for his lack of capital. The beginning of his business as an independent publisher may be credited, however, to his good fortune and good judgment in coming into relations with Washington Irving, and in arranging to reprint the books of Irving, which had heretofore been issued in Philadelphia, with the privilege of adding to these such later publications as Irving might put into shape. Irving returned to New York from his Ministry to Spain in the same year in which my father was beginning his independent business. He had been appointed Minister by the Democratic administration of Mr. Polk, and with the success of the Whigs in the election of Zachary Taylor in November, 1848, his Ministry (according to the usual rotation in office) came to an end. He was at that time sixty-five years of age. His earlier writings, which included *Knickerbocker*, *The Sketch Book*, *Alhambra*, *Columbus*, etc., had secured for him on both sides of the Atlantic literary fame and a fair commercial return. During the four years of his second sojourn in Spain, however, public interest in his books had lessened so that his American publishers, Carey, Lea & Blanchard, of Philadelphia, had not felt encouraged to keep the books in the market, and had, in

fact, for two years or more allowed them to go out of print altogether.

Irving had been treated not only justly but liberally by his London publishers, John Murray and Richard Bentley, and the payments that came to him from England had, during the earlier years at least, been more important than those which were secured through his Philadelphia sales. After the departure of Irving from London, however, the authorised editions of his books had been interfered with by the competing "piracy" issues of Bohn. Murray and Bentley became discouraged in the litigation that ensued for the protection of their own books, and finally abandoned the contest and left the "pirate" Bohn in possession of the field. This brought to a close the receipts to the author from his English sales.

Irving had not been able to understand through the correspondence that reached him at Madrid just what was happening with his books in Philadelphia, and had supposed in any case that he would have no difficulty when again at home in making satisfactory business arrangements which would bring his books into renewed sale. It was, therefore, a bitter disappointment to be met on his arrival with the confirmation of the decision given to him some months back by the Philadelphia house, that in their judgment the demand for his writings had ceased and that there would be no profit to either author or publishers in making further attempts to keep the books in the market.

My father had had, while in England, an opportunity of coming to know Mr. Irving and had found himself keenly interested in the character of the man. It is possible that this personal interest had something to do with his confidence in the continued value of Irving's writings. With the memory of the continued popularity secured for these in England, both in the original author-

ised (and rather costly) editions of Murray and in the later cheaper issues in the Bohn Library, he was not a little surprised that the American publishers should have decided to abandon the books as of no continued value. It was his own belief that the later generation would be prepared to accept these books as belonging to the classic literature of America and of the English-speaking world. With this conviction, he wrote, early in 1848, to Mr. Irving, proposing to undertake the reprinting of all of the books at that time in existence, and suggesting that some of these could possibly be revised to advantage in such manner as to warrant their being announced as new editions. There were probably no plates in existence, the Philadelphia publishers having apparently followed the English routine of printing from type. It is quite possible that it was this detail which stood in the way of the issue of further editions by the Philadelphia house. If the books could have been reprinted from plates, it is probable that Carey, Lea & Blanchard would have been prepared to meet the wishes of their old-time friend and author by striking off small impressions of the books and making the fresh experiment, upon which he had set his heart, as to their continued interest for the readers of the day. Such reissue involved, of course, a much larger expenditure and risk when it called for the resetting of the type for fifteen or sixteen volumes. Under the former plan, a sale of five hundred or even of two hundred and fifty sets would have repaid the outlay of the publishers. If the type, however, were to be reset, the undertaking would have probably brought loss instead of profit if the demand had not called for at least one thousand sets.

In any case, the new publisher would have been hampered in undertaking to utilise the plates of the earlier editions, which had not been issued in any uniformity of style, and which were not up to the typographical

standard of 1848. The proposition to Mr. Irving included, in addition to the payment of a royalty on all copies sold, a guaranty of payment on account of such royalty, for the first year of one thousand, for the second of two thousand, and for the third year of three thousand dollars. There was the further suggestion that Mr. Irving had probably brought back with him from Spain material or plans for additional works and that it would be very desirable, in announcing the revised editions of these earlier books, to make announcement also of new volumes on fresh subjects.

At the time Irving received this letter, he had taken a desk in the office of his brother, John Treat Irving, who was a well-known lawyer, and who had been of service to his younger brother forty years earlier when the latter was beginning his work at the New York Bar. John Treat Irving the second, nephew of Washington Irving, told me more than once of the pleasurable excitement with which his uncle read this letter to his father. "There is no necessity, John," said Washington, as he kicked over the desk in front of him, "for my bothering further with the law. Here is a fool of a publisher going to give me a thousand dollars a year for doing nothing."

A contract was promptly completed on the basis of the proposition submitted by my father, and there remains only to be added (in this business matter, at least, my father's judgment was well founded) that the guaranty specified never came into effect, the royalties of each year having been in excess of the minimum amount that was to have been paid. It was also the case that between 1848 and 1859, the year of Irving's death, the author did some of his most noteworthy work, his new productions including *The Life of Goldsmith*, the studies of the West such as *Astoria* and *Bonneville*, and *The Life of Washington*.

The appreciative word given by Scott concerning

Irving's *Knickerbocker*, although written thirty-five years earlier, may conveniently be inserted here:

ABBOTSFORD, April 23, 1813.

MY DEAR SIR:

I beg you to accept my best thanks for the uncommon degree of entertainment which I have received from the most excellently jocose history of New York. I am sensible that as a stranger to American parties and politics I must lose much of the concealed satire of the piece, but I must own that, looking at the simple and obvious meaning only, I have never read anything so closely resembling the style of Dean Swift as the annals of Diedrich Knickerbocker. I have been employed these few evenings in reading them aloud to Mrs. Scott and two ladies who are our guests and our sides have been absolutely sore with laughing. I think too there are passages which indicate that the author possesses powers of a different kind and has some touches which remind me much of Sterne. I beg you will have the kindness to let me know when Mr. Irving takes pen in hand again for assuredly I shall expect a very great treat which I may chance never to hear of but through your kindness.

Believe me, dear Sir,

Your obliged and humble servant,

WALTER SCOTT.

WASHINGTON IRVING, Esq.

Encouraged by the confidence shown in the commercial value of his writings by his new publisher, and encouraged further by the tangible results of the first two years' sales of the revised editions, Irving instituted for himself a home on the Hudson at the southern end of Tarrytown. He had brought over from Holland some Dutch tiles which had caught his fancy, and with the tiles a model of a Dutch homestead, and Sunnyside, as finally completed, was a representation, as close as was practicable under the circumstances, of an artistic Dutch country seat.

The following letters, while bearing date a year or more back, will serve to bring into the narrative another author who in like manner became a valued friend—Bayard Taylor. Taylor's works found place in the first catalogue of G. P. Putnam, and, three quarters of a century later, are still catalogued and sold by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

PHENIXVILLE, PA., Dec. 21, 1847.

MR. PUTNAM.

MY DEAR SIR;

You will have received by the time this reaches you, the copies of *Views Afoot*, which Mr. Wiley forwarded to you from New York. I have at length succeeded in laying the record of my long wanderings (the difficulties of which you partly know) before the Public, and I think from the rapid sale the work has already had here, you will have no cause to repent the bargain. Within two weeks it has gone off so rapidly that I presume the first edition must be nearly, if not quite, disposed of. . . .

With many thanks for your kindness to me while in England, I remain,

Yours very truly,

J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

A year later, Bayard Taylor, who had come to be regarded as one of the nearer friends, writes from Pennsylvania to report that he has decided to "burn his ships," leaving behind the country printing-office, and seeking his fortune in New York as a journalist and man of letters.

PHENIXVILLE, PA., Nov. 11, 1848.

MY DEAR PUTNAM:

The thing is settled at last. Just as soon as I can wind up or sell out the establishment, I shall pack up my household goods and take the way to New York. I am glad enough, I assure you, at this delivery from the drudgery and obscurity of a country printing-office. Besides, the offers made to me in

New York, to begin with, are the most congenial to my own desires that could have been made. I suppose Hoffman and Griswold have mentioned them to you, and I need not repeat them.

Your note was most welcome. I am glad the *Autumn Thought* answered your purpose, and do not think it will be at all "scandalised" in company with J. Q. Adams and Orville Dewey. I feel very much cheered and encouraged by the letters I have received from New York, and so confident do I feel in the success of my plans, that I have determined to dispose of this establishment at a loss rather than miss this golden opportunity. To be sure, this alternative is not very agreeable to one who started upon nothing; but if industry and perseverance are worth anything in New York I hope soon to be even with the world. . . .

But the boys at the office are wanting copy by this time—and I must conclude by asking you to give the enclosed note to Hoffman. Please present my regards to Mrs. Putnam, and to the noisy children who disturbed you when you last wrote to me.

Ever faithfully yours,

J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

My father had met young Taylor in London in 1846, after the completion of the series of tramps across the continent described in *Views Afoot*. Taylor had landed in London from Germany with a few shillings in his pocket, and, having been disappointed in the non-arrival of some remittances which he had expected from the *New York Tribune* (for which he was one of the first European correspondents), he was looking about London in search of work. He had completed his time in Pennsylvania as an apprentice in a printing-office and was, I believe, a fairly well-trained compositor. He secured temporary work once or twice in a London printing-office, but in each case the foreman was compelled by the union controlling the office to discharge the young American intruder. Passing

down Waterloo Place, Taylor's eye was caught by the words on my father's sign, "American Agency."

He made his way to my father's office and stated his difficulty. Some clerical work was found for him (it may be recalled that he wrote an exquisite script), and he was tided over the immediate difficulty. My father, in listening to the account of his "tramps," decided that the traveller had material for a popular book, and, as a result of their conversations, an arrangement was made for the publication of *Views Afoot*. This was issued in New York in the following year and proved an immediate success. During the first four or five years some fifty thousand copies were sold, and at this date, seventy years later, the book is still in demand. In his later years, when Taylor had made his way into the circle of poets and was particularly ambitious to go down to posterity as a philosopher and poet, he was disposed to be rather ashamed of his earlier travel narratives. He disliked particularly to be referred to as the "great American traveller." It is, nevertheless, the case that his philosophical poetry not only failed to secure for itself any large measure of appreciation during the poet's lifetime, but that it has since his death been almost entirely lost sight of. The volumes that have retained vitality and have kept Taylor's name in the list of American authors have been the despised travel narratives, of which *Views Afoot* and *Eldorado*, the two earliest, are also the two best, a volume of criticisms of German literature reshaped from the columns of the *Tribune*, and a collection of stories for youngsters, entitled *Boys of Other Countries*. There was also a very satisfactory immediate success for five novels, beginning with *Hannah Thurston*. These retained their hold upon the public for a number of years, but are not likely to be classed with permanent American literature. *Eldorado* was the result of a trip made by Taylor, as corre-

spondent of the *Tribune*, to California in 1849, just after the beginning of the excitement caused by the gold discoveries. Taylor was a good observer, combining the all-important qualities of accuracy of statement with piquancy and dramatic touch in presentation. The letters to the *Tribune* were a decided success, as printed in the paper, and when revised for book publication they brought the author into renewed prestige on both sides of the Atlantic and gave to the American and the English public by far the most trustworthy pictures as yet presented of the new community on the Pacific coast. *Eldorado* was published in 1849. It was followed in the succeeding ten years by nine more volumes of narratives, the result of journeys taken by Taylor to Africa, Arabia, Asia, Scandinavia, Germany again, Russia, etc. It was during one of these later journeys that Taylor met in Gotha the lady who became his second wife. Taylor had had, while quite a young man, a brief married experience that lasted less than a year, his young wife (who was an invalid when he married her) having died within a few months after the marriage. The present Mrs. Taylor is the daughter of the astronomer, Hansen, who had charge of the Ducal Observatory of Gotha, and who had won for himself an honourable position among the scientists of Germany. Taylor used to remark that he had journeyed twice around the world for a wife and had been so directed as to find the right woman at almost the point of departure.

The catalogue of the first year included a third name which has remained known in literature—that of Edgar A. Poe. Poe also had come to be known by my father during his sojourn in London, and it was in London that had been printed as a separate sketch the narrative of a seaman of Nantucket. It was probably in 1847 that Poe, who had been introduced to my father as a man of letters or a journalist, brought into his office in Waterloo Place

a manuscript which had, as he related, been sent to him by some friends in Nantucket, and which purported to be the journal of a Nantucket seaman who had gone out in one of the whalers on a trip to the Arctic seas. The seaman had never returned, but, according to Poe's story, the manuscript containing the account of his last journey had in some fashion made its way back to his Nantucket home. It was sent to London rather than to New York for the reason that in 1847, in connection with the expeditions in search of Sir John Franklin, there was a very wide-spread public interest in all matters relating to the Arctic regions. My father began the reading of the seaman's narrative and found himself not a little impressed with it. The literary style was in accordance with what might have been expected from an intelligent New Englander who, while without any experience in writing, knew how to describe in a simple and graphic fashion what he had seen. The readers who are familiar with the story as now printed in Poe's Works will remember that through two thirds of the narrative the record proceeds quietly enough, the incidents being no more exceptional than might naturally have been looked for during such a voyage as was described. It seems that my father was interrupted in his reading, but, judging that in any case the sketch was well worth bringing into print and would be likely in the present tendency of English interest to attract public attention, he sent it to the printers. It was not until he read in one of the critical journals of the time a rather sharp reference to the "methods of Yankee publishers" that he took time to examine the closing pages of the "narrative of Gordon Pym, seaman, from Nantucket." It will be remembered that the last words in the manuscript described the drawing of the vessel into the whirl of a great vortex supposed to be situated at the Pole, and the account ends with some such words as,

“And we are going down, down, down.” There is no reference to the coming up again of either the author or any of his companions, and it was naturally difficult to understand how this very curious narrative had made its way back to Nantucket and from Nantucket to London. Mr. Poe had been paid for his story some money, which was, he said, very much needed by the widow of the unfortunate seaman who was left alone in Nantucket.

My father does not record having had any opportunity of receiving from the versatile author any explanation of the matter, but Poe must have secured forgiveness in some way, because in 1848 he was a visitor at the Broadway office, where he was putting into shape what he described as the great discovery of the age.

He came into the office one afternoon in the half-intoxicated condition in which, if I understand the record of his life, much of his literary work had been done. He demanded a desk, pen, ink, and paper. “Oh, Mr. Putnam,” he said, “you do not yet realise how important is the work that I am here bringing to completion. I have solved the secret of the universe.” He wrote furiously during the hours of daylight that remained, until the time came for my father to take his boat for Staten Island. The author was then turned over to the care of the book-keeper and remained writing until the book-keeper also had departed for home. The porter had patience for a little time longer and then, more interested in the plans for his own supper than in the secrets of the universe, put the poet out notwithstanding protests. The next day the performance was repeated on practically the same lines. On the third day, the completed manuscript was brought by the poet to the publisher’s desk and was handed over with most glowing prophecies as to the revolution that was to be brought about in the conceptions of mankind.

Mr. Putnam [said Poe, his eye with fine frenzy rolling], here is a revelation that will make fame for myself and fortune for my publisher. The world has been waiting for it. To me has come as an inspiration a conception that has not yet been reached by scientific investigators. For such a result the name *Eureka* is certainly fitting. I judge that you ought to make your first edition not less than one million copies. You would not wish to have a reading public on both sides of the Atlantic in a state of irritation because copies could not be secured.

My father took the manuscript (which, as was the case with even the most intoxicated effusions of Poe, was in a beautiful and very legible script), and found himself impressed with the eloquence of the fantasy, but not quite so clear in his mind as to its importance as a scientific discovery. His views of the immediate demand from the public were, in any case, not fully up to the expectations of the author. He printed of *Eureka* a first edition of 750 copies, and a year later at least a third of these copies were still on hand. The essay will now be found in its place with the other prose writings of Poe.

I am not sufficiently familiar with the chronology of astronomical investigation to know at just what date the nebular hypothesis originated. It is probable, however, that Poe, who was not a student of astronomy, could have known little or nothing of the results secured by Herschel and others, even if these results were at the time in print. He may fairly, therefore, be entitled to the credit of having secured in some inspirational fashion of his own a conception expressed by him as a fantasy, which did happen to be in line with the results of scientific investigation.

Here is a Poe document that can be termed characteristic, and which is properly to be connected with the history of *Eureka*:

Received of George P. Putnam Fourteen Dollars, money loaned, to be repaid out of the proceeds of the Copyright of

my work entitled *Eureka, a Prose Poem*; and I hereby engage, in case the sales of said work do not cover the expenses, according to the account rendered by said Putnam in January, 1849, to repay the said amount of Fourteen Dollars and I also engage not to ask or apply for any other loans or advances from said Putnam in any way, and to wait until January, 1849, for the statement of account as above, before making any demand whatever.

EDGAR A. POE.

NEW YORK, May, 1848.

Witnesses,

MARIA CLEMUR,

MARIE LOUISE SHAW.

The sum specified was probably the equivalent of two weeks' board.

A noteworthy publication of the first year's business of the new publishing concern was Lowell's *Fable for Critics*. The young writer, who had already made a repute for himself as critic, poet, and "reformer" in the literary world of which Boston was the centre, thought this production (to which he preferred not to attach his name) could be brought before the world to better advantage outside of Boston. The poem was, therefore, sent to New York, and was very promptly accepted by my father, whose name fortunately could without difficulty be worked into the famous rhymed title-page.

Reader, walk up at once (it will soon be too late),
 And buy, at a perfectly ruinous rate,
 A Fable for Critics; or better
 I like, as a thing that the reader's first fancy may strike,
 An old-fashioned title-page, such as presents
 A tabular view of the volume's contents:
 A glance at a few of our literary progenies
 (Mrs. Malaprop's word) from the tub of Diogenes;
 A vocal and musical medley, that is

A series of jokes by a wonderful quiz,
Who accompanies himself with a rub-a-dub-dub,
Full of spirit and grace, on the top of the tub.
Set forth in October, the twenty-first day,
In the year '48, G. P. Putnam, Broadway.

A later edition of the *Fable* was issued in 1850, when the publishing office had been moved to 10 Park Place. Through some oversight in the book-making department, the printer was permitted, without referring the matter to the publisher, to place on the bottom of the title-page the new address. As a result, the title-page of this later edition (copies of which are scarcer than those of the first) does not end with a proper rhyme.

The poem achieved an immediate success, and no little enterprise was displayed by the critics of Boston as well as of New York in the attempt to identify the clever author whose lines gave evidence of such varied knowledge of literary circles of the country and were characterised by so much wit, incisive analysis, and cleverness of prophecy. In reading the satire sixty years after its production, one can but be struck at the substantial accuracy with which, in a few lines, the young journalist had touched off not only the essential characteristics of the younger and older writers of the time as shown by their printed productions, but also the probable final value of their contributions to thought and to literature. Lowell's criticisms and comparative estimates of authors for the group of American writers here associated together have stood the test of time. Another feature of the satire which impresses itself upon the reader is its lightness of touch and its thorough good nature. In the early half of the century, critical literature on both sides of the Atlantic tended to fierceness. Invectives were sharper and more bitter than would to-day be considered good form even for political controversies. The touches in Lowell's lines are, however,

given not with the smash of the bludgeon, but with the point of the rapier. Could Emerson be described in one line more effectively than in the words:

A Greek head on right Yankee shoulders?

The summary of Willis, who at that time seemed to some of his contemporaries to be a dominating force in the literature, if not of the country, at least of New York, reads:

There 's Willis, all natty and jaunty and gay.

Who ought to let Scripture alone—'t is self-slaughter,
For nobody likes inspiration-and-water.

His wit running up as Canary ran down,
The topmost bright bubble on the wave of the Town.

It is certainly venturesome for the young Bostonian to dismiss the influential editor as a passing bubble, but the opinion of the half-century has fairly justified the conclusion.

The analysis of Parker is strongly appreciative:

The Orson of parsons
Who was So-(ultra)-cinian, he shocked the Socinians.

But he turned up his nose at their mumming and shamming
And cared (shall I say) not a d—— for their damning;

But in one thing, 't is clear, he has faith, namely Parker.

The picture of Bryant can hardly be termed warmly appreciative:

There 's Bryant, as quiet, as cool, and as dignified
 As a smooth silent iceberg, that never is ignifed
 Save when by reflection 't is kindled o' nights
 With a semblance of flame by the chill Northern Lights.

That of Hawthorne shows recognition :

There is Hawthorne with genius so shrinking and rare
 That you hardly at first see the strength that is there.

At this time Hawthorne had come before the world with only the first group of sketches issued under the title of *Mosses from an Old Manse*.

Here 's Cooper, who 's written six volumes to show
 He 's as good as a lord; well, let 's grant that he 's so. . . .
 But he need take no pains to convince us he 's not
 (As his enemies say) the American Scott.

Cooper's completed works comprise thirty-two volumes, so that at the time when Lowell wrote he had only made a beginning with his long series of romances of the woods and seas, intermingled with galling sermons on the lack of manners on the part of his fellow-countrymen.

There comes Poe, with his raven, like Barnaby Rudge,
 Three fifths of him genius and two fifths sheer fudge!
 Who has written some things quite the best of their kind,
 But the heart somehow seems all squeezed out by the mind.

What Irving? thrice welcome, warm heart and fine brain,
 You bring back the happiest spirit from Spain,
 And the gravest sweet humour, that ever were there
 Since Cervantes met death in his gentle despair.

And you'll find a choice nature, not wholly deserving
 A name neither English nor Yankee—just Irving.

There 's Holmes, who is matchless among you for wit;
 A Leyden jar always full charged, from which flit
 The electrical tingles of hit after hit. . . .
 His are just the fine hands, too, to weave you a lyric
 Full of fancy, fine feeling, or spiced with satyric.

There goes Halleck, whose Fanny 's a pseudo Don Juan,
 With the wickedness out that gave salt to the true one.
 More than this, he 's a very great poet, I am told,
 And has had his works published in crimson and gold.

In order to preserve the anonymous character of his descriptions, the poet included his own name in the list of the scribblers of whom he was making fun:

There is Lowell who 's striving Parnassus to climb
 With a whole bundle of isms tied together with rhyme.
 He might get on alone, spite of brambles and boulders,
 But he can't with that bundle he has on his shoulders.

The quotations from this delightful series of genial descriptions of the literary workers of their day could be continued throughout the whole poem. I have thought it worth while to bring in this little selection of pictures at least to recall to mind the character of the literary circle in which this small poem of Lowell's was accepted sixty years ago. I do not know at just what time the authorship of the *Fable* became known, but I should judge that that would have been a convenient season for the young Bostonian to have betaken himself (as he certainly did a little later) to the Maine woods.

The catalogue of 1848 includes among other names that of George Borrow. *Lavengro*, described in this list as an "autobiography," was published by my father in that year in co-operation with his old friend and London neighbour, John Murray the second (Byron's Murray). John Murray the third was at that time beginning to

take hold of business operations in Albemarle Street. In 1899, in co-operation with John Murray the fourth, G. P. Putnam's Sons published the long-delayed *Life of Borrow* by Knapp and the revised editions of *Lavengro* and *The Bible in Spain*. The Borrow books have ever since that date been kept in print in American editions in connection with the issues by Murray in London. In 1912, the Putnams are publishing, still, of course, in connection with Murray, the later *Life of Borrow* by Jenkins, a scholarly memoir which may possibly be accepted as definitive. The Putnam imprint was also associated with seven of the volumes of Fenimore Cooper, described as a "new edition," with Carlyle's *Past and Present* and *The Letters and Speeches of Cromwell*, published in connection with John Chapman of London; and with the poems and prose sketches of Thomas Hood, the *Songs and Ballads* of William Howitt, the *Stories from the Italian Poets* of Leigh Hunt, and the *Biographia Literaria* of Coleridge. The names of the American authors include Dr. Bethune, a noted pulpit orator of the day; George H. Calvert of Newport, author of *The Gentleman*; Professor Dana of Yale, who had made himself one of the scientific authorities of the country; Downing, the landscape gardener; Dr. Hawks, Rector of Calvary Church, one of the more fashionable parishes of the city, and Catherine Sedgwick, whose *Clarence* and *Redwood* were ranked with noteworthy American fiction. The English names included further, Dr. Layard, the record of whose explorations in the ruins of Nineveh and of Babylon was published in co-operation with Murray; and Kinglake, not yet known as the historian of the Crimean War, but as the writer of the wonderful Oriental narrative, *Eothen*, which, seventy years later, is still being called for in fresh editions. The selection of the publications of the year can be closed with *The World's Progress*, by G. P. Putnam, a revised and

enlarged edition of the manual of chronology which had originally been issued in 1832, during the years of my father's apprenticeship.

The following "proposal," the original of which, in Mr. Cooper's own script, I find in the scrap-book, is doubtless to be connected with the seven volumes of Cooper's works that are recorded in the catalogues of 1849 and 1850:

FENIMORE COOPER TO G. P. PUTNAM.

1849. 3 O'Clock Saturday.

PROPOSAL.

Mr. C. will sell to Mr. P. the right to publish the six books for three years from the 1st Jan., 1850, on the following terms, viz.:

Mr. C. to be paid \$1200. for the three sets of plates already made, by notes and in hand, as follows: *Spy* being paid for, Mr. P. is to pay for that plate by renewing the notes due 1st and 4th Dec., and 1st and 4th Jan. next, each for \$200., at four and five months from March 1st, 1850, or at seven and eight months from 1st Dec. last. This will be substantially using Mr. C.'s money, as now earned, leaving the bargain for the new novel much as it originally stood, transferring the day of publication to March. Of course Mr. P. will take up his note due Jan. 1st and 4th, as he has done with those before due.

For *Pilot*, already published, Mr. P. can give a note at four months (\$600.) to pay for plates.

For *Red Rover*, the same, by a note for six months, or seven months, if the time be an object.

For these three books Mr. P. to give a note at six months for \$300.—copy money, or \$100. a book.

For the remaining three books which will be stereotyped by Mr. P. at his cost, a note for \$100. to be given for each, at a month from the respective publication.

At the end of the term, or Jan. 1st, 1853, the plates to become the property of Mr. C.

No other rights to be granted except to print cheap editions

from the old plates as is now done. Think of this and meet me to-morrow at six, instead of this evening, as I have an engagement I had overlooked.

In 1851, the Swedish author, Fredrika Bremer, brought letters of introduction to my father from an old correspondent in Stockholm and was made a guest at our country home.

I remember her as a graceful little woman with bright eyes, grey hair, and a genial smile and with attractively broken English. She had brought with her very little money, having the impression that by means of "lecture-talks" about life in Sweden and through the sale of American editions of her books (books which had made a very substantial success in Sweden), she could not only pay her expenses, but ought to be able to take back some proceeds to her Swedish home.

She remained with us for some weeks while my father was busying himself in arranging for the lectures and in planning for the American editions of her books. The first lectures were a success, but some other more exciting lecturers engaged the attention of the public, and Miss Bremer found, after visits to Boston and Philadelphia, that it would not be wise to attempt to interest, in her quiet narratives and pictures of rural life, the kind of audiences to be found in the Western cities. The first two books, also, *The Home* and *The Neighbours*, started off with a satisfactory demand, a demand that was, of course, furthered by the preliminary interest in the lectures. Some unauthorised editions were, however, at once announced, and it was evident that, with the comparatively limited market of the time, there could hardly be a profitable sale for more than one edition, and that if piracy issues were placed upon the market at the lower price that was possible for books not making any payment

to the author, the authorised editions would speedily be pushed out of sale.

The most important competition was that threatened by the Harpers, who had announced in their magazine that they had cheaper editions in preparation. My father decided to take Miss Bremer with him to call upon the magnates in Franklin Square, in the hope that the four Methodist brothers might be sufficiently interested in the personality of the author to be willing to abandon a plan which would bring to her serious disappointment. Miss Bremer was very courteously received by Mr. Fletcher Harper, who was the most active of the four, and was given an opportunity of examining the printing-office and the other details of an establishment which was at that time the most important of its class in the country. She was then taken down to her carriage and my father returned for a last word with Mr. Harper. "Do you not think, Mr. Harper," said my father, "bearing in mind that the little lady's sojourn in this country is dependent upon the receipts from her books, and that she has come over here trusting to American hospitality and to American good faith, that it might be in order for you to withdraw your announcement of those competing editions?"

Mr. Harper's reply was in substance that courtesy was courtesy and business was business. The competing edition came into the market within a few weeks. The receipts from the authorised editions were necessarily curtailed, and the poor little lady returned to Stockholm with pleasant memories of some American friends, but not a little disappointed at the final results of her invasion of the States.

It would be impossible to give any sketch having to do with the publishing operations between 1848 and 1860 without making an occasional reference of this kind to the theories under which the Harpers of the first generation

carried on their own publishing undertakings, theories which, however annoying to some of their neighbours, were certainly serviceable in helping to build up a largely remunerative business. The old-time methods of publishing by "appropriation," methods practised by other concerns than the Harpers, but in which, through their business capacity, their literary insight, and their large resources, they were easily the leaders, have during the past half century been changed very much for the better. The Harpers of that day were prepared to make payments to transatlantic authors who would place their American interests exclusively under Harper control. They had, however, a strong disapproval for any transatlantic author who, on one ground or another, might prefer some American imprint other than that of Franklin Square. Particularly was this the case if the Harpers might themselves have brought into print an earlier volume by such author. They were inclined then to take the ground that, whether or not such earlier publication had been approved by, or even authorised by, the author, the Harpers had "introduced" such author to the American market, and that they had, therefore, the first claim upon all his future books. They were not disposed to concede to the foreign author liberty of action in the selection of his American publisher. Such a contention naturally brought the Harpers from time to time into issue with publishers who, like George P. Putnam, were willing to take up American editions of transatlantic books only under arrangement with, and with the full approval of, the author. As an example of the correspondence referred to, I may cite a letter of my father to the Harpers bearing date January 29, 1851, in regard to the unauthorised American editions of Borrow's works. It was, unfortunately, the case that there were occasions for similar correspondence. The difficulty that arose in connection with the American

editions of the novels of Fredrika Bremer has already been referred to.

NEW YORK, Jan. 29, 1851.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS.

DEAR SIRS:

I have observed that you have again announced that you shall reprint Borrow's *Lavengro*.

Considering that my engagements with Mr. Murray to republish this work from an early copy were made as long ago as November, 1848 (the proposition originating with him), and that at least one of your house was aware of that fact, I have been unwilling to suppose that you really intended to reprint another edition.

If there is any good reason why the ordinary usages of the trade should be departed from in this instance, may I ask you to be good enough to mention it?

I am not aware that I have given you any cause for complaint. I have carefully avoided all interference with your publishing arrangements and have not even sought or proposed for a single English book for republication for two years past; while I have declined several proposals made to me for such reprints from early copies.

If there be, nevertheless, any good reason why it is right and proper, according to equity and usage, for you to reprint Borrow's work, in rivalry to my edition (which will be reprinted from an early copy obtained at very considerable cost), I should feel greatly obliged if you would let me know what the reason is.

I am, dear Sirs,

Very truly yours,

G. P. PUTNAM.

The principal sufferer from the Harper "appropriation" of Borrow's Works was my father who, with an optimistic trust that his undertaking would not be interfered with, had paid the English publisher Murray a full price for the American market. I am, of course, in this reference, speaking only of the Harper concern of the first generation.

The later House of Harper, under the direction of the sons and grandsons of the founders, maintained a high standard of publishing comity and of publishing ethics. The Harpers of the third generation rendered valuable service in the final contest for international copyright, and have always been ready to extend the fullest possible recognition to all rights or courtesy claims of their publishing competitors.

A visitor who came a little later to the Stapleton cottage was Susan Warner, whose *nom de plume* of Susan Wetherell was soon to become known in the world of letters. She presented a very different personality from that of the little lady from Stockholm. I remember her—of course with memories of a later date—as nearly six feet in height, and I have a picture of a long head surmounting a long neck, and of a bowing or swaying motion which at times gave the impression of an affectation of graciousness. She was really a very simple-natured and true-hearted woman; an earnest Christian, who believed in utilising whatever power had been given to her for extending the influence of applied Christianity. Her experience had been rather limited so far as knowledge of the world was concerned. She had been brought up in a quiet village not far from Ballston Springs, and excepting for an occasional and very brief visit to New York, she could hardly, at the time she began the writing of her books, have seen anything whatsoever of the world of society. An exception should possibly be made to this statement on the ground that Ballston Springs, which was the Saratoga of the time, did have occasion to receive at certain months of the year social leaders and political leaders from different parts of the country; but I judge from my memory of Miss Warner's words (I am speaking, of course, of a very much later date when I was old enough to have a personal interest in talk of the kind) that even in her visits to Ball-

ston, her views of the piazza life of the hotel of the day must have been very much from the outside. She had also a horror of the usual social routine which was followed in the Ballston circles. Dancing was in her mind a wickedness, cards an invention of the evil one, and conversation on lighter subjects rather a serious risk tending to frivolities and involving a waste of the time that had been given by the Lord for important service.

Her sister Anna, who came to Stapleton on one of the later visits, was of a more genial nature and somewhat less assured in her convictions and theories about the universe. It was possible for her to hold beliefs of her own and at the same time to admit the possibility of there being grounds for very different beliefs on the part of other people. Anna had less intellectual force than Susan, but greater powers of perception. She made friends more easily and, while deferring to the judgment of her older sister, she really possessed a much larger measure of common sense. I speak of Anna Warner in the past tense because my personal memories of her date back to earlier years. She is still living, however, in this year (1912), making her home during the summer in the old homestead on Constitution Island opposite West Point, and during the winter in quarters within the military establishment. There she has long been a privileged resident and visitor. For many years she has carried on a Bible class for the cadets, who in succession have come to honour her for persistent, faithful, and loving service in their behalf, and she has in this way come into intimate and friendly relations with a large proportion of the students. Reference will be made later to the literary productions of the two sisters.

Through the kind thoughtfulness of Anna Warner I am able to insert here extracts from certain letters written by her sister Susan during the latter's visit to the home of her publisher.

STATEN ISLAND, Sept. 15, 1850.

I was introduced in due form, as you have doubtless heard, to my host and hostess, and established in one of the two arm-chairs behind the screen in the great bookstore to await the time when we might walk down to Whitehall to take the one o'clock boat for Staten Island. Little Minnie Putnam was introduced to me as, I believe, the lady who had written *Robinson Crusoe's Farmyard*, but I did n't rush into explanations at the very first burst. Mr. Putnam showed me a beautiful illustrated copy of *Rural Hours*, exquisite birds and pretty flowers, but I would have given more general illustrations. He also showed me some *papier-maché* covers for the same work, adorned very handsomely with mother-of-pearl wreaths of flowers, all different. That book has taken very well, is n't it odd? Then I turned over the leaves of a most splendid *Pilgrim's Progress*, which Mr. Putnam has secured as a present from England. Full of illustrations, beautifully done, in all but the mind's part, so on the whole to my taste poor. Mr. P. had left us, after showing me a bunch of proofs, and telling me if I was tired of waiting there, I might amuse myself with them. Not *there*, many thanks to him. I sat looking over the *Pilgrim's Progress*, too much out of my latitude to enjoy it, and sometimes exchanging a few words with Mrs. Putnam. By and by appeared Mr. Putnam, who surprised me greatly by saying to me that he had been so fortunate as to secure a ticket for me for Jenny Lind's Concert that evening, and he could only get such and such a place, but it was the last ticket to be had. Mrs. Putnam then and afterwards expressed great pleasure that he had succeeded; she had been afraid they would have to do a rude thing, go off and leave me alone. I assured her I should not have taken it so. But I have heard tell of such a thing being done, have n't you? . . .

As the concert began at eight, judge what a waiting we had in the concert room. If I had been well, it would not have mattered, but I was not well, and my patience was tried. It was very warm, and it is, I should think, a difficult matter in the best of times to keep anything like thorough ventilation in a room where there is such an assemblage of human beings,

—a difficulty rather increased, I presume, on the present occasion by the fact that the openings in the roof were occupied by spectators, who looked down and waved handkerchiefs from there, instead of permitting the air to wave to our relief. As a necessary consequence of the manner in which the seats were sold, our places were not together. I was entirely by myself, except when Mr. Putnam, who had what is called a promenade ticket, came to see me. I did not care for that; the audience was very well behaved, and the gentleman at my left belonged to a large party of ladies and gentlemen before me, so I was at ease. I had an excellent position for seeing, except as to distance. I could not distinguish features. But, on the whole, I was very well satisfied with my situation, or I should have been had I been well, but I was under the balcony—it was warm, it was close, I had that unsettled condition of body which puts an edge upon disagreeableness, and some of the people beside and before me would stand up,—how they smothered me! After we had sat there a great while, the gentleman at my right asked the gentleman at my left what o'clock it was—twenty-two minutes past seven. And more than a half hour yet to wait! Well!

One or two of the large party who were, as I told you, my neighbours, made themselves exceedingly busy! "There 's this one," and "There 's that one," etc., etc. They seemed to know a good many people; they had nice little pink merino and satin party cloaks, and plenty of opera-glasses among them. N. B. They never offered me one, which I really think they might, seeing that I was a peaceable, well-disposed person, and evidently entirely alone, but perhaps I am extravagant in my notions of politeness. My right-hand neighbour was considerate, for he offered after a while to exchange seats with me, that I might, as he said, be next a lady. I declined. He was an easy young man that; he borrowed the Programme of me, and once or twice an opera-glass from one of the aforesaid large party.

At last, came the overture which was something; then came Signore Belletti, who was nothing (nothing but the leading of the type), and then Jenny. Well, what shall I say? Imagine

the clearest, sweetest, loveliest notes of the Æolian harp, utterance like the gurgling of water, and compass power, when she chose, that seemed so to speak unlimited. Once in a duet where Belletti pretends to be giving her a singing lesson, she made a trill of marvellous length and beauty,—his response was a sort of grunted “Oh!” of wonder, and how they clapped. They cheered her, they shouted for her, they flung flowers at her. It was something to see. What will you say if I tell you that the most moving part of the whole exhibition was her manner? What will you think if I tell you that her manner of courtesying more than once brought tears to my eyes? I don’t very much wonder—such a sea of human heads you never looked upon. Mr. Putnam estimated them at 2500, the largest concert perhaps yet, and to see such an assemblage collected to do involuntary homage to the talent and character of one poor woman. I should think if she had much feeling it might move her. I never saw any one courtesying so before. It seemed as if she could not get low enough; she bowed her head almost or quite to her knees; it seemed to my fancy as if a certain feeling of humility, the sense of gratitude, and the desire of acknowledgment were labouring to express themselves. They did express themselves to me. Her face is extremely good as I know from an engraving here, which is certified to be like her, a very noble fine expression of countenance. She gave us the echo song. Oh Annie! what can words say? . . .

There were 700 competitors for the prize for the Jenny Lind song. When told of this, Jenny, according to Mr. Putnam, lifted up hands and eyes, exclaiming, “Then there will be six hundred and ninety-nine disappointed.” Epes Sargent was one of the six hundred and ninety-nine, and has been making a fool of himself since the decision, trying to get it in some sort reversed or counterparted. Mr. Putnam was on the committee. He has heard Jenny every single time she has sung here. The successful poet is Taylor,—the young man who travelled over Europe on foot, having but \$150 to set out with; you have heard Mrs. S. speak of him; she has his travels, or had them. . . .

CHAPTER VII

Publishing Undertakings

AMONG the literary men of a somewhat older generation whose counsel was utilised by the young publisher in collecting literary material was Evert A. Duyckinck. Mr. Duyckinck belonged, as his name gives evidence, to one of the old Dutch families of the city. He had from an early year devoted himself to literature, being particularly interested in criticism and in editorial work. He had begun for Wiley & Putnam, and continued for G. P. Putnam, the editing of a series entitled "The Library of Choice Reading." I have been able to secure for my own collection a set of these books, comprising some thirty volumes substantially bound in red cloth. While the publisher felt sufficient hopefulness about the series to continue the publication until this number of volumes had been brought into print, it is my understanding that the publication as an entirety produced a deficiency instead of a profit. In looking over the list of titles, it is not difficult to understand why such a series should have failed to secure a remunerative popularity. Mr. Duyckinck's taste was excellent as far as the matter of literary quality was concerned. His difficulty as an editor was, however, his tendency to over-estimate the number of readers whose taste in literature was as high as his own. In the period in question, there was no great West. The

market upon which the authors and the publishers depended for returns for their literature comprised the New England States, the Middle States, and two or three of the older States in the South. Even in these older States, the number of communities in which the book-buying taste and the resources available were sufficiently important to maintain a book-shop was very restricted. The territory in question included a number of cultivated readers, but this number was at best but limited. Mr. Duyckinck undertook to reach these readers with such literature as the *Gesta Romanorum*, Leigh Hunt's *Italian Poets*, the *Tales of Zschokke*, Peacock's *Headlong Hall* and *Nightmare Abbey*, etc. In printing, nearly forty years later, another collection of literature selected from works accepted as classics, G. P. Putnam's Sons found that the literary judgment of their father's old editor of the original House could still be made serviceable. A number of the volumes first issued in 1848-51 were found available for the series of 1890. The buyers who were reached in the earlier period were undoubtedly appreciative, but there were not enough of them. Mr. Duyckinck's name has been preserved for later generations principally in connection with his *Cyclopædia of American Literature*, one of the first of the really important attempts to present the literary record of the Republic.

In 1849 and 1850, the publications of the House included, in addition to some of the books already named, an early volume by Mr. Bryant entitled *Summer Excursions in Europe and the United States*. This was not considered by its author of sufficient value to be retained in later issues of his writings. Professor Dana of New Haven issued through the House an important series of works on mineralogy and geology. The first of the treatises devoted to the study of Anglo-Saxon that had as yet been printed in the United States was published for a German

scholar (an exile of 1848) named Klipstein. An American author whose name in later years became famous among historians, Mr. Parkman, published through the firm in 1850 a volume entitled *The California and Oregon Trail*. This was a narrative of experiences in certain regions of the Northwest which were being opened up in connection with the gold-seeking migrations to the Pacific coast. The subject was of present and continued importance and the author's style was as dramatic, though possibly not quite as finished, as that of his later books. For some reason, difficult at this time to realise, the public refused to be interested in the volume. The author was discouraged and decided that he had mistaken his vocation. It was nine years before he again mustered sufficient courage to make a further experiment in authorship. The publication in 1859 of the first of his magnificent series of volumes devoted to the history of the long struggle between Great Britain and France for the control of the continent, secured for Parkman an honoured position among historians. This production of 1850 is now included in the set of his *Works*.

In the following letter, Mr. Cooper asks my father for some service in securing an English publishing arrangement for his *Ways of the Hour*. I find no record of the results of the negotiations, but I doubt whether the author's expectations from the English market were realised. The story was one of his less successful efforts, and the piracies of Bohn and Routledge were making it very difficult for the reputable English publishers to pay adequate prices for American books.

COOPERSTOWN, July 23, 1854.

MR. G. P. PUTNAM.

DEAR SIR:

Mr. Bentley has sent me a recent decision of an English Court which, as he pretends, goes to affect his interest in my

books. He sent me a new proposition for the publication of *The Ways of the Hour*, that I have declined accepting. Now, I wish to know if you cannot dispose of this book for me to some English publisher. I will pay you a commission, if you can do it. You may remember that I before spoke to you on the subject of Bentley, and of my distrust of his candour. I confess that this last circumstance has renewed all this distrust, and I am disposed to change my publisher.

I shall expect somewhere about £400 for the book, to be paid in drafts on the publisher at 60 days: £100, on sending vol. I; £100, on sending vol. II, and balance on sending the last volume of the work. I did think of asking £500 for this particular book, which is more elaborate than its companions, but this difficulty may compel me to accept even £300. There has certainly been a decision adverse to American Copyright, but it is evident that Bentley himself does not think it will stand.

Under no circumstances will I sell a book to share the profits. This is of the nature of Bentley's last proposition, though he proposes paying me down for a certain number of copies. One has no guaranty that more than the stipulated number are not printed. As to the sincerity of Bentley's proceedings, I go altogether by Mr. Grattan's statement made directly to myself. He told me that Bentley spoke of the small number of books sold, and referred to a ledger to prove it. One House happened to be known to Mr. Grattan, and the subject came up between him and one of the partners. Grattan mentioned the number of books Bentley told him they had purchased, and the partner proved by his books that a little more than half the real number had been entered.

Altogether, I do not like Mr. Bentley's mode of proceeding with myself, and am not sorry to get a new publisher for this work. If you can dispose of it, I should like it. Will you let me hear from you on the subject, and will you move in the matter on the other side at once.

There will, of course, be some delay in the publication here, but that can be regulated as by our agreement. The cholera would make this a very unlucky moment to publish, and the book will be all the better for the delay.

Let me hear from you at your earliest convenience. I think Colburn might be induced to purchase. There ought to be no delay, as the work will be ready in about sixty days.

Yours truly

J. FENIMORE COOPER.

I find in the catalogue for 1852 the entry of a volume of poems by Anna C. Lynch. Miss Lynch became later, when she married an Italian scholar named Botta, who had been mixed up in the revolutionary difficulties of 1848, a leader in the literary society of New York. She was a clever woman, with a graceful social faculty and with a positive genius for getting hold of literary lions. She kept in touch with scholarship while never claiming to be a scholar. A manual of hers, giving a summary of the literature of Europe, proved a useful and remunerative publication. Her husband took rank as a leader among the Italian exiles. He was an early member of the Century Club and an old-time friend of my father's.

Henry T. Tuckerman, a lifelong friend of my father's, makes his first appearance in the catalogue in the year 1852 with a volume entitled the *Optimist*. Mr. Tuckerman was a scholar and a thinker. His literary style was finished, though somewhat inclined (as was the man himself) to ponderosity. He had studied and thought to some purpose and what he had to say was worth attention. Neither with his books nor with his magazine articles did he ever succeed in reaching any large circle of readers; but his work was creditable to the literary circle of New York and of the country. A volume entitled *St. Leger, or The Threads of Life* appears in the list of this year without the name of its author. A year later, in connection with the publication of *Student Life Abroad*, this first bantling was duly acknowledged by Richard B. Kimball, who kept his pen busily at work in the production of volumes and

of magazine articles for nearly a quarter of a century later. The list for the year closes with two books of English origin, Warburton's *The Crescent and the Cross*, and Titmarsh's *A Journey from Cornhill to Cairo*. The latter seems to have been the only volume of Thackeray's with which the Putnam imprint was associated.

In 1852, the Rev. Francis Hawks, D.D., published a volume entitled *Egypt and its Monuments*. This was followed by *Monuments of Central and Western America*. Dr. Hawks was at that time rector of Calvary Church at Fourth Avenue and 21st Street. He was a successful preacher, a brilliant speaker, and a scholarly writer. I understand that in certain directions of investigation he was entitled to rank as an authority.

The *Monuments of Egypt*, which was the most successful of his books, had for its special purpose the defence of *Exodus* as a trustworthy history. The attempt was not as successful as that made some years later by Hugh Miller with his *Testimony of the Rocks*, written in support of the cosmical authority of *Genesis*.

In the same year was published *Kaloolah, an Autobiographical Romance*. It was first issued anonymously, but was later acknowledged by its author, Dr. W. S. Mayo. The book may be considered a precursor of the romantic story of adventure of which, in speaking to-day, *Treasure Island* would be cited as a successful example. Dr. Mayo had the advantage, in writing half a century back, that a considerable portion of the earth's surface was still unexplored. This left him free to place an imaginary kingdom of highly civilised people, with a fascinating princess to serve as a heroine, in the interior of Africa, in a region which a few years later was opened up by Speke and taken out of the realm of romance. *Kaloolah* made for itself a noteworthy success, and had the honour of being very largely pirated in Great Britain. It is still

to-day, sixty years after its first publication, in print and in demand. It was followed by *Romance Dust* and *The Berber*. The author had fairly won his spurs, and noteworthy things were predicted for him. Unfortunately for his literary achievements, he married an heiress. His wife was a Mrs. Dudley, who had been a Miss Stuyvesant, and she brought him a liberal income from a section of the great Stuyvesant property. The Doctor resigned his profession of medicine, and gradually also gave up his literary ambition. One clever book, *Never Again*, was produced during his married life, but in the intervening years his energy lapsed. He died in 1896.

CHAPTER VIII

International Copyright

MY father had not only always been a strong believer in international copyright, that is to say in the policy of extending, irrespective of political boundaries, a world-wide recognition to literary property, but he had, from the beginning of his career in the book-trade, interested himself actively in the work of shaping American public opinion and legislation so that the United States might be brought into the comity of civilised nations in the recognition of the rights of literary workers. His sojourn in England and his intimate relations with publishers and men of letters on the other side of the Atlantic, had, of course, furthered his personal interest in the subject, but as far back as 1837, in advance of his first trip to England, we find him acting as secretary and as working man for the first of the copyright committees of which there is record in this country.

During his sojourn in England in the years between 1841 and 1848, he had enjoyed the friendship of Sergeant Talfourd, who was not only a leader of the British Bar, but a distinguished man of letters. Talfourd's Copyright bill, introduced into the House of Commons in 1841, became law in 1842, but the bill was very seriously reshaped before securing enactment. The changes were chiefly in the direction of the shortening of the term of copyright.

Talfourd had proposed a term similar to that then in force in Germany, namely, the life of the author and thirty years. The opponents to the bill, headed by Macaulay, thought that the life of the author was quite sufficient. Macaulay's eloquence was sufficient to influence the House, the majority of which had at best no very clear conceptions about literary property. The term as fixed in the act covered forty-two years from the date of publication, or the life of the author and seven years thereafter, whichever period might prove to be the longer.

During the period between 1842 and 1911, successive attempts were made to extend the term of copyright for Great Britain, which (with the exception of Greece, where the term was fifteen years) gave a shorter protection to literary property than that conceded under any other European law. The statute enacted in 1911 accepted the contention of Talfourd that an author should be at liberty to work for the property interests of his children, and gives an absolute term of life of the author and twenty-five years, with a contingent term for twenty-five years more. This provision brings British copyright more nearly into line with that of France and Germany.

My father had the opportunity of going over with Sergeant Talfourd the draft of his bill and shared his friend's disappointment when the measure was so seriously undermined by the all-powerful influence of Macaulay.

Some sixty years after the enactment of the Talfourd Bill as arrived at by Macaulay, I had the opportunity of suggesting to Sir George Otto Trevelyan that his distinguished uncle had made a mistake in insisting upon the reduction of the term of copyright proposed by Talfourd, as ever since 1842 the effort had been to secure a copyright term based upon the Talfourd proposition. "I have reason to agree with you, Mr. Putnam," said Sir George, "and not only on the ground of the interests of literature. I

should myself be a good many thousand pounds better off if my uncle had left Talfourd's bill alone." I realised what the expiration of the term of copyright of Macaulay's writings must have meant for Macaulay's heirs.

Sergeant Talfourd writes in 1844, presenting a specific opinion in regard to the status of a work by a foreign author which might be first published in Great Britain. He says:

I am happy to furnish any information which may in the smallest degree assist the endeavours of those who are labouring in the cause of literature and in justice. In my judgment, no further legislation is required on the part of England to secure to American authors the reciprocity which ought to accompany the acknowledgment by the United States of the rights of English authors. Before the passage of my Act on the subject of International Copyright, Lord Abinger decided in the case of *l'Almain vs. Barry* that a foreigner publishing his work in this country within a reasonable time after its first publication in the country of origin, acquired for himself or for his assignee copyright within the protection of the law of England. I believed this decision to be correct but, finding that doubts existed on the subject, I was desirous of setting these at rest by a declaratory clause in my own Bill. I therefore introduced the subject in my first speech in the House of Commons and presented a clause in the Bill to effect the object. When, however, the Bill was discussed in a later session, Mr. Powlett Thompson on the part of the Government, requested me to leave that part of my scheme in the hands of Ministers who proposed to deal with it themselves. I acquiesced; and the result was the passing of the Act of "2 & 3 Victoria c 59" for securing "to authors in certain cases the benefit of International Copyright," whereby the Queen is empowered, by Order in Council, to direct that the authors of books published in foreign countries should have copyright in Great Britain in their works on registering these at Stationer's Hall. The object of this Act was to enable our Government to negotiate with

foreign Powers on terms of reciprocity; and if, therefore, I am wrong in thinking that the Law now gives absolutely the right which the Act enables the Crown as a matter of bargain to confer, there can be no doubt that, upon the understanding that the copyright of English authors would be enjoyed in America, the benefits of this Act would be at once cordially extended to American authors. This Act assumes, it may be admitted, an opinion contrary to that of Lord Abinger as to the existing law, but it does not vary it and perhaps practically it is not material whether it was necessary or not, as there can be no doubt that it would be promptly and liberally enforced for the purpose for which it was created.

Heartily wishing success to your endeavours to do justice to the authors of both countries, I have the honour to be

Your obedient and faithful servant,

T. N. TALFOURD

It may be mentioned here that in July, 1891, the Law Officers of the Crown, having been called upon in connection with the American Act of March, 1891, to give an opinion concerning the status at the time (under the Talfourd Act) of copyright in Great Britain for works of American authors, made a report which was in substance in accord with the opinion of Sergeant Talfourd.

My father's correspondence in regard to copyright during the years between 1840 and 1872 gives evidence that he had a good grasp of the principles which should control the shaping of copyright statutes. The matter was at that time interesting but few people on either side of the Atlantic, and the impressions in regard to it on the part of the legislators, as well as of citizens generally, were confused. The opinion held by not a few Americans that the recognition of the property rights of transatlantic authors must stand in the way of the literary development of the country was, as my father pointed out, based upon an absolutely erroneous impression of the character of

publishing undertakings and of the methods under which literature is provided for the use of the book-buying public. He pointed out that the investment of capital required for publishing undertakings could be made only when the investors could secure under the law the control of the property which they had helped to create, and could be placed in a position to obtain from the use of such property (through the sale of authorised editions) the returns belonging to and required by the author, and the further returns that had to be depended upon if capital were to be interested in future similar investments. It was true that a payment to a transatlantic author must, of necessity, constitute a factor in the cost of producing the authorised American edition of his book and might, therefore, affect the selling price. It was also true, however, that in the larger number of cases, no American editions of such transatlantic books would be produced at all unless the publishers might be protected under the law in the control of the market for which the edition was prepared. It was true that in the absence of the copyright, publishers could and did in their scrambling competition bring into print cheap American editions of certain of the writings of the more popular transatlantic authors. Such editions were, however, "cheap" in more ways than one. The price charged was not high, but the books gave very little for the money. Being produced under the pressure of competition, they were not only badly printed, but the text was usually inaccurate and quite often incomplete. My father prophesied that when American publishers could be placed in a position to issue under due protection of copyright authorised editions of transatlantic as well as of American authors, they would, as a matter of good business, take pains to print these editions in the form and at the price that were best suited to meet the requirements of American readers—readers who were largely then, as now, unwilling

to pay high prices for books, and this prophecy has, during the years since 1891, been satisfactorily fulfilled.

He was able, of course, to point out the European examples for such a result. He could cite, as I myself had the opportunity of citing thirty years later, the cheap editions of German books produced after the German states had come into copyright relations with each other. He showed that German readers secured better literature at a lower price after the piracy editions had been brought to a close under interstate copyright than had ever been possible before. My father's correspondence also pointed out the importance of securing a fair field in their home country for the works of American authors. When transatlantic material could be appropriated without charge, it was naturally more difficult for an American author to induce the American publisher to make more or less speculative investments in the production of American books. The lack of copyright had, of course, as pointed out by many besides my father, seriously interfered with the development of American literature. American authors were, of course, also entitled to secure a return from their transatlantic readers. There has during the last seventy years been an enormous increase in the interest on the part of English readers in the works of American writers, but even as far back as 1847, the list of American books reprinted in England was very much more considerable than had been realised until my father brought the record into print in his *American Facts*. Naturally, the majority of these books were printed without arrangement and without payment. The English publishers, like their American competitors, were quite ready to take what they wanted without troubling themselves to secure permission from the producer.

In 1840, my father printed in pamphlet form an argument in behalf of international copyright, in which were

rehearsed the considerations and opinions with which we are now familiar.

In 1843, during a visit to New York from London, he drafted a memorial to Congress in behalf of an international copyright measure, in which it was stated that the "absence of an international copyright was alike injurious to the business of publishing and to the best interests of the people at large." He secured for this memorial the signatures of ninety-seven publishers and printers.

On his return to New York in 1848, my father promptly again took up the work of educating opinion, first, in the book-trade, then with the general public, and, finally, in the national Legislature, in behalf of a measure for international copyright.

In 1848, he drafted, as Secretary of the Copyright Committee, a memorial which bore the signatures of W. C. Bryant, John Jay, and other distinguished citizens, demanding a measure of copyright that was very similar in its provisions to the act which finally became law in 1891. The memorial was ordered printed and was referred to a select committee of the House, from which no report was made.

Mr. Putnam brought into print, during the years between 1849 and 1853, a number of letters, written largely in reply to the assaults upon the copyright movement by a group of opponents headed by Henry C. Carey, the well-known protectionist of Philadelphia. Under the lead of Mr. Carey, the Philadelphia School of Political Science was successful at this time, and for a series of years to come, in heading off any legislation having for its purpose the recognition of the rights of foreign authors or the securing of that same recognition in Europe for American authors.

Mr. Carey took a "missionary" view of the undertaking. He had convinced himself that international

copyright would constitute, not only an invasion of the individual rights of American citizens, but a most serious obstacle in the way of the higher education and intellectual development of the people. His *Letters on International Copyright*, first published in 1853, and republished frequently thereafter, brought together the most effective group of arguments in opposition to the theories of the reformers. His opposition was continued by his sons and his grandsons. As late as 1891, Henry Carey Baird did what was in his power to influence public opinion in Pennsylvania and in Washington against the movement in behalf of international copyright, a movement which finally succeeded (notwithstanding the opposition of Pennsylvania) in securing the passage of the act of that year.

The work of the New York committee was, of course, not limited to New Yorkers. Edward Everett took a cordial interest in the undertaking and, as Secretary of State in 1854, appears to have done what was then practicable to bring about a convention with Great Britain. He writes to my father on the 5th of April, 1854, a letter in which he emphasises the special difficulties in the way, and encloses a memorandum of the British Minister, Mr. Compton, expressing objections to the scheme as proposed by the American Government. Mr. Everett asks my father to analyse and to reply to these objections. I do not find the copy of the answer given by my father, but the proposed convention between Great Britain and the United States failed. The difficulty then, as later, was due chiefly to the requirement on the part of American printers that foreign books securing American copyright should be manufactured in this country. It is also the case that the publishing firms were at that time by no means united in their opinions or in their action.

In 1853, as Secretary of the newly reorganised Copy-

right League, my father drafted a letter to Mr. Everett, Secretary of State, suggesting a copyright convention with Great Britain and an arrangement for a copyright treaty substantially identical in its provisions with those contained in the Act of 1891. This letter was signed by Charles Scribner, D. Appleton & Co., Mason Bros., C. S. Francis, and others.

In 1858, this same committee prepared an international copyright bill containing similar provisions. The bill was introduced by Edward Jay Morris, of Philadelphia, but was never reported in the Committee.

In 1868, a circular letter headed "Justice to Authors and Artists" was issued by a committee composed of George P. Putnam, Chairman; Dr. S. Irenæus Prime, Henry Ivison, and James Parton. As a result of this letter, the American Copyright Association was organised, with William C. Bryant as President, Geo. Wm. Curtis, Vice-President, and E. C. Stedman and George P. Putnam, Secretaries. This association drafted the bill which later in the year was presented to the House by Mr. J. D. Baldwin, of Worcester, Mass. This bill was referred to the Joint Committee on the Library, from which it never emerged.

In 1871, the Copyright Association was able to secure the interest of Mr. Cox, of Ohio, and through him they introduced a bill which was practically identical in its provisions with the bill of 1868. This was the first measure that reached the stage of discussion in the committee of the whole, but it never got any farther.

In 1872 was brought about a revival of the Publishers' Association, of which George P. Putnam again became Secretary. An agreement was reached, or was supposed to have been reached, under which the publishers represented (a representation that included all the leading Houses in the country) undertook to do what was prac-

licable to bring about the enactment of the copyright bill that was then pending in the House. This bill, based upon the Baldwin Bill, had been redrafted by a sub-committee comprising Wm. H. Appleton, George P. Putnam, and one or two others. My father went to Washington, in November, at the request of the Publishers' Association, to do what might be practicable to get the bill through the Judiciary Committee. He stated to the Committee that he was there to represent the interests and the conclusions of the general Copyright League and of the Publishers' Association, and that these two bodies were united in support of the pending measure. He was not a little concerned to find himself confronted in the Committee Room by a lawyer who claimed to be representing Harper & Brothers, and who said he was there to oppose the bill on behalf of his clients. It had not been understood at the time of the latest meeting of the Publishers' Association that the Harpers were opposed to the bill or that they intended to antagonise it. My father's personal disappointment and annoyance were naturally keen. The bill itself never got out of committee. Senator Lot M. Morrill, of Vermont, the Chairman of the Library Committee, in making an adverse report to the consideration by Congress of any international copyright bill, took the ground, naturally enough, that "there was no unanimity of opinion among those interested in the measure."

Fifteen years later, the Harpers who were then directing the affairs of the House had convinced themselves that their interests were not adverse to international copyright, and I was able, having succeeded my father as Secretary of the Publishers' Copyright League, to maintain before the Judiciary Committee the contention that the publishers *were* united in support of the measure and had authorised me to speak for them; and the international copyright

for which my father had laboured for nearly one third of a century was at last brought about. This journey to Washington was the last piece of public service that my father was able to attempt. The fatigue of the journey and the disappointment, not only at the failure of the undertaking, but at the annoyance that question should have been raised in the Committee concerning his right to speak as a representative of the publishers, had something to do with bringing on the fit of exhaustion that caused his death a few weeks later.

CHAPTER IX

“Putnam’s Monthly”

IN January, 1853, the publication of *Putnam’s Monthly Magazine* was begun. The editorial department was placed in the hands of Charles F. Briggs, who had had more or less journalistic experience under the *nom de plume* of “Harry Franco.” The time seemed propitious for such an undertaking as the young publisher had planned. The existing magazines were either very local in their character, or, like *Harper’s Monthly*, which had been started about 1848, were dependent for their contents chiefly upon material which had been selected, that is to say, appropriated, from British periodicals. With a judicious selection of the best magazine material that was available in Great Britain, *Harper’s* had secured for itself a very satisfactory popular success.

An instance of the class of difficulties occurring in connection with the scissors editorial method is referred to in the *Putnam’s Monthly* correspondence of 1854. The Rev. Dr. Bethune had written a story for *Putnam’s Monthly* which was clever enough to have earned the compliment of being copied (without credit) into a London magazine entitled *Eliza Cook’s Journal*. From the English magazine, Dr. Bethune’s story was copied, again without credit, by *Harper’s Magazine*, where it came into print three months after its original issue in *Putnam’s*.

A Western editor, giving what was intended to be a complimentary reference to the enterprise of *Putnam's*, spoke of it as having "gotten the start" of Harper by making the first appropriation from *Eliza Cook's Journal*. The Western writer ought, of course, to have been aware that, under the uniform policy of *Putnam's*, it copied no articles whatsoever, but was made up entirely of original and copyright material. My father had, of course, a good technical claim against Harper & Bros. for the infringement of his copyright in the Bethune story. The Harpers had, as indicated in a subsequent chapter, caused him serious annoyance and loss through the issue of unauthorised editions of English books for which he had made substantial payments. He took the position, however, that he was unwilling to make a claim for damages on the ground of an action that was manifestly an error. He sent to the office of *Harper's Monthly* a copy of *Putnam's Magazine* containing the Bethune story, with the word that their editor had "evidently made a mistake," and in this instance at least he received a formal apology.

The magazine which was next in importance to *Harper's*, and which had in fact preceded it by some years, was the *Knickerbocker*. This was for many years conducted by Charles Gaylord Clark. It had been founded in the early forties and continued in existence until the close of the Civil War. As was indicated by its name, it was intended to present particularly the spirit of the literature of New York, and its contributors were chiefly writers of the New York circle. In Philadelphia, a somewhat similiar position was held by *Sartain's Magazine*, the founding of which dated back earlier in the century. A rather larger circle was doubtless reached by *Godey's Ladies' Book*, but this never aspired to be considered an exponent of literature. Somewhat more ambitious in its literary features was *Peterson's Monthly Magazine*. Its pages

contained a very large proportion of fiction, and when dramatic or melodramatic stories were not easily attainable within reach of Philadelphia, the range of which included a considerable group of writers in the Southern States, the editor of *Peterson’s*, like the editor of *Harper’s*, found British material very handy.

As is stated in the prospectus of *Putnam’s Monthly*, it was the intention to present a magazine made up entirely of original American material. Such a magazine would at once be an exponent of the literary status and character of the American writers of that generation, and should also, as its promoters hoped, itself serve as an incentive to a higher literary standard and a more satisfactory literary quality for periodical productions. It was also the expectation of the publishers that some portions at least of the material in a magazine devoted to good literature would be available later for reprinting in the form of books. There was the further consideration that such a magazine could be utilised as effective advertising machinery for increasing lists of books. In 1853, no such heavy outlay was required to place a magazine upon the market as has proved to be necessary in these later periods of magazine competition. My father told me that as far as *Putnam’s Monthly* was concerned, he actually made no cash investment other than the payment to the authors for their contributions for the first two months. The receipts from subscriptions and sales proved to be sufficient, before the time came for the settlement of the bills of the printers and the paper-makers, to provide the necessary resources for these. The circulation of the magazine during the four years of its existence ranged from 12,000 to 20,000 copies. In these days of heavy expenditures for contributions of leading authors (expenditures which under the competition of the rival magazines have been pushed up to very speculative figures), and of the further

expenditures which are considered necessary for the designing and engraving of illustrations, a circulation of less than 100,000 copies may easily mean a loss instead of a profit. What was called the normal price for the earlier contributions to *Putnam's* was \$3 per page. The more important men received \$5, and contributions of a special character were paid for at as high a rate as \$10. Of poetry, not very much was utilised, but such verses as were accepted (mainly for the purpose of filling up any blank half-pages) were paid for at from \$10 to \$25 per poem. I do not find record of the amount of the salary given to the editor. There is no doubt that Mr. Briggs did his full share of work in bringing the magazine into existence and in securing for it a literary prestige which sixty years later is still remembered. I find from my father's correspondence book that the publisher himself gave a very large measure of personal attention to the shaping of the policy of the magazine and to the securing of co-operation from writers who were prepared to interest themselves in carrying out that policy.

The following letter, drafted by my father, bearing date 10 Park Place, October 1, 1852, sets forth briefly the general purpose and character of *Putnam's Monthly* as he had planned it:

SIR:

We take the liberty of informing you of our intention to publish an original periodical of a character different from any now in existence, and, as it is our wish to have the best talent of the country to aid us in the undertaking, to solicit your assistance as a contributor.

We purpose to publish *monthly* a work which shall combine the popular character of a Magazine, with the higher and graver aims of a Quarterly Review. We hope to preserve in all its departments an independent and elevated tone; and we plan to make it as essentially an organ of American thought

as possible. The want of such a publication, we believe, has long been felt in this Country, and it is only after mature consideration, and on the advice of some of the most eminent literary and scientific men of the Union who have offered us their aid, that we have determined on the attempt to supply such want. We believe that the facilities connected with an established publishing business will enable us to place the work at once on a high footing, and beyond ordinary contingencies.

The work will be wholly original, and, as we are well aware that gratuitous contributions ought not to be relied on, even though they could be, we expect to pay as liberally as the nature of the work will allow, for all articles that we may accept.

The first number of the work will be issued on the first of next January; it will contain about 144 pages, occasionally illustrated, and printed in the best manner, and will be sold at \$3.00 a year.

As it is desirable that we should know the extent of our literary resources, we shall be greatly obliged by as early an answer as may suit your convenience, whether or not you will be able to furnish us an occasional article, and if you will be willing that your name should be announced as a probable contributor. Business considerations making it important that no publicity should be given to our design before all our arrangements have been completed, you will oblige us by regarding this as a confidential communication until we make our public announcement.

We are, Sir,

Yours very respectfully,

G. P. PUTNAM & CO

MANCHESTER, MASS.,

Oct. 15, 1852

MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM & Co.

GENTLEMEN: Yours of the first, relating to a proposed Magazine, reached me within a few days only. I should esteem it an honour to have my name associated with Mr.

Irving's and Mr. Bryant's, and, would it help your purpose, should gladly give it, were it not extremely doubtful whether I shall ever again be a contributor to any periodical work.

With all the aid the gentlemen you mention may afford you, I trust that you mean to have an able and responsible editor, in whom you can confide, and to whom you will give full powers. A periodical work can scarcely get on well for any length of time, without such a head.

When you speak of the intended Magazine being "essentially an organ of American thought," you mean, I trust, that the works and subjects upon which it will treat will be principally American. You are not going to put in a spade to help dig the ditch (which some in your city are so hard at work upon) between our literature and that of our Fatherland. Those good people, labour they ever so hard, stand a much more likely chance of being sunk in the mud, than of ever completing their work.

There is danger even in that which I have supposed to be your plan. You may fail to interest our best readers; and, worse still, you may insensibly lower the quality of your work; for that will be affected by the quality of that of which it treats:—commonplace will beget commonplace. But I take it you do not mean to be exclusive, nor so very American that you cannot be duly English.

Pardon the suggestions. And though I feel it right, under the circumstances, to decline your invitation, believe me to be a well-wisher to you in your undertaking

With great regard,

Gentlemen, yours,

RICHARD H. DANA, Jr.

Should you have occasion to send to me, please direct to Boston, care of Richard H. Dana.

CAMBRIDGE, Oct.

MR. G. P. PUTNAM.

DEAR SIR: I shall be very happy to contribute occasionally to the pages of your new magazine, but wish to do so anonymously. At the same time I shall have no objection to have

my name mentioned in the list of contributors, if you think it worth while.

If you like I will send you a poem for your first Number. How soon shall you want it?

Yours very truly,
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

CONCORD, MASS., Oct. 11, 1852.

GENTLEMEN: Nothing could be more agreeable to me than the establishment of an American Magazine of truly elevated and independent tone, and if you shall really and perseveringly attempt that, you shall be sure of my hearty co-operation and aid. Perhaps my interest in such a project is even more serious than your own; but if I were nearer New York than I am, I should immediately seek an interview with you to name certain parties whose concurrence I think important; and now I shall esteem it a favour if you will inform me who, if any there be, in Boston is acquainted with your design, or if none there, what literary man in New York.

Respectfully,
R. W. EMERSON

BOSTON, Nov. 8, 1852

MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM & Co.

GENTLEMEN: I have delayed answering your polite request longer than I intended, for which I must beg you to excuse me.

It is not in my power to promise at present to be a contributor to any periodical. I have as many and varied occupations as are necessary to take up all my time. Otherwise I should have much pleasure in aiding a design which I heartily approve of and which I am sure you will carry out with spirit and talent.

Yours very truly,
O. W. HOLMES.

NEW YORK, Nov. 5, 1852.

G. P. PUTNAM, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR: In answer to your circular letter, I may say that I shall be glad to contribute to your Magazine, and that

you are at liberty to use my name to that effect if you think it worth the while.

Your project seems to me to have a very unobstructed prospect of success before it, so far at least as any domestic rivalry is concerned. *Harper's Magazine* is a mere stale and dishonest hash, when it is not a stupid vehicle of Methodism; and the *Knickerbocker*, I presume, will wily stand in your way.

Yours very truly

H. JAMES.

[Father of Henry James, Jr., and of Prof. Wm. James.]

The first number of the magazine appeared promptly, as promised, on the 2d of January, 1853. The plan was pursued from the outset of printing articles without the names of the contributors. The leading article in the pea-green monthly, following the introductory paper of the editor, Mr. Briggs, was devoted to the subject of Cuba. In a later number was given as a frontispiece the portrait of the "author of Cuba," a print which made clear, to New Yorkers at least, that the paper was the work of the clever young journalist, Richard B. Kimball. Mr. Kimball takes high ground in his paper in regard to the manifest destiny of Cuba to become, in the near future, a part of the dominion of the United States. He refers to the offer made by President Polk of one hundred million dollars for the purchase of the island. He says among other things

Cuba is oppressed beyond any parallel in history. She dreads and hates her oppressor. She longs for freedom. She looks for aid to the United States to which she is indebted for nearly all her late improvements. During the past fifteen years the island has been gradually becoming Americanised.

It is his conclusion that as Spain has refused to make sale of the island, pressure should be brought to bear in

whatsoever way may seem most effective for its annexation, peaceably if possible. He looks forward to the accomplishment of this purpose within the next few years. Mr. Kimball’s premises appear to have been fairly correct, and his conclusions have, with one exception, been carried out more accurately than is often the case with prophecies, but his few years extended to nearly half a century.

The number further contains a paper devoted to the “Homes of American Authors,” the text of which was a volume that had been published by the House during the holiday season, under the same title. A further article was devoted to American Spiritualism, a subject which, in connection with manifestations in Rochester, the doings of the Fox family in Wayne County, the investigations of Robert Dale Owen and others, was becoming an active question of the day. A series of papers entitled “Our Young Authors” is initiated by a study of Donald G. Mitchell, the author of *Reveries of a Bachelor*. A study of the exceptional record of *Uncle Tom’s Cabin* is the most noteworthy of the other longer articles.

The literary editor has hardly done himself justice in the paragraph devoted to Thackeray’s new romance, *Henry Esmond*. The reviewer is permitted to say:

In our opinion the book is anything but a failure. . . . It has all the nice power of observation and picturesqueness of the author, but as the scene is laid in past times, it cannot have the freshness and truth of a novel relating to the present day. . . . The story is a little too intricate and not over interesting.

The earlier group of correspondence which went out from the publishing office of *Putnam’s* was very largely directed to the writers of New England. It was unquestionably the case that, between the War of 1812 and the Civil War, Boston was, as nearly as any one place could be, the centre of the literary activities of the country.

The group of writers whose homes were within reach of Boston was considerable in number, and included many names which will hold a permanent place in the literature of America and of the world. Writers outside of New England who were ambitious to have their work associated with the books of the New England group fell into the habit of sending their manuscripts to the publishers of Boston. It was only after the close of the Civil War, say from 1865 to 1886, that New York secured an assured pre-eminence in the quantity and in the importance of its literary output. A very important factor, however, in emphasising New York as a literary centre, and in bringing the influence of New York to bear upon the work of encouraging American authorship, was the publication of *Putnam's Monthly Magazine*.

Among the New England writers from whom papers were secured for the magazine during the first year or two were Lowell, Hawthorne, Holmes, Longfellow, Whipple, Agassiz, Whittier, James Freeman Clarke, Lydia Maria Child, Julia Ward Howe, Elizabeth Peabody, George S. Hillard, Francis Parkman, James T. Fields, Edward Everett Hale, and Catherine Sedgwick.

Curtis, whose contributions and whose editorial work did so much to give character and prestige to the magazine, while a New Englander by birth, was at this time to be classed as a New Yorker. A series of papers by Lowell, entitled "A Moosehead Journal," formed an attractive feature of the volume for 1853. Among the more regular of the New York contributors were Parke Godwin, who for some time had the responsibilities of the political editorship of the magazine; Curtis, previously referred to, whose *Potiphar Papers* were the result of a suggestion from my father that New York society was entitled to some attention; Henry T. Tuckerman, whose pen was always in readiness for work on out-of-the-way historical

subjects, and whose papers, while sometimes heavy, were always sound and full of information; Charles W. Elliott, Richard B. Kimball, Bayard Taylor, John P. Kennedy, whose romances *Horseshoe Robinson*, *Swallow Barn*, etc., had gained him a place in American literature; George Pomeroy Keese, who interested himself particularly in matters connected with the stage; Leonard Kip of Albany, who devoted himself particularly to studies of the Hudson River Valley; Frederick S. Cozzens, whose most successful contribution was a series entitled “The Sparrowgrass Papers”; Mrs. Caroline Kirkland, critic of literature and society; Herman Melville, whose most important contribution was a story entitled “Israel Potter, or Fifty Years’ Exile”; and Mr. Bryant, who found time in the midst of his editorial work for an occasional poem.

Reference has already been made to the character of the leading articles in the initial number. In the second number of the monthly, the experiment is made of introducing illustrations, not for purposes of adornment, but as required to elucidate the text of the first paper in a series entitled “New York Daguerreotyped.” The illustrations are good specimens of the wood-cutting work of the time, but do not attempt any artistic effect. A bird’s-eye view of New York looking southward from Union Square presents a much more harmonious effect than can be found in a similar view to-day, in which the sky-line would be broken by the groups of American “sky-scrapers.” The second of the “young authors” who receives attention is Herman Melville, who had already made his mark, and whose most noteworthy volumes have retained their fame to the present day. The article which was really entitled to the first place in the magazine (although it is probable that its literary importance was not recognised at the time by either editor or readers) is entitled “Our Best Society.” It is the initial paper in the series which

was later known as the *Potiphar Papers*, and which introduced George William Curtis as one of the authors of the country. The interest in the subject of Cuba is kept up with an illustrated article on Havana. It appears to have been the expectation of the day that the Democratic administration, with the enormous pressure on the part of the slave States desiring new territory, aided by a considerable body of philanthropists in the Northern States, who found just cause for indignation at the Spanish misrule in the island, would carry through the policy of annexation. As far as it is to-day practicable to judge of the history, I should imagine that the defeat of annexation was chiefly due to the growing belief throughout the Northern States that the slavery influence was a stronger incentive than the desire for the better welfare of the Cubans, and that the country could not well afford the addition of two or three more slave States. The editor, Mr. Briggs, and his associate, Mr. Curtis, and also their publisher, were in cordial sympathy with the anti-slavery movement. Further reference to this detail will be made in connection with some of the later numbers in which were printed the political articles of Parke Godwin. An article which made a very much larger sensation at the time, than was created by the graceful society sketch of Mr. Curtis, was entitled "Have We a Bourbon among Us?" The author was the Rev. John H. Hanson, who had for a number of years been a close associate and friend of the Rev. Eleazar Williams. Mr. Hanson had convinced himself that Mr. Williams was the lost Bourbon prince who, if it had not been for the Revolution of 1789, would have ruled in France as Louis XVII. He had succeeded in interesting in his evidence a considerable number of people whose opinions carried weight, and among others the Rev. Dr. Hawks of Calvary Church, whose conclusions on a matter of modern history were likely to be accepted

as authoritative in New York and throughout the country. Mr. Hanson's argument was later developed into a book, which secured an immediate circulation and which aroused a good deal of attention on both sides of the Atlantic. It seems probable that Mr. Williams was the most plausible of the series of candidates or so-called pretenders to the crown of the lost prince. I remember, at a reception held in my father's house in 16th Street, in 1853, at about the time of the publication of this article, being introduced by my father to an elderly gentleman with a pleasant and rather venerable face, who patted me in a kindly manner on the head, and being cautioned by my father to bear the incident in mind, as it might be the only occasion in my life in which I should shake hands with a real king. I was somewhat puzzled as to how a king could be real who had no kingdom, and it was some years before I understood the history. Mr. Williams died in 1855. He was supposed to have been nine years old in 1789, and he had, therefore, in living to be sixty-six, nearly filled the measure of his years. It is probable that in his later years this theory of his royalist ancestry gave him a fresh interest in life and secured for him some pleasurable experiences that would certainly not have been attainable for a simple Indian missionary. The theory of his ancestry, however pleasing to himself, seems to have caused no commotion in the France of Louis Napoleon. It is possible that if the story had taken shape a few years earlier when the Bourbon Louis Philippe was still on the throne, it might have had a larger political result.

NEW YORK, July 24, 1853

REV. E. WILLIAMS.

REVEREND SIR: I enclose the \$15 which Mr. Hanson mentions will be sufficient for your expenses to New York; and should be very glad if you can make it convenient to come down soon, to be here on Wednesday the 1st February, or on

the following Wednesday. We are anxious to make use of every available mode of throwing light upon the very interesting circumstances connected with your life, and I trust we may be successful in arriving at a satisfactory result. We shall be happy to give you a room for a few days in our house, No. 92 East 16th Street. If you see Mr. Hanson first he will show you the way.

It is very important that you should bring the daguerreotypes, and all correspondence, etc., which relate to the subject.

If you would be good enough to send a line by mail to say when we shall expect you, you would oblige, Reverend Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

G. P. PUTNAM.

In the third number, the leading position is given to an article on Japan. The writer emphasises the value for the United States of coming into relations with this Asiatic power, using as his text the recent expedition which had been sent out by the Government under Commodore Perry. In the earlier months of 1853, the actual knowledge possessed by the United States of things Japanese was but inconsiderable, and the emphasis laid upon the importance of Japan in the future history of the world shows some prescience on the part of this particular student of current politics. A further paper is devoted to Cuba, and one to what is called the Woman Movement, which through the organisation of the women's suffrage associations has begun to assume importance. The editorial division of the magazine gives full space to the purpose of the International Copyright Committee, in the work of which my father was at that time, as ever, active. There appears to have been in March, 1853, some hopeful expectation of action on the part of the Secretary of State and the Senate in forming a treaty with Great Britain.

In the April number, the leading position is given to the

Potiphar Papers, the natural inference being that the importance of Mr. Curtis's clever satire is beginning to be appreciated. In May, is begun the publication of a series of papers by Fenimore Cooper on the old *Ironsides*, which had been left at Cooper's death (in 1851) practically in readiness for the press. The most important solid paper in the number is devoted to Layard's recent discoveries of the ruins of Nineveh and Babylon. The writer of the article believes that through a continuation of similar excavations under proper scholarly supervision, it ought to prove practicable to add many centuries to the recorded history of mankind. *The World's Progress*, in the edition printed in 1850, following Haydn's *Dictionary of Dates*, had quoted as the year for the creation of the world the date fixed by Archbishop Usher, 4004 B.C. It is fair, however, to the editor of *The World's Progress* to say that he took pains to qualify this date with the words "according to Usher." The discoveries of Layard, between the years 1850 and 1852, gave evidence of nations that had arrived at a high state of civilization, and places their recorded history at dates estimated from 2000 to 2500 B.C. Layard's great book on Nineveh and Babylon had, as before mentioned, been published by G. P. Putnam in co-operation with John Murray. Between the years 1867 and 1871, the investigations of George Smith in Mesopotamia brought to light records on clay tablets which, according to the authorities on the earlier cuneiform characters and according to the tablets of the kings, must have been put into shape not later than 4000 B.C. These dates were confirmed and in some instances extended by the work of French and German explorers during the succeeding ten years. The most noteworthy results of the century, however, have been secured under the direction of an American, John P. Peters, D.D. The expeditions initiated and directed by Peters carried on their

work between the years 1891-96. These brought to light buildings for which the dates could be substantially fixed, and records of the kings and other tablets which carried back the recorded civilisation of lower Mesopotamia to about 5000 years B.C. The chronology of Archbishop Usher might well have been corrected in 1853 by the publisher of *The World's Progress*. It now belongs, of course, among the curiosities of history.

In the June number, the important space is given to the expeditions which had recently been fitted out in search of the ships of Sir John Franklin. This paper is followed by an appreciative article on Thackeray, the text of which was a recent visit of Thackeray to the States as a lecturer. The articles descriptive of New York, its commercial undertakings, its educational institutions, the plans for the development of its streets, etc., are continued through the year. In August, 1853, the initial article is devoted to the scheme for the Crystal Palace, which took shape in New York in the following year. The management of the New York Crystal Palace fell into speculative hands, and the undertaking failed to secure success. The failure was followed by the destruction some time later of the palace itself by fire. A large portion of the exhibits were destroyed, and the suits brought by the exhibitors against the Crystal Palace Company for the value of these exhibits were in themselves sufficient to drive the company into bankruptcy. The glass palace had been placed on the Sixth Avenue side of Reservoir Square, which lies between 40th and 42d Streets, the square to which has since been given the name of Bryant Park and which now holds the magnificent building of the Public Library.

The failure of the Crystal Palace Co. was something in which my father came to have a personal interest. In order to finish the record of the palace undertakings, the

matter can be mentioned here. He had entered into an agreement with the company to publish the official catalogue in the smaller form in which it was to be sold to the visitors and in the larger volumes which were planned to preserve a permanent illustrated record of the exhibits. Some \$30,000 was invested in the production of this series of illustrated volumes. The indignation of the exhibitors with the ineffective business management of the company and with the impossibility of securing the value of the exhibits that had been destroyed by fire, stood in the way of any continued demand for the illustrated record of the exhibition. A similar record which had been published for the London exhibition of 1851 had brought a substantial profit to its publisher, and it was with the knowledge of this previous undertaking that my father's plans had been shaped. He lost through the publication and through the default in some of its contracts by the company something over \$30,000, a loss the results of which were still troubling him at the opening of the disastrous year of 1857.

EAST WINDSOR HILL, Jan. 27, 1853.

MY DEAR SIR: . . . I do most sincerely hope and trust that the *Monthly* will flourish abundantly, and become a fixed fact, and a standing honour to yourself and to the literature of our country. Our native authors ought to support, and be supported, by publications of the kind, whose credit should rank above competition from any foreign source. The overgrowth of Magazines made up like "the giant of the Monthlies," however advantageous it may prove in the dissemination of instructive and entertaining reading, at a cheap rate, among the people, is not precisely what a thoughtful and patriotic American scholar can contemplate with entire complacency. We have declared, and in a great measure have achieved, our independence of the Old World in matters of government, and in the domestic arts. But in literature and in the fine

arts, we are yet in the midst of the struggle. The successes and disasters of publications like your *Monthly* serve to mark the progress of the conflict, and though the victory may not come speedily, it is nevertheless bound to follow by-and-by.

Hoping that you may stand firmly against foreign invasion and from behind your intrenchment of corn-stalk and sugar-cane, though with no better weapons than old continental fuses, and slugs and buckshot manufactured at our own firesides from household pewter, give the Hessians as good as they send—and better, I remain

Very truly and respectfully yours,
ERASTUS W. ELLSWORTH.

The following letter to the brilliant and erratic author of *The Diamond Lens* makes it evident that my father preferred to utilise his services as a contributor rather than as an editor.

NEW YORK, Nov. 6, 1854.

FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR: On reflection it seems to me hardly likely that your views and ours would sufficiently harmonise for so regular and permanent a connection as that proposed—and although I should on many accounts be glad to avail myself of your valuable co-operation in the department in question, yet, having those doubts, I think it best to state them frankly now, before there can be any disappointment.

You will not, of course, object to my having my own "notions" about these things, even if they are whimsical—and I trust my decision in this matter need not be made the cause of any unpleasant feeling. This remark is possibly quite superfluous. I have no doubt many very desirable papers from your pen will be gladly inserted in the Magazine if you are so disposed. The whole management of the Magazine is a matter of much difficulty involving many annoyances and vexations—far outweighing its immediate profit; and it is but natural that I should wish to control it in the way which

seems to me pleasantest, without being too strictly accountable to others for my motives and reasons.

Very truly yours,

G. P. PUTNAM.

“PUTNAM’S MONTHLY” AND LONGFELLOW, 1854.

(Printed in the New York *Evening Post*.)

Littell’s *Living Age*, No. 529, publishes Longfellow’s poem of the “Two Angels,” and credits it to *Bentley’s Miscellany*. This poem, as most intelligent people know, was written for *Putnam’s Monthly* and published in that Magazine in April last. Bentley then appropriated it as original and shamefully omitted to say where he took it from; and now Mr. Littell (innocently, of course, but rather carelessly) copies it with a credit to Bentley! “Encouragement to original genius” is a very laudable thing—but if choice bits of this kind are to be appropriated at once as public property, and not only so but actually credited to a foreign journal that has stolen them, while the original publisher who alone has paid the author, and paid liberally, is wholly ignored, it is pretty evident that the publisher’s “encouragement” is something less than the author’s!

The meanness of sundry English Magazines in this particular, viz.—appropriating as original, in their own papers, the best original articles of American periodicals has been practised too long. As to the appropriation itself, they find, of course, abundant examples and provocation on this side—but it is not a general practice, to say the least, for American periodicals to take such things without acknowledging their origin. This is a meanness of which several popular and respectable English Magazines—especially *Bentley’s*—have been repeatedly guilty. Indeed it is an every-day matter with them. American republishers from English Magazines should be up early in the morning, therefore, with their eyes open, if they would avoid any liability for taking copyright matter belonging to their neighbours, who had paid for it in just the same way that they have paid for their pantaloons or their bread and butter. It

is hardly excusable for so experienced and excellent an editor as Mr. Littell to pass over a poem by Longfellow when it first appears in an American Magazine right under his eyes, and then to copy it two months later from an English Magazine as a foreign production. The first sin—as in the case of Dr. Bethune's story in *Putnam's Monthly*—is the Londoner's who passed off other people's property as his own—and in that case the same sin was inexcusably repeated by the New York Magazine which in turn seized it and passed it off as its own—for neither appropriator gave the slightest kind of acknowledgment of the origin of the assumed property. This rather glaring instance, by the way, although commented upon very freely at the time by the press seems to be even yet grossly misunderstood by unthinking people—even by editors. Very recently, a Western editor spoke of *Putnam's Monthly* having in that instance got the start of *Harper* in copying an article from *Eliza Cook's Journal*! Most of the schoolboys know by this time that *Putnam's Monthly* copies no articles whatever from foreign journals but is wholly original and copyright matter. Dr. Bethune's story was written for *Putnam's*. Eliza Cook took it without credit as her own—and thence it was copied (again without credit) into *Harper*, three months after it had been first published in *Putnam's*.

Whatever may be said of the copyright or of the reprinting—be that right or wrong—it is clearly not right that a work of genius, for the right of circulating which a publisher has liberally paid the author, should be forcibly seized and then advertised as belonging to somebody three thousand miles off.

G. P. P.

June, 1854.

NEWBURYPORT, May 27, 1854.

MESSRS. PUTNAM & CO.

. . . I have long wished to take the liberty to tell you how I have gloried in the advent of such a periodical as yours, among the flying literature of the day. And from its beginning, as my friends have handed me in their numbers to read, I have exulted in its existence, as what had till then been the grand *desideratum* in our country. Its spirit is so bright and

mild,—so good-tempered and republican, and so of the right-mindedness,—it seems like a joyous unsophisticated child playing with sunbeams, and caring not on what truths or absurdities they fall, so that they do but show off truly that on which they strike, making the gold sparkle, and the dross show out, as what it is.

I know not if it imbibes this spirit, and inherits its honourable name as lineally descended from its illustrious namesake, the heroic Israel of the Revolution, of whose patriotic valour my father, as his brother officer, used to tell me: but from its starting, I have hoped in it, as a publication that would put to flight or exterminate some of the wolves of the day, whatsoever the clothing they assume—whether this be pernicious publication, false prophets, or fashionable follies borrowed with ridiculous inconsistency from monarchies by republicans who boast of their republicanism.

I have hoped also that it was going to be instrumental in establishing “a Bourbon among us.” For that there is one I have hardly a doubt.

Excuse the liberty I have used in this prolific address, which had perhaps been better comprised in, God speed the *Putnam’s*.

With much respect,

H. F. GOULD.

CHAPTER X

Publications of 1851-56

AMONG the more noteworthy of the publications that came into the book list of the House during the first three or four years of its existence may be noted the following:

The Book of Home Beauty, edited by Mrs. Caroline M. Kirkland. This was a volume that was hardly to be classed as literature. It was made up of twelve portraits engraved on steel with some descriptive text, the subjects of which were the leading ladies of New York society, or at least such among these ladies as had been willing to lend their faces for the purpose. The special circle in 1850 was smaller naturally than might have been the case half a century later, but it is still a little difficult to understand how either publisher or editor could have had sufficient daring to select out of the group twelve ladies accepted as the most beautiful. One can easily imagine certain social heart-burnings as resulting from this volume. Whether on this ground, or simply because there was in fact no actual requirement for a book of such a character, the publication proved a failure and resulted in a substantial deficiency.

The *Home Book of the Picturesque*, published during the same year, was an undertaking of a different and, it is fair to say, of a higher character. American landscape

painters were doing increasingly good work, and there was every reason why their work should be commemorated, although here also the method of reproduction, the steel plate, left much to be desired. John F. Kensett, whose letter follows, became a close friend of my father, and was associated with him in the Union League and Century clubs, and later as a summer neighbour at Five Mile River on the Sound. He died in 1872, a few days before my father.

NEW YORK, Nov. 15, 1851.

GEO. P. PUTNAM, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR: The parcel containing copy of the *Book of the Picturesque* with its accompanying note I have just seen. Please accept my best thanks for the gift. It is a beautiful book and I have no doubt of its success.

I cannot say that I am satisfied with the translation of my sketch and I think it could have been made very much better with very little work had I had a proof to touch up, *mais n'importe*.

Should the success of the present book warrant a repetition the ensuing year, I think the artistic excellence might be greatly increased by a careful selection of pictures and an equally careful revision of the engraved proofs before the plates are put in the printers' hands, which in this instance time would not admit of being done.

Your tempting offer of an exchange of our respective wares I accept with great pleasure, and as I shall be down town early in the week, I will call in upon you.

With much respect,

I remain, Dear Sir,

Very truly yours,

JNO. F. KENSETT.

Charles Astor Bristed, a grandson of John Jacob Astor, who had taken university work in Cambridge, described in a volume entitled *Five Years in an English University* the life of an American student in Cambridge. The book

was the first of its kind, and continued for a long series of years thereafter to be accepted as an authority. Mary Cowden Clarke, whom my father had come to know before leaving London, published through him the American edition of the book entitled *The Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines*, a book which has remained in permanent repute. Fenimore Cooper printed before 1852 certain of the volumes in his long series which have deservedly remained the most popular. The catalogue of 1851 includes, by the same author, a *Naval History of the United States*, a book which has furnished material for all later historians of our navy.

J. D. B. De Bow, Professor of Political Economy in the University of Louisiana, published in three large volumes a statistical work on the *Industrial Resources of the Southern and Western States*. It is a little surprising to find a work of this character coming from the South. It is certainly the case that prior to 1855 the intellectual work done in the Southern States had a much larger relative importance to that of the country as a whole than has been the case since. De Bow's *Review*, published, I believe, both in New Orleans and in Washington, presented for a series of years almost the only political economy and political science which secured consideration in any of the American periodicals of the time. S. S. Cox published in 1851 a story of travels in Europe and the Orient, entitled *The Buckeye Abroad*. Mr. Cox was a young Ohioan who knew how to observe and how to describe. He came later into Congress where he remained an active figure until his death about 1889. He was a Democrat, but one of the group that gave to the Government during the years of the Civil War loyal and effective support. He associated himself actively in the work for international copyright, but his principal achievement was the practical creation of the life-saving service of the

coast. He served a term as Minister at Constantinople, and published later through G. P. Putnam's Sons three or four pleasant volumes of travel. In 1851, was published *Mosses from an Old Manse*, by Nathaniel Hawthorne, whose name was at that time practically unknown in the literary world. The author failed to secure through this first book any such favour with the critics or with the reading public as might have been expected from his later position among the great creative writers of the world. The fault was evidently not with the book, which has been properly placed among his masterpieces, but with the lack of understanding or appreciation on the part of the public. Two years after the publication my father was able to report a total sale not exceeding 750 copies. His letter to Mr. Hawthorne, giving this result, expresses naturally cordial sympathy and also no little surprise at the lack of perception on the part of the public. At the time that this letter was written, the manuscript of *The Scarlet Letter* had been completed and was lying in the author's desk in his office in the Custom House at Salem. Discouraged, naturally enough, at this unsatisfactory report from his first publisher, Hawthorne left this new manuscript in his desk for a year or more. Some chapters of it had been read to his wife and to a few personal friends in Salem, and the account of the reading had come to the ears of James T. Fields, a publisher whose literary perceptions were of the keenest, and whose publishing ambitions were large. Fields journeyed to Salem, secured with some difficulty an examination of the manuscript, and succeeded in carrying it back with him to Boston. After the publication of *The Scarlet Letter*, suggestions from different publishers came in rapidly to the young author. Properly enough, however, and also wisely from a business point of view, he decided to keep his books grouped together in the hands of Ticknor & Fields. My

father's disappointment in failing to maintain publishing relations with this particular author was the keener because Hawthorne had married his first cousin, Sophia Peabody, and the expectation was that, other things being equal, Hawthorne's material should be placed in my father's hands. As the matter had shaped itself, however, my father could make no objection to the transfer later to Ticknor & Fields of the first book, *Mosses from an Old Manse*.

A letter written by Hawthorne, in 1839, to the publisher of the New York *Mirror* may be inserted here:

Jan., 1839.

DEAR SIR: It will give me great pleasure to comply with your proposition in regard to contributions for the *Mirror*, so far as it may be in my power. I think I can furnish the five articles within the year, at furthest—and perhaps much sooner. Just at the moment I am undergoing somewhat of a metamorphosis; for Mr. Bancroft has formed so high an opinion of my capacity for business as to offer me the post of Inspector in the Boston Custom House—and as I know nothing to the contrary of my suitability for it (knowing nothing about the matter), I have determined to accept. I understand that I shall have a good deal of leisure time, the greater part of which I mean to employ in writing books for the series projected by the Board of Education, which, I think, promises to be more profitable than any other line of literary labour. Still I shall not utterly lay by the story-telling trade, and shall be happy to come before the public through such a medium as the *Mirror*. It rejoices me to hear of its high repute, under your management.

How is our friend Mr. Benjamin?

Very truly yours,

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

GEO. P. MORRIS.

The volumes of Sir Francis Head, *Bubbles from the*

Brunnen, *A Fagot of French Sticks*, and *A Journey Across the Pampas*, made for themselves a good repute on both sides of the Atlantic. Head's account of Paris in the year preceding the *coup d'état* presents an admirable picture which has value as history. A volume entitled *Homes of American Authors* was put into print in 1852. It included, in addition to views of the houses, personal, critical, and biographical sketches by Curtis, Briggs, Godwin, Bryant, Mrs. Kirkland, and others. The editor's name is not given. This book proved to be one of the publishing successes. In 1852, a collection was made of the works of Thomas Hood, a writer who had always been a favourite of my father. The papers appear to have been compiled from the several periodicals in which they had appeared, including, of course, the serial issued under the title of *Hood's Own*.

It was the case with Hood, as some years later with De Quincey, that the first complete edition of his writings was issued on our side of the Atlantic.

John P. Kennedy, of Maryland, who in 1845 had been Secretary of the Navy, published between 1851 and 1853 two stories, *Horse-Shoe Robinson* and *Swallow Barn*, which were faithful and artistic stories of Virginia and Maryland in the earlier years of the Republic. Frederick Law Olmsted, who was a cousin of my mother's, published in 1851, *Walks and Talks of an American Farmer in England*. Mr. Olmsted, who became later one of the successful landscape gardeners of the country, had had some training as a scientific agriculturist. His observations in England were largely devoted to farming conditions and possibilities. The book reached a sixth edition and attracted a full measure of attention on both sides of the Atlantic. The author was clear-sighted enough to point out how serious the competition of American wheat was going to prove to the earnings of the English farmer and to the

income of the English rural landlord. In later years, Olmsted made two journeys through the Southern States, and published two books, under the titles of *A Journey through the Seaboard Slave States* and *A Journey to Texas*. These books were interesting as narratives, but had special value as trustworthy pictures of economic conditions in the South in the years immediately preceding the Civil War—conditions which, as the author pointed out, rendered probable, if not necessary, something in the shape of a radical change or revolution. They have been compared to Arthur Young's *Studies of Rural France in 1787-89*. The increased demand for authoritative information in regard to the social history of the country gave warrant for bringing these books again into print half a century later.

The following letter from Irving's London publisher gives indication of the increasing difficulties in protecting the authorised editions of American books:

LONDON, August 9, 1850.

From ROBT. COOKE,

(Partner of JOHN MURRAY.)

MY DEAR SIR:

I have written by the post to Mr. Washington Irving, and to make sure of his receiving the packet without delay I have addressed it to your care.

I need scarcely tell you it is on the subject of protecting his and our copyright of his works in this country, and I do hope and trust you will be enabled to assist us in our great want, namely, the correct dates of publication in America of the early works of Mr. Irving, and to put both in some way as good evidence.

Our only hope is this, and I really believe if we obtain these facts we are likely to maintain our rights and give to American authors in general a protection here, provided we can prove priority of publication.

I regret to say Mr. Bohn was enabled to obtain from Mr.

Delf an affidavit (a copy of which I enclose) which perfectly astonished me and took me by surprise. This is a dig from what we supposed a friendly quarter, as we hardly supposed your agent would directly or indirectly sell a copy of Irving's Works. It was done without our knowledge, and on speaking to Mr. Delf he was obliged to confess you declined to supply him; so he got them through a friend in New York for himself!

Is it true that you have exported copies of Irving's Works to Chapman or to Bohn, as both make affidavits? I wish you would give me the positive dates of publication of each of the volumes of Irving's new editions of his Works. The dates of Mr. Melville's Works came most opportunely and were much to the purpose, but that case is thrown over as well as Mr. Irving's till November, when they are to be tried in a Court of Law.

We shall be most anxious to hear from Mr. Irving and yourself, as everything depends on the evidence we can produce as to publication in America. I have enclosed to Mr. Irving the dates of our publication, and we feel sure that a good month must have elapsed before the works appeared in the United States. Are Mr. Irving's former publishers Carey, Lea & Blanchard?

With kind compliments,

I am, my dear Sir,

Faithfully yours,

ROBERT COOKE.

The home at Stapleton, Staten Island, was retained until the close of 1851. In the summer of this year my father made a journey to England, and (I believe because my health was unsatisfactory) decided to take with him myself, at that time seven years old. I doubt whether I secured, or whether any child of that age can secure, any such service from travel experience as repays the trouble and expense to the parent. 1851 was the year of the World's Exhibition in London, the first international

undertaking of the kind. The plan of such an international exhibit of the productions of the great states of the world, and of bringing together in fraternal intercourse exhibitors and visitors from these states, had originated with Prince Albert, and was one of the many noteworthy ideas contributed by the Queen's husband to the civilisation of the century. In one of the earlier statements of the plan of the Exhibition the Prince emphasised the view, repeated later in his opening address, with a beautiful combination of common sense and public spirit, that friendly industrial competition would be one of the first means of securing the peace of the world. The Prince took strong ground, in opposition to the still general belief that nations were natural antagonists and that their rights and interests could be preserved only by frequent wars and preparations for wars, but his arguments were also aimed at the theories in regard to protective tariffs which still control the policy of nearly all the states of the world. If it were the case, as the protectionists were disposed to maintain, that one nation could increase in prosperity only at the expense of its neighbours and competitors, and that all purchases made from territory outside the national boundaries must, of necessity, weaken the resources and tend to lessen the prosperity of the home state, then the walls put up by protective tariffs to hamper interstate transactions were essential to the maintenance of the industrial interests, if not to the very existence, of the state itself. The larger the proportion of the goods used that could be secured from home production and the smaller the proportion imported from without, the greater the welfare of the individual citizens and the more assured the wealth and prosperity of the state. Acting on this policy, the states of Europe had put into force a long series of complicated enactments having for their purpose the hampering of foreign trade, the lessening of the amount of foreign goods

brought into their respective home territories, and the building up of home industries which should produce as largely as possible all articles required for home consumption. The United States, while in 1851 far behind the extreme application of these protectionist theories which have later been developed under such statesman as McKinley and Dingley, had still accepted in substance the protectionist theories of Europe (and of China). England alone was making the attempt to convert, first Englishmen, and then the citizens of the world, to the opposite view. English free-traders, headed by Cobden, Bright, Prince Albert, and others, insisted that for communities as for individuals, trade would be carried on only if found profitable for both parties. If it were the case that, in a normal business condition, individual merchants exchanging goods secure advantages both ways, it could fairly be assumed that the same merchants carrying on interstate business would watch over their own interests with equal care in making international exchanges. The wealth of the individual merchants constitutes in the aggregate the wealth of the state. Interferences with international exchanges, increasing the difficulty and the cost of the business transactions, increase proportionately the cost to the consumer of the articles secured. If the barriers were sufficiently effective to prevent altogether the bringing in from foreign states of any specific group of articles, this result could be arrived at only by bringing upon the consumer the necessity for making larger payments for similar articles produced at home. With this class of producers, whose wares could not compete successfully, without such governmental aid, with the productions from abroad, the government practically went into partnership, with the exceptional condition for a partnership, that, when the importations were stopped entirely by the high tariff, the entire profits of the association went to the

home producers, leaving nothing to the Treasury, while the additional cost brought about by such an arrangement was borne by the consumer or the taxpayer.

To Prince Albert and to other Englishmen in the group to which he belonged, a policy of this kind seemed as mediæval, as unreasonable, and as unjust as was the system under which, during certain periods in the Middle Ages, the robber barons of the Rhine had been permitted to control trade in their own way along the banks of the river. It was not one of the least of the motives which influenced the Prince and his associates to put into effect the scheme of the first World's Fair that, in bringing men together with their wares, and in enabling the producers and the consumers of each state to make an actual comparison of their relative advantages for production, a wider and wiser understanding would be arrived at of international business conditions. Unprofitable production would no longer be sustained by the authority of the government and at the expense of the taxpayer. Unnecessary restrictions which had been hampering trade relations would be removed. With larger trade intercourse, and with the removal of burdensome taxes, the consumers would secure better goods at lower prices, while the producers could be assured of larger returns from the more extended markets.

It was also the natural expectation that there would be a direct gain in the transmission from one country into another of industrial arts which had been perfected in one country and which were comparatively unknown in the others. During this period, England was very much behind France, Italy, and the Low Countries in regard to the application of the arts to industries. Its manufacturing methods, while successful in machinery and in mechanics, were curiously clumsy in regard to the production of goods that ought to have been artistic, but which as they came from English workshops were aggravatingly

ugly and ineffective. The development of an artistic sense for furniture, for dress, for buildings, and for general environment in England, may be said to date from the Exhibition of 1851. A further important influence in the minds of the promoters of the Exhibition was the belief that it would herald the abolition of war. One of the most assured of the prophecies outlined in the address of Prince Albert, and repeated in much of the contemporary literature of the year, was that relating to the reduction of armies and fleets and to the expectation that international difficulties were thereafter to be adjusted by arbitration. It is my memory that this first World's Fair gave no space whatever to implements of warfare. Its purpose was to emphasise the industrial and the artistic activities, and, as stated, to further the commercial relations of Europe. This portion of Prince Albert's scheme has, unfortunately, been shown by the history of the later years to have been founded on a very optimistic conception of the nature of mankind. The belief that men would certainly do what was to their own interest, a belief which forms the basis of much of the teachings of the economists of the school of Mill, was shown to have rested on an inadequate foundation. The half-century which passed after the building of Prince Albert's Crystal Palace witnessed a larger number of wars, if not a larger amount of actual fighting, than had troubled the world for any previous similar term since the close of the Thirty Years' War in 1648.

The question, however, of the wide results of this first of the World's Exhibitions or of the wisdom of Prince Albert as opposed to that of Henry C. Carey, naturally caused very little concern to the small boy who was making this journey. My father, with a much better knowledge of English and European conditions than was possessed by other Americans of his age who had not

sojourned on the other side, did have a very keen interest in these theories and prophecies, and, being himself an optimist by temperament, he was disposed at the time (as he told me later) to believe that a new era of peace and international prosperity had really been inaugurated.

We sailed for Liverpool on the side-wheel steamer *Franklin*. She belonged to the first of the steamship lines controlled by American capital and flying the American flag. The line included, in addition to the *Franklin*, the *Washington*, the *Humboldt*, and the *Hermann*. The ownership of the line was partly German, and the trips were later made to Havre, Southampton, and Bremen. It is my impression that the first cabin of the *Franklin* had staterooms for from fifty to sixty passengers. The dining-table was somewhat similar in aspect to that of the old-time sailing packets. The captain acted as host, and there was a personal association between him and his guests and between the guests themselves such as is, of course, impossible under the conditions controlling steamship life to-day. The trip in our case occupied seventeen days; the journeys averaged from twelve to twenty days, varying considerably according to the wind, the steamers depending very largely on the auxiliary power of their sails.

London was, of course, very full, but my father, with his old-time friendly relations, d'd not need to depend upon hotel accommodation. It is difficult to say how far I have recalled from my memory the aspect of London at the time or how far the pictures in my memory came to me through later descriptions. The Crystal Palace was one of the artistic wonders of the day and made a most noteworthy precedent in the use for great buildings of glass and iron, which had heretofore been considered available for nothing larger than a conservatory. The palace constituted, in fact, an extension of the conservatory idea, and its designer, Joseph Paxton (afterwards Sir Joseph

Paxton) had been himself a builder of conservatories and of nothing else. It was Paxton's happy thought, of replacing the brick and mortar upon the use of which the plans of the other designers had been formed, that caught Prince Albert's attention. The use of the glass enabled the space in Hyde Park to be covered without destroying the trees. These trees, some of them of great age, were gathered in under the central dome and the outlying extensions, and when the work of the exhibition was completed the trees were restored to the open air without injury.

While the larger hopes that had been associated with the Exhibition met with disappointment, the immediate advantages to England and to Europe were very important. The merchants who had before been doubtful of the returns to themselves from the expense of preparing exhibits, found these returns so important that they have been prepared from decade to decade since to give a substantial support to similar schemes. The series of World's Exhibitions since 1851 has been noteworthy and influential in many ways.

My father's special business in London during this year was the confirming of his old-time relations with the many publishers and the emphasising for certain British authors of the effectiveness of his own publishing machinery for reaching the increasingly important market of the United States. We returned, I think, in September. The business results of the journey were indicated in a number of the more important publishing undertakings for the succeeding year.

I add here a report of certain phases of the Exhibition, which was printed by my father in the *Evening Post*.

WORLD'S FAIR NOTES.

July, 1851.

Perhaps it is profitless to prose any further about the

mistakes and omissions connected with the American portion of the "Great Exhibition"; and as one of the visitors, I must admit myself wholly incompetent to compare, intelligently and impartially, the articles in which we might have claimed to excel, with those of other nations. Speaking as a novice in almost every branch of manufacture except my own specialty—and not too well posted even in that—I cannot help imagining that our people have jumped somewhat too hastily to the conclusion that they can do everything a great deal better than the rest of the world. If there are those who don't boast quite so far as this, they at least cling tenaciously to the general belief that American progress in everything is so energetic, active, and actually successful, that if it has not, in every branch, really headed off the Europeans, it has come so near it that we need not trouble ourselves as to the result. Perhaps this is all right—perhaps in some instances it is true—but yet a careful, sober look at the actual demonstration of European progress, as shown at the Great Fair, forces one to admit, even against his will, that we have a vast deal yet to learn; that we have boasted almost as much as we have performed; that we have been, nationally speaking, too well contented with the go-ahead-any-way-will-do system; and, in short, that it is more than questionable whether Europe, and especially England, has not, in a large proportion of all important and useful arts, actually travelled faster during the last ten years than the great American Republic itself.

I am too well aware how heretical and unpatriotic such admissions are deemed by our oratorical patriots. It is the fashion to laud "our country, right or wrong," and to deny that she even can be in the wrong or in the rear of the persecuted people of other nations. It is, perhaps, worse than a thankless task to venture a hint or two on the other side of this question. But when one sees what Europe is doing, even in spite of heavy national debts, heavier taxation, and all the drawbacks of expensive governments, one may be constrained to say with Knickerbocker's smoking sages, "I have my doubts." This is understood to be a free country, so I will speak freely, if you, Messrs. Editors, think it worth while to

let a modest and unimportant item like myself have his "say" in your paper.

I intruded one letter before (July 15), commenting upon the Great Exhibition and the American failure therein. That it is a failure, most palpably and unequivocally, is generally admitted, and that it is so from no fault or omission on the part of the English commissioners is, also, I presume undoubted. The simple fact of failure to produce an extensive and commanding show may be excused, or at least accounted for, in a variety of ways, as before hinted; but the worst part about it—(and I appeal to any intelligent American who has seen the exhibition to contradict me, if I misrepresent)—the worst part of it is the evident ambitiousness of the display, united with the comparative meagreness and meanness of the arrangements, and the vulgarity and bad taste of the signs and wonders placed above the whole; all this must be vexatious and mortifying to any American of ordinary judgment and taste—more so than can be imagined at this distance. But it is done, let it pass; unless, peradventure, the commissioner will even now repent of his sins against propriety.

"Give the devil his due," says the old maxim. Why should we not do the same to our crusty old kinsman, Mr. Bull?

Seriously, my dear Mr. Editors, is it wise and judicious for us, as a people, to feed our vanity so greedily on bombast? Has n't our eagle soared so high that his eyes are a little blinded by the sun; or by his lofty position itself? Is it in the best taste for our statesmen and generals to be so often on stilts, looking down with pity upon the "down-trodden," miserable people of Europe, and pharisaically congratulating ourselves that we are not as other people?

Do you infer from these daring queries that the querist has been converted to despotism, and has been so dazzled by European splendours that he is blind alike to our great advantages, and to the real misery of the large masses abroad? If so, your inference is erroneous. What I aim at is, simply to suggest, to insinuate, as gently as our sensitive democracy will permit, that there is much even in the most despotic

country in Europe which we might advantageously copy; that in the more liberal nations, such as mother England, there is a vast deal more that we might envy; that England has far more of freedom than we are usually taught to believe; and that we are sadly, vexatiously, and almost inexcusably behind her in many essential particulars bearing upon domestic comfort, municipal regulations, and protection to individual rights. How long would "short boys" and such like rowdies be tolerated in London? Shall they be necessary appendages to a republic?

Truly yours,

G. P. P.

It was during this journey that the plan of *Putnam's Monthly* was first thought over, although the carrying out of this scheme was delayed for another twelve months.

Towards the close of the year, my father felt sufficiently hopeful about his business future to plan for a material change in the arrangements of his home. With his increasing literary and social responsibilities in New York, he had long found it an inconvenience to be domiciled at Staten Island. In the winter time the intercourse between the island and the city was not infrequently interrupted by ice, and whenever my father had been detained at the office a little later than usual, or was held in town for an evening engagement, my mother had the question before her as to whether he really was to pass the night with a friend in the city or whether the not very trustworthy ferry-boat was drifting down the bay with her paddles clogged with ice.

The new home was fixed in East 16th Street, at number 92, opposite St. George's Church and almost immediately adjoining Stuyvesant Square.

The house in 16th Street soon became the centre of hospitality which, from the frequent return of the same guests, appears to have been none the less attractive

because it was always modest. In the course of 1852, there was instituted a series of evening receptions, which were held on Tuesdays with "no formality and no suppers." To these receptions came some of the best people in New York, using "best" in the sense in which it would be interpreted in literary circles rather than among those who constituted the "four hundred" of the period. Mr. Bryant was one of the most regular attendants, and for the twenty years succeeding this time Bryant might very well have been accepted as the leader of the best of New York society. Curtis was a frequent and a welcome guest, and brought with him from time to time New England friends or kinsmen. Dr. Hawks was naturally a frequent visitor, to look after his parishioner and to represent the scholarship of New York. Parke Godwin, who married the oldest daughter of Bryant, and who was understood to represent the political opinions of *Putnam's Monthly*, came from time to time, although in those earlier years it is my impression that Godwin posed as one who shunned society. Other names to be recalled are those of Frederick Law Olmsted, who was a cousin of my mother's, and who, before attaining fame as a landscape gardener, was known as a clever agriculturist, traveller, and writer; Downing, from whom Olmsted received some of his first encouragement towards making landscape gardening a profession; Bayard Taylor, in the intervals of his series of travels; Mrs. Kirkland, Henry T. Tuckerman, Miss Wormeley, Dr. Spencer, author of a clever book of travels on the East; John P. Kennedy, who occasionally found time to make the journey from Baltimore or from Washington; Professor Gray from Cambridge, Professor Silliman from New Haven, Dr. W. S. Mayo, author of *Kaloolah*; Fenimore Cooper, Richard B. Kimball, George Ripley, Miss Lynch, afterwards Mrs. Botta; Mr. Irving, though rarely. Irving very much preferred a talk with one or two people to what

he called a social function. There was also a representation from Columbia College, including Dr. Anthon, Professor Hackley, etc. Susan Warner and her sister Anna occasionally came to town from West Point, and when the elder sister was in the room there was no difficulty in identifying her presence, as she was an inch or two taller than any other lady present. George H. Calvert occasionally made the journey from Newport, and Catherine Sedgwick would bring to town the latest reports from Berkshire County.

Reference has already been made to the history of Eleazar Williams, who believed himself to be the lost prince, Louis XVII., and whose belief was at the time accepted by a number of good authorities. During the winter of the visit of Mr. Williams to New York, he and his friend Dr. Hanson, who took charge of the literary presentation of his case, were frequent guests at the Tuesday receptions, and the possibility that Louis XVII. was in the room naturally attracted a full share of attention. On one occasion, at least, the 16th Street house received Thackeray, of whose tall figure, big snub nose, and round spectacles, I retain a vivid impression.

My father possessed eminently the social faculty. With no knowledge that was thorough enough to be called that of a scholar, he possessed a very wide range of information, was well read, particularly in history and biography, and had kept himself in touch with the events of modern times on both sides of the Atlantic. He had the interest of an intelligent citizen in all that concerned the welfare of his own country, while he was much better informed as to conditions in England and in Europe than was general with Americans of his generation, to whom Europe was not as near as it has since become. He also had a keen personal sympathy with the men and women with whom he came in contact, and was always ready to interest

himself intelligently both in them and in their work. With his social faculty, it was a pleasure with him to bring people together who might not otherwise have met, and, with a certain sweetness of nature that made it impossible for him to attribute bad motives to anybody else, he was often able to cause people who had issues of one kind or another to forget their differences in his presence. In later times, when I was better able to understand the difficulty of inducing certain types of men to work in harmony, types which include not a few public-spirited citizens who really want to serve the community, I learned to appreciate the value of this faculty of my father's. He made, therefore, an excellent host, and my mother, whose range of interests was smaller, and who found it more difficult to sympathise with people of whom she was not fond, had also herself a social grace and attractiveness of manner which made her a successful hostess. For many years after 16th Street had ceased to be a home for us, I heard these receptions referred to as an example of what could be done with New York society with a little intelligent effort. During these years, Curtis, who had himself a very high standard as to what society ought to be, was describing in his *Potiphar Papers* the efforts of the "four hundred" of the time to find amusement for themselves in a very different fashion.

The following letter from Irving's publisher speaks none too strongly concerning certain piratical appropriations of Irving's works, appropriations which, in one form or other, continued through a long series of years.

IRVING'S EARLIER WORKS

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK "TIMES:"

A paragraph copied in the *Times* from a letter in the *Boston Post* makes a statement in regard to some unknown person's

intention to "do a little freebooting" on some volumes of Irving's earlier works. To call this proposed proceeding "privateering," as the writer does elsewhere, is perhaps scarcely correct, if privateering means licensed and authorised warfare on an enemy's property. This "intention" does not appear to have any such warrant. No enmity or open warfare is pretended—no reprisals for damage done or public or personal injury sustained—but simple, plain, open, or rather secret "freebooting"; for the "enterprising" and "adventurous freebooter" is apparently so doubtful of the character of his proposed "raid" on the private interests and property of two families (no member of which I am quite sure has ever done him an injury, whoever he is), that he hesitates to give his own name, but suggests the "ventilation" of his free and easy project through an anonymous correspondent of a journal in another city.

The legal, moral, commercial, or other aspects of the proposed invasion—or whatever it may be properly designated—need not be discussed at present. It is just possible that though the "freebooter" may have power to inflict some damage on me and those dependent upon me, as well as on the large family circle of the author in question, he may find it will prove of less benefit to himself than he now supposes. I would merely beg leave at present to state that I am still the publisher of all of Irving's works; that my contract for these, to pay the full copyright on all of them, has just been renewed for five years; that there are no "new publishers" to be attacked, for my interest in the books is the same as ever; that the present editions of the works contain a large amount of new matter which the "freebooter" might find it unpleasant to steal; and that the attempt to reprint the incomplete and unrevised edition of the two or three volumes which, in these imperfect editions, have ceased to be protected, is a gross injustice to the repute of the author, as well as an unjustifiable raid on the private interests and means of his family. This, at least, is my honest impression, albeit a selfish view of the case.

Even if there were no copyright, if the books were foreign,

but had been reprinted for a long series of years in every variety of form which the public demanded, the investment in time and money in the mere manufacture would seem to be entitled to some courtesy, to say the least. No publisher, however, who claims any position in the trade or the community worthy of true respect, would need any argument on this point.

I would merely add that even the excuse that the "raided" article may be sold cheaper will not hold in this case. Editions of all these volumes, in the revised and complete form, are either ready or in active progress to be sold at the minimum rates of non-copyright books.

Yours respectfully,

G. P. PUTNAM.

January, 1852.

IRVING'S EARLIER WRITINGS

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK "TIMES:"

Mr. Putnam's remarks on the impropriety of republishing Irving's works in their unrevised form have but one fault: they are not strong enough. Perhaps he feared to be suspected of exaggeration. Few readers appreciate the extent of the changes made in the revised edition, as they can only be fully detected by minute comparison. Take *Knickerbocker*, for instance. Having recently had occasion to collate carefully several chapters of the two versions, I found that, what with additions, omissions, transpositions, and alterations, one-fifth of the original had been entirely recast. There was not merely the "new matter" to which Mr. Putnam alludes, such as the chapters about Rensselaerwick and the exquisite episode of Ten Broeck's Land Measurement, but page after page of the old matter was most carefully rewritten. The one defect of Irving's beautiful style—an occasional diffuseness—had been rigorously toned down, sentences compressed, and epithets altered—often most felicitously. Thus, "that potent and blustering monarch, the sovereign people," was changed to "that wise but windy potentate,"—a bit of alliterative humour not surpassed by Sydney Smith's "diameter and

decision," or the saying so current twenty years ago in England, "Peel and Providence."

To republish the unrevised editions of Irving would indeed be most unfair to his repute and to the public, while it would go far to destroy the little existing value those editions have, namely to the curious bibliophile.

CARL BENSON.

January, 1852.

I do not identify Mr. M. as one of the Putnam authors, but with a remembrance of not a few similar cases later, I think it probable that he secured the desired loan.

"TRIBUNE" OFFICE, NEW YORK,

June 4, 1852.

GEORGE P. PUTNAM, Esq.

DEAR SIR:

About a year ago I asked you for a loan of \$200, offering as security for the payment of the debt two or three presentation copies of books I received from the authors, which you said you would do. I now hand over Longfellow, Emerson, and Mitchell to your safekeeping, praying of you to keep them safe for me, as I would not lose one for \$20; I have just got a situation as proof-reader from Mr. Greeley of the *Tribune* at \$10 a week, but from former difficulties have not been able to call the salary my own. May I ask you to loan me three dollars until I take them back?

I am, dear Sir,

Yours gratefully

WILLIAM P. M.

The following letter to Hawthorne gives an account of the curious lack of success of the first of Hawthorne's published volumes, the exquisite *Mosses from an Old Manse*.

It was only after *The Scarlet Letter* had secured for itself a world-wide recognition that these earlier sketches came into appreciation.

NEW YORK, February 10, 1853.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR:

Annexed is an account of sales of the *Mosses* up to the first of January, and for the balance due you (\$144.09) a check is enclosed on the American Exchange Bank. It happens that the two last semi-annual accounts were passed over by our book-keeper simply because the amount was small, and he thought it well to wait until a somewhat more considerable sum should be due. The present amount is small enough; I only wish it were ten times as much. I trust, however, you will be assured that we take a pride in having your name on our list and that we shall continue to keep the *Mosses* in fresh remembrance and to do all we can to make its publication more profitable.

The good fortune which fell to our worthy and enterprising friends in Boston in being the publishers of *The Scarlet Letter*, and its brilliant success, was certainly something to be envied (I hope I am not too envious), and it is natural that the comparatively moderate sale of the *Mosses* should make us appear less interested and less capable of doing justice to the work. But I trust that you will not consider this circumstance as conclusively against us. Your Boston publishers have certainly won the best title to your confidence. I could not justly move a step in any interference, direct or indirect, with their claims. I am chiefly anxious to have you believe me not only honestly ambitious to secure your good-will, but fully capable of doing justice to your interests whenever (if ever) there may be any suitable occasion for your publishing in any way in New York. I still hope, however it may be with books, that you may be willing to let us publish your next romance first in our Magazine, and I will engage to secure at any rate these two points: first, that you will receive the highest rate of payment promptly in cash from the Magazine, and, second, that your American and London copyrights shall both be protected beyond any contingency. By the highest rate, I mean the highest rate ever paid in this country by a magazine. As we publish simultaneously in London, it is very easy to arrange for the British copyright. If you

should prefer to give us separate short tales we should also be quite ready to print the same. The success of our Magazine is now established. Of the latest number we printed 22,250, and the demand increases from day to day.

Mr. Irving, Mr. Bryant, the author of *The Wide, Wide World*, and other authors for whom we publish, will tell you that our engagements have been large with them and have always been promptly met. This year we complete for Mr. Irving \$20,000 for four years' sales, and Miss Warner received from us for six months' sales \$4500.

I trust that you will kindly think over these several suggestions and that if any difficulties occur to you, you will let me know and I will try to remove them.

Very respectfully,

G. P. PUTNAM.

WASHINGTON, March 25, 1853.

DEAR SIR: I duly received yours of the 16th with the list of American works published in England, for which I am greatly indebted to you.

It is a very important document, and when properly made use of will have its effect on the public mind. I do not think we shall be able to take up the Copy-Right Convention at this session. The Senate is greatly pre-occupied with other subjects and there is an indisposition to take up business of this kind. Great pains have been taken by outsiders to prejudice the Senate against the treaty; and not much to counteract these efforts. It is the universal opinion, as far as I know, of the friends of the measure, that it would be unwise to take it up this Spring. Let this, however, be *entre nous*. You must get some able, temperate, and skilful friend of the measure to advocate it in a series of articles in your Magazine. It would be worth while to have something in each number during the recess of Congress.

With great regard,

Faithfully yours,

EDWARD EVERETT.

(At that time Secretary of State.)

GEORGE P. PUTNAM, Esq.

In 1853, Miss Warner published *Queechy*, which, while never attaining the success of *The Wide, Wide World*, did secure a good circulation. Both books have remained in demand during the last half of the century. In the same year was printed over the *nom de plume* of "Amy Lathrop, *Dollars and Cents*." This was an attempt made by the two sisters to produce a book together. It had a fair success, and, I find, reached a fifth edition in 1854, but it did not possess the literary quality of the books written by Susan alone. Better work was done by the two sisters in the set of books for children entitled "Ellen Montgomery Book-shelf," a series which included *Mr. Rutherford's Children*, *Karl Krinken*, etc. In 1854, was published *Roughing it in the Bush, or Life in Canada*, by Mrs. Mudie, the wife of a British officer. The book was not merely attractive reading, but is valuable to-day as a picture of the frontier life of the time. *The World's Progress* had been revised with additional material from five years to five years, and continued to be accepted as possibly the best American compilation of its class. I find record of "A Popular Library for Travellers and the Home Circle," which is catalogued as comprising at that time thirty volumes. In 1851, Professor Silliman had travelled in Europe, and in the following year brought out, in two volumes, the record of his trip. This reached by 1853 a third edition. I have looked at the book since, and judge that if it were published to-day it would not find many hundred readers. The reading public in the middle of the century was prepared to interest itself in travel narratives which at this time would be considered neither exciting nor informing. Miss Catherine Sedgwick published within this term of years a group of books, two of which secured for themselves an honourable position in the literature of the time—*Clarence*, *Redwood*, *A New England Tale*, *Facts and Fancies*, and *Morals of Manners*. Miss Sedgwick knew from

careful observation the New England life of which Stockbridge was the centre. Her descriptions of the characters of the society with which she was intimate might be compared to those of Miss Wilkins of the succeeding generation. The sale of *The Wide, Wide World* had, as I note from the advertisement, reached the fiftieth thousand, a sale which for the community of that time (the country contained, I suppose, about twenty-five millions of people) was as noteworthy as would be a sale to-day of two hundred and fifty thousand. In 1854, was published the account of the United States Exploring Expedition, whose work had been done under the leadership of Commodore Wilkes. The expedition had been one of the most important scientific undertakings as yet initiated by the Government, and the result showed that my father was fortunate in being able to secure the contract for the publication of the narrative. A little later, was issued the popular account of Commodore Perry's expedition to Japan, a journey which, as far as the United States was concerned, constituted practically a discovery of the country. It is my impression that Perry secured from the Japanese Government a larger measure of hospitality and more important political and commercial privileges than had thus far been conceded to any foreign invader.

I have a personal memory of being introduced by my father to Commodore Perry at the time he was looking over in the publishing office the proofs of the narrative of the expedition. As I looked up with admiration at the tall figure of the Commodore, my father said: "Now, Haven, you must remember this gentleman and the work that he has done. He tells us that he has discovered a new people about whom in the course of the coming half-century the world is likely to hear a good deal." It has, I judge, not often happened in the history of the world that within the lifetime of one man a nation secures such

development as has come to the Island Empire of the Pacific during the sixty years since Commodore Perry made his little prophecy.

In 1855, a little while before the destruction by fire of the unfortunate New York Crystal Palace, my father conceived the idea of having the publishers of the country give some kind of an entertainment that should bring together the authors of the country. He induced the leading publishers to take up the plan, and the Publishers' Association was organised, or was re-organised, for the purpose, with William H. Appleton as president, and G. P. Putnam as secretary and man-of-all-work. The entertainment took the form of a fruit festival, which was held in the Crystal Palace (one of the few buildings in New York suitable for the purpose), in September, 1855. The occasion was described as a great success, and is a noteworthy incident in the history of American literature and of American literary relations. It certainly emphasised the growing importance of the group of literary workers. I have not been so fortunate as to preserve a copy of the bound volume which described the undertaking and in which the addresses were recorded. I remember that authors were interested in coming to New York from very distant points, and that in many cases these authors met in this way for the first time publishers who had heretofore been known to them only through correspondence.

The following two letters are to be connected with the Fruit Festival.

NEW YORK, Sept. 20, 1855.

GEORGE P. PUTNAM.

MY DEAR SIR:

Will this toast answer your purpose?

"The Fine Arts: the Offspring of Free Institutions and the

George Palmer Putnam

Ornament of a Practical People;—their Use lies in their Beauty and their Beauty lies in their Truth.”

With the best wishes,

Yours ever,

SAMUEL OSGOOD.

BOSTON, Sept. 17, 1855.

MY DEAR PUTNAM:

I have just heard from Holmes, who is in Kentucky. He says he will not say “no,” and cannot now say “yes”; so I, knowing the jolly little coz very well, count on his appearance. I have not seen Mr. Everett since, as it seems almost of no use, as I am persuaded he will be there. You will have a great time. Fruits, Flowers, and Women! Could anything be better arranged?

I am glad to hear your shakes are flown. Pray heaven they may not alight on my shoulders. I have a great horror of such devilish visitors. Thank you and your wife for liking my Vrow. She cottoned to yours firmly and no longer ago than last evening I heard her quoting Mrs. P. to a friend.

I do not think Whipple will be at the Dinner. Indeed I know he will not, so please dash him off. He is too busy at home to leave. We shall not increase our list in the Catalogue.

I should like to know what guns are to speak on the 27th, so that if there is too much ammunition and my cartridge is not needed, I shall not be obliged to pull my small trigger.

Very truly yours,

JAMES T. FIELDS.

Outside of the circle of writers already at work in New York, it was undoubtedly the case that the New England group was by far the most important, and must have exceeded in numbers all the authors who could be collected from Pennsylvania, from the South or the West.

In 1854, was published *The Bay Path*, the first book of an author who in succeeding years secured a very large share of popularity, Dr. J. G. Holland. Dr. Holland's later books came into the hands of Charles Scribner,

who was a personal friend, and who proved for him a very successful publisher. It is my impression that this first book failed to secure at the time any satisfactory success. Dr. Holland's later popularity has been ascribed by one rather critical critic to his faculty for reaching the commonplace stratum of the reading public, which is, naturally, one of its larger divisions. This critic spoke of his being able to dress up certain very obvious suggestions or very familiar wisdom in such a manner as to make it a little less obvious, and thus to give to the reader who had pierced with no very great intellectual difficulty the veil of concealment, the feeling that he must himself have been a person of no little discernment.

In the same year was issued *A Journey to Iceland and Travels in Sweden and Norway*, by the Prussian traveller, Ida Pfeiffer. The volumes had been translated by Charlotte Cooper, the daughter of the novelist. Miss Pfeiffer continued her travels and her literary record of these journeys for a quarter of a century longer. It was reported of her later that she had been the only lady spared by certain Asiatics into whose hands her party had fallen. The others were not only killed, but eaten. A cynical journalist suggested that Miss Pfeiffer's life was saved at the expense of her reputation for attractiveness. The works of Bayard Taylor continued to grow by the addition, from year to year, of the records of travels in Asia, Africa, and Europe. They are possibly the only series of travels for which there continued to be a public interest extending over so long a series of years. *Views Afoot* had been published in 1848. At this time, sixty-four years later, G. P. Putnam's Sons still find occasion to keep in print eleven volumes of travels and five volumes of novels. The novels, beginning with *John Godfrey's Fortune*, and including *Hannah Thurston* and *The Story of Kennett*, attracted no little attention on both sides of

the Atlantic, and had the honour of being quite extensively pirated in Great Britain.

In co-operation with the London publisher, my father issued, in 1856, *A Personal Narrative of a Visit to El Medina and Mecca*, by Lieutenant Richard Burton of the Bombay army. The book contained an introduction by Bayard Taylor. The author became well known in later years in connection with his noteworthy edition of the *Arabian Nights*, with the full and unexpurgated text. His *Memoirs* were published a few years since by his widow, Lady Burton. The journey described in this volume appears to have been attended with exceptional risks. Burton had a very thorough knowledge of Oriental languages and customs. He disguised himself as a Mohammedan dervish, and was able in this disguise to witness the religious ceremonials at the tomb of Mohammed, being probably the first Christian who had ever been present at these functions. Properly enough, the publication of Burton's narrative was accompanied by the issue of a new edition of the "Koran." In 1856, Benson J. Lossing, who had already come before the public with his *Field Book of the American Revolution*, published an edition of Trumbull's *M'Fingal*.

By 1856, the business as created and developed by my father had reached its greatest success. Bearing in mind his lack of original capital and the fact that the circle of friends and literary correspondents were such as he himself had had to bring together within a term of less than ten years, it is possible that he had really accomplished more with the resources at his command than had proved practicable for any other American publisher of his time.

In 1855 the family migrated to the then rural region of Yonkers.

My father possessed a full share of public spirit, and

was always ready to interest himself in work for the advantage of any community in which he lived. He speedily took an active part in the social organisation and leadership in the village. He became intimate with Robert P. Getty, who was during the greater portion of this time the president of the village. Mr. Getty was the father of General Robert Getty, who did good service later in the Civil War. My father's most important service in Yonkers was in connection with the instituting of a series of public lectures. These lectures had a double purpose. It was intended that they should help to bring the people together and should give to them in attractive form useful information; while it was further desired to secure, from the lecture receipts, funds with which to establish a free town library. It is my impression that some kind of an association was incorporated, which, in accordance with the routine of the time, took the name of a lyceum. My father was himself largely responsible for the selection of the men invited to lecture, while he was also (as was usually the case in any of his public work) a member of the Guarantee Committee, which took the responsibility of providing the payment for the lecturer, and which undertook to make up the deficiency in case, either through the weather or other hindrances, the receipts failed to meet the expenses. Not a few of the lecturers invited were personal friends of my father, and in a number of cases they came to Yonkers as his guests. I remember, among others, John B. Gough, the temperance reformer; Henry Ward Beecher, Wendell Phillips; Elihu Burrit, the "learned blacksmith"; Theodore Tilton, Dr. G. B. Cheever, Dr. Bethune, Dr. E. H. Chapin; W. H. Milburn, the blind preacher; Lowell, and, of course, Curtis. It was in this Yonkers course that Phillips (who came to our town more than once) delivered his famous lecture on "The Lost Arts." One of Beecher's discourses had to do, if

I remember rightly, with the state of affairs in Kansas, which, during 1855, was being fought over between the Pro-Slavery group with their Lecompton Constitution, and the Free Soilers, whose headquarters were in Lawrence. On the final vote in regard to the status of Kansas, the Free Soilers won, though by a narrow majority. This result was due to the efforts of the Free Soil Committees of Massachusetts, New York, and Pennsylvania, which had found men who were willing to go to Kansas as settlers, and which provided funds to help out their expenses. These settlers, largely from New England, made themselves *bona fide* citizens of the State. The men who were opposed to them were, in part at least, simply invaders from Pike County, Missouri, who succeeded (bringing their guns with them for the purpose of argument) in getting their votes counted. Among the active leaders in the work in Massachusetts were Phillips, Frank Sanborn, Edward Everett Hale, John M. Forbes, and T. W. Higginson. The most important member of the committee in New York was Henry Ward Beecher, who was ably assisted by Theodore Tilton. Curtis, although, of course, still a youngster, was an active worker in the cause. Gerrit Smith, a life-long friend of John Brown, should not be forgotten. My father was a subscriber to the fund and helped to interest richer men like his friend Getty. The securing of Kansas as a Free Soil State was the turning point in the long political conflict between the Southerners, who had so long dominated the Government, and the anti-slavery spirit of the North. It was the loss of Kansas which finally convinced the shrewder among the Southern leaders that they could not hope, after the close of the term of Buchanan, to retain the control of the National Government. This was, therefore, one of the determining causes of the Civil War.

I do not find the record of the controversy or "dissension" about the Press referred to in the following letter to Mr. Ripley, nor any further references to the matter. Mr. Ripley was at the time the literary editor of the *Tribune*.

NEW YORK, January, 1856.

GEORGE RIPLEY, Esq.

DEAR SIR:

The unpleasant personal aspect which has been given to the dissension about the "Press" has given me very deep concern and annoyance. It has been especially distressing to me that you should have any ground to suppose that I had either originated, or circulated, or countenanced any assertions or reports to your prejudice; and I feel bound in justice to myself as well as to you to say that if the accidental connection of my name with any paragraphs or rumours of that nature gives you or any one else the impression that I had any feeling toward you not in accordance with entire and sincere respect and good-will, I can only say that it has been my misfortune rather than any deliberate fault, and that I heartily regret it. I say this, perhaps, quite superfluously, for I trust you do not think otherwise, but I say it of my own impulse alone, and from a sense of justice only, not for any selfish purpose or "extorted" influence.

In the same spirit and for the same reasons, I cannot help adding that as far as my own observation has gone, and as far as I am competent to judge, the criticisms in the *Tribune* have never been justly liable to the charge of partiality. Their eminent ability is acknowledged on all sides. So far as our own publications are concerned, we have always been fully satisfied, for if any have received less laudation in the *Tribune* than I imagined they deserved, I have not doubted the general fairness and independence of the critic.

As to the question that has been raised in regard to what have been considered inconsistent relations and engagements, it is not one that I should have started. Without any reflection upon the judgment of those who think that impar-

tiality in such connections is impossible, I am free to say as an individual that I have never seen an instance of a book criticism in the *Tribune* which has appeared to me conclusive of the reviewer's partiality for any particular publisher. I can for one believe that the relations which have been referred to may exist in entire harmony with justice and fairness to all concerned. Such relations of course might be abused by a weak or uncertain person without character or standing but that they have been, in connection with the *Tribune*, I have never supposed and do not believe now. It seems to me that the one question is whether the reviews are actually fair, discriminating, and impartial—neither the publisher, the author, nor the public have anything to do with their authorship, or the critic's other relations or engagements.

Engaged as I am in all the harassing details of active business, and with no time, ability, or inclination to meddle with such a controversy as this, I only regret that a merely accidental connection with it has given the impression, perhaps, that I have personal grievances against the Press or gentlemen connected with it. Whatever fault may be justly charged upon me, in regard to the matter, I am ready frankly to acknowledge and atone for as I can, but I did not feel that there was just provocation for the personality which the *Tribune* fastened upon us, and hence the protest against it.

I could not do less than say this much to you, and heartily hope that there may be no more ill-feeling on this subject.

Respectfully yours,

GEORGE P. PUTNAM.

It was during our sojourn in Yonkers, in October and November, 1856, that the first campaign of the Republican party took place, the fight being for the election of John C. Fremont against James Buchanan. A third ticket, put forward by the American or Know-Nothing party, presented the names of Millard Fillmore of New York and Andrew Jackson Donelson of Tennessee. I may be said to have begun with this campaign my active political

interests. The boys of the village could shout, if they could not vote. They could also burn barrels whenever barrels could be appropriated for the purpose. As far as I can remember, the boys were equally divided between Fremont and Buchanan, and the shouting and the barrel burning went on in ardent competition. My father busied himself actively in the work of the Fremont campaign committee of the town. He secured speakers, drummed up voters, printed and circulated tracts and broadsides setting forth the nature of the issue and giving the details of the plucky fight that was at that time being carried on by the Free Soilers in Kansas. My father's friend and neighbour, Mr. Smith Homans, was chairman of the American, or Fillmore, committee, and I remember not a few burning, though always good-tempered, discussions that took place between them, as to the duty of the citizen at this juncture. The town went Republican by a small majority, but the State gave its electoral vote for Buchanan. The disappointment at the national result was very keen. My father had been, as usual, one of the optimists, and was very confident of success. It was impossible for him or for the good citizens working with him, whose hopes were bound up in the Anti-Slavery cause, to recognise at the time how very much more advantageous for the final success of that cause was the election of Buchanan, than would have been the placing in the White House of their candidate, Fremont. The latter was known at that time to the country at large only in connection with his leadership of an exploring expedition in the South-west. It took the rather drastic experience of the Civil War to make clear how inadequate the good-looking and rather empty-headed general was for any important or continued responsibility. He would undoubtedly have made a muddle of the business of carrying on the National Government. He was the kind of man

to have been utilised as a tool by shrewder people about him, and might easily have been used to bad purpose. The election of Buchanan gave time, before the outbreak of the war, for the Anti-Slavery sentiment to consolidate itself and to gather into its forces not only the more radical groups but a great proportion of the conservative citizens of the Northern States. The truculence and intolerance of the Southern leaders, as evinced in their control of Buchanan's Cabinet, aroused throughout the North an ever-increasing feeling of indignation and revolt. Northerners who had before distrusted the Anti-Slavery leaders as fanatics, were finally driven to the belief that the salvation of the nation depended upon the dispossession from the control of the national policy of the slave-holding leaders. The campaign of 1856 was an exciting one, and the boys had their full share of the excitement and by far the larger portion of the fun.

A neighbour in Yonkers was Frederick S. Cozzens, who was best known to the public (at least outside of Yonkers) as the author of the "Sparrowgrass Papers." Mr. Cozzens was a wine merchant of genial not to say jovial temperament and with a very ready wit. It is my impression that he had not thought of himself as an author until comparatively late in life. He must, I think, have been about fifty at the publication of his first book. His home was in South Yonkers, some two miles from our own house, but we saw him frequently and thought of him as one of the nearer neighbours. During Thackeray's stay in the country, Cozzens succeeded in securing his presence in Yonkers at a dinner party which constituted one of the literary events of the Yonkers season.

I have already made reference to the popularity secured by the "Sparrowgrass Papers," as published in *Putnam's Monthly*. One paper of the series brought my father into some little good-natured chaffing with his Yonkers friends.

During our stay in Yonkers, our establishment included, at least for the greater part of the time, a horse. He was never a very stylish or rapid beast, but he was supposed always to be equal to the work of taking care of the family carry-all which made the daily trips to the station and to the market and the weekly journey to church. My father had had but little to do with horses and was a very bad judge of their merits. Like some other really modest men, however, he was in this particular respect not quite ready to admit his own inadequacy and to trust to the counsel of others. He *would* buy his own horses for himself, and the series of family beasts of which I have memory, extending through a number of homes from Yonkers onward, presented a rather varied and original list of defects and incapacities. The changes were numerous, and there was naturally on each change a substantial percentage of loss.

In coming up in the evening train the day after the publication of a number of the *Monthly*, my father noticed that the neighbours who were (as was pleasant to observe) looking over the new number, found in it occasion for no little laughter. He was naturally pleased that the number should be a success, and he assumed at once that the fun had been found in the "Sparrowgrass" contribution. I may explain that as the series progressed, it had been thought no longer necessary to refer to the editor the "copy" for the successive "Sparrowgrass Papers." The manuscripts had gone directly from the author to the printer. This was the more necessary as the author was always late with his copy. In the hurry of completing the last forms of this particular number, my father had not himself had time to read even the proof of the earlier articles. It was only an hour or two later that, in going over the magazine, he found in the "Sparrowgrass Paper" a very vivid and humor-

ous description of the publisher and the publisher's horse. The latter possessed, as here described, almost every conceivable ailment or defect. He had the heaves, he was spavined, he was blind in one eye and had the staggers in the other, he balked and remained firmly fixed when, in connection with the approach of the train, it was most important that he should get on, and at other times, when he was expected to wait patiently for the completion of the marketing order, he would dash off suddenly as if he had very urgent business at the north end of the village. Mr. Cozzens had rather cleverly merged together the different defects and difficulties that had occurred with different horses, and had then, in order to give good measure and in the chance that he might have forgotten something, added a few other blemishes which had not been found even in our rather unsatisfactory stable. It did seem rather hard that the publisher should be expected to pay at the rate of \$10 per page for an article that was making fun of himself. My father did not appear, however, to take the matter very much to heart. I think the annoyance was greater on the part of the publisher's wife.

The business men of Yonkers, apparently not quite so much in a hurry as those of the later generation, preferred during the summer months of the year to make their daily journey to the city by boat rather than by train. As I remember, the company divided itself between the two boats according to their political proclivities. The *Isaac P. Smith* took the Republican citizens, and the *Metamora* was filled with what we Republican boys called the "Democratic Gang." The boats were about equal in speed, and for the boys at least, who had the occasional opportunity of going to the city, their daily race was a matter of constantly renewed excitement.

Nine miles north of our home in Yonkers was Sunny-

side, the home of Washington Irving. When Mr. Irving had first bought his land on the immediate border of the river, he found himself in the village of Tarrytown. Some years later, before Irving's death, however, the township was separated, and, with or without Mr. Irving's consent, the south division of it, including Sunnyside, was called Irvington. The family horse, when its infirmities and temper permitted, was frequently pressed into service for a drive to Sunnyside. I have very pleasant memories, not so much of talking to the old gentleman, as of listening to his talk with my father. I was also very hospitably cared for by the two nieces, Catherine and Sarah, ladies who at that time must have been well beyond middle age, but who were always referred to by their uncle as "the girls." They were the daughters of Ebenezer Irving his oldest brother, who himself died at Sunnyside in 1856. Ebenezer had failed in business a good many years before, and Washington had taken upon himself the care of the old gentleman and of the daughters. These latter were, in fact, practically adopted into his own family. Unfortunately, there was no formal or legal adoption. The lack of such formality made an important difference later in the property rights possessed by the two ladies in Mr. Irving's works. Under the provisions of the copyright law, it was practicable to secure a renewal for the second term of fourteen years only if, at the time of the expiration of the first term of twenty-eight years, the author or his widow or his children were living. In the absence of widow or children, it was not possible to secure a second term of copyright for the writings of Irving. G. P. Putnam's Sons did what was in their power to secure an income for these nieces, but the competition of the unauthorised editions caused this income to be very much smaller than it ought to have been.

I remember on one occasion being with my father at

Sunnyside at the time when the fourth volume of the *Life of Washington* was going through the press. The author was looking for certain papers concerning which he wished to have a word with his publisher. The open table desk on which his work was being done was covered with little piles of papers, notes, partially finished manuscripts, references, memoranda, etc., held in place more or less safely by pebbles brought in from the garden walk. My father finally said: "Mr. Irving, this is not an adequate desk for a man who has important literary work in train. You must let me send you a modern desk properly arranged with pigeon-holes, in which these different classes of papers can be sorted for quick and convenient reference, and I will only ask you to let me carry away the old table." Irving gave some kind of an utterance which my father thought fit to accept as an assent to his suggestion, and the next week a beautifully finished desk, possessing innumerable compartments, was sent up to Sunnyside, and the expressman was instructed to bring back, and actually did bring back, the old table on which had been written a number of Irving's earlier books. In going to Sunnyside a few days after the delivery of his present, my father naturally expected to receive from his friend some word of recognition or of thanks. In place of that there was something between a groan and an indignant growl. "Oh, Putnam," said the troubled author, "you have ruined my work. I have placed my papers in these confounded pigeon-holes, and I can't remember where a single paper is. I have had 'the girls' in here this morning trying to help me to find things. I do not know how I am ever going to finish *Washington* on this new-fangled piece of furniture." My father soothed his irate author down as well as he could, and devoted an hour to writing out with his own neat script a series of labels indicating the different classes of notes and papers, which labels were tacked by

the niece Catherine on their several pigeon-holes and compartments. I hope that the result was, on the whole, satisfactory. I did not happen to hear of any further comment. The old table was preserved by my father, with a plate laid into the top giving a record of its origin and a reference to the work that had been done upon it.

The question of International Copyright, in which the new member of Congress from Philadelphia was prepared to interest himself, did not secure any large measure of attention during the troublesome year 1857.

PHILADELPHIA, March 6, 1857.

GEORGE P. PUTNAM, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR:

Being a member-elect of the next Congress from this city, and intending to take an active part in procuring the passage of an International Copyright, I shall be greatly obliged to you if you will furnish me at leisure with such suggestions as you deem influential in its favour.

I most particularly desire an accurate account of legislation on this subject in Europe; the kingdoms between which treaties of this kind exist, and, if possible, an abstract or copy of the International Copyright Treaty between England and France, or any other of the Continental Powers.

Though not enjoying the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with you, yet your well-known courtesy and liberal-minded views as a publisher embolden me to trouble you with this request.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

EDWARD JOY MORRIS.

The note of Horace Greeley (deciphered with no little difficulty from his puzzling script) has to do with a lecture in the course before the Yonkers Library Association, an association in which (as usual) G. P. Putnam was the "working member."

George Palmer Putnam

NEW YORK, May 4, 1857.

DEAR SIR:

I shall be ready to go up on Monday next, not probably until 5½ o'clock. I shall be glad to avail myself of your kind proffer.

I am glad that your people are willing to hear what I have to say about "Reforms and Reformers."

Yours,

HORACE GREELEY.

GEO. P. PUTNAM, Esq.

CHAPTER XI

The Disasters of 1857

IN July, 1857, a misfortune came upon my father, the full importance of which was not realised for a month or two, but the results of which were far-reaching. A year or two back, he had taken into partnership a young man who had served as cashier and book-keeper and who had given a most favourable impression on the ground of zeal, personal interest, and general efficiency. The partner contributed on his part no capital and the interest assigned to him in the firm was therefore not large. He was, however, given full authority to manage the finances of the firm, signing the firm name on checks, notes, etc., and having full control of its resources in cash, credits, and accounts. The publishing operations had more than once, prior to 1857, been somewhat more extended than the resources immediately available had justified. My father, while in certain ways a good man of business, was by temperament and by constitution an optimist. He very much preferred to believe (and usually succeeded in believing) that "things would come out right." He found it very difficult indeed to convince himself that any men with whom he had to do, and particularly any men with whom he had direct personal relations, would fail to do what they had promised and to carry out to the full any obligations that they had assumed. In his business con-

nections as in his personal relations, it was his creed and his practice to have "full faith in the other fellow." Such a policy and method of action had, of course, their own advantages. In the first place, it made his life much happier. Believing that men were as friendly as their manner or words indicated, he succeeded in maintaining friendly relations with a very much larger circle than the average man is apt to have intimacies with. People were fond of him and it is probable that, on the very ground of their affection, some men who in their dealings with others might not be entirely scrupulous felt a personal interest in protecting my father and in sparing him from any grievances or losses caused through an over-confidence in them. On the other hand, this was not universally the case and never could be with the world constituted as it is. Even in the book business and in the kindred trades which make a living through the book publishers, there are men whose word cannot always be trusted when there may be pressure or temptation, men who will take advantage of a yielding or of a confiding nature. While the general status of trade is prosperous, temptations are fewer, pressure to take advantage of special opportunities is smaller, and many men will manage affairs with a good measure of integrity who when later exposed to some special pressure will find their standards of action weakening and will do what they can to protect themselves at the expense of others.

Even during the more prosperous times in my father's business, he had suffered losses through placing confidence in untrustworthy people, losses which if avoided would have served to increase his capital and to strengthen his foundations.

Other losses equally serious or possibly greater came to him from time to time through his over-estimate of the literary standard of the American community and his

miscalculation as to the number of Americans who could be depended upon to read the higher class of literature. Certain of the ventures which brought loss instead of profit during the years between 1844 and 1857 would, a few years later, have proved remunerative undertakings. It would almost seem as if he had been looking ahead ten or fifteen years too far in his estimates as to the wealth and the cultivation of the communities in his country. The business of 1855 had proved substantially successful and there seemed to be a satisfactory foundation for the undertakings of 1856. Unfortunately, the management of the financial partner had itself proved less adequate and less trustworthy than my father had assumed. Occupied as he was himself with his literary plans, he preferred to believe that the details of the accounts, collections, and payments were all being properly cared for. At some time during 1856 the young partner appears, however, to have lost his head. It is possible that he had been indulging also (and as far as the use of his own resources went this was doubtless his right) in some individual investments which in the changes of the markets became individual speculations. It proved to be very difficult, from the way in which the accounts were kept, to separate the two classes of ventures, as he had utilised for both paper bearing the name of the firm.

On the fourth of July, 1857, the partner was drowned in a boating excursion. He was himself a good swimmer and it is probable that he was either seized with cramps or pulled down by some one of the party. It became necessary for my father to give his immediate personal attention to the conduct of the financial side of the business, beginning, of course, with an examination of the accounts as they had been left. These last were to some extent confused, and when the confusion came to be disentangled, the condition was found to be unsatisfactory in

the extreme. Notes were presented for payment, or for verification with reference to payment later, which had not been recorded on the bill book of the firm. I shall never forget the expression in my father's face on the July afternoon when he returned to the home in Yonkers after a long session in the office with the accountant who had been called in to report upon the status. It looked for the moment as if all the hopefulness of his life was crushed out. The blow was serious and the disappointment keen. He had built up from practically nothing a business which ranked high in repute and which gave promise of a great future. He had established an important connection with authors on both sides of the Atlantic, his relations with whom were not only satisfactory from a business point of view, but in many cases intimate and friendly. He held an honourable position in the book-trade as one of the leaders among the American publishers; and his name was better known and more favourably known on the other side of the Atlantic than was the case with other publishers of much larger means. The probability that the business structure erected with so much painstaking and intelligent effort had been so far undermined as to call for a new beginning, was enough to bring a crushing disappointment to any man. His native courage, however, soon reasserted itself, and gloomy as were the weeks and the months that followed, my principal memory is of the cheeriness and pluck of my father's manner, particularly when he was at home with mother and the children. I got permission at that time to go more frequently to the office, where I was able, though of course only a boy, to be of some service in urgent errands and in helping to care for special papers. At the office, the cares did seem to be black enough, but on arriving at home these were, as said, very largely put to one side.

If this bad management of the resources of the firm

and the possible misuse of a certain portion of these resources in matters for which the firm ought not to have been responsible had occurred in a normal business year, the property available would have been more than sufficient to meet all the outstanding obligations and to leave a substantial margin for further business undertakings. Unfortunately, 1857 was by no means a normal year in its business conditions. The country had for some years previous been in a state of what appeared to be a substantial prosperity. As a result of this prosperity, there had developed, particularly in the newer States of the West (States that we now speak of as the Central States), a spirit of speculation. The building of railroads had been pressed forward so that not a few lines were traversing territory in which there was not yet sufficient business to give a return on the current cost of the running of either freight or passenger trains; while the income was in any case insufficient, after defraying the current expenses, to meet the interest on the bonded debt. With a number of the roads, the proceeds for construction had been largely secured through the sale of bonds. The stock was retained by the promoters or was issued in some cases as a kind of collateral to the towns which had loaned money to assist the undertaking. In connection with this speculation in the railroad-building into new territory, there had been a very considerable amount of speculation in town lots (that is to say, in lots of districts which had been laid out as towns but for which the towns themselves were still to be created) and in Government lands. The dealers in the materials utilised by the roads and the dealers in the building materials which were called for by the speculative builders of these new towns were themselves, of necessity, involved in the credit of the railroads and of the builders.

On the second of September, 1857, the Ohio Life and

Trust Co. of Philadelphia closed its doors. As the name of the concern indicated, its connections were largely with the West. In common with not a few other of the banking concerns and trust companies which had come into existence in the Eastern States, it had utilised in advances on Western lands the moneys collected from its depositors and from those making investments through its machinery. The check that finally came to the sale of these lands and the stoppage of the payments by the earlier purchasers of their mortgage interest and of the principal of the maturing mortgages made it impossible for this Philadelphia company to meet its own obligations. Its case was that of a long series of similar institutions with headquarters in Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Baltimore, etc., and the suspension became general. The individual firms whose moneys were more or less locked up in these companies, or who had been dependent upon the companies for an extenuation or a continuation of their credits, were also compelled to stop their operations and for the most part to suspend payment. The specie that had been in circulation was locked up by its holders to so considerable an extent that nearly the entire series of banks in the Eastern States were compelled before the first of October to suspend specie payments. One alone of the New York banks was strong enough to maintain its payments in the specie through the entire crisis. The Chemical Bank, which had been sufficiently conservative to retain adequate resources within reach, laid in this exceptional record the foundations of its later exceptional success. The ruin of the merchants throughout the country was very general, and even those firms whose resources enabled them later to resume their business operations were for the time seriously crippled.

The merchants and planters of the South shared in the general disasters. They had been utilising largely

advances from Northern factors made on the credits of future crops of cotton, rice, and sugar. With the general suspension of payments, the factors were, of course, unable to continue these advances and the debts due from the planters to their local store-keepers had to remain unpaid. The book-trade naturally shared in the general disasters. Books are at best very sensitive commodities and the buying of books in time of stress or difficulty can always be postponed until a more convenient season. A large number of the booksellers were compelled to close their shutters, and the publishers who were dependent upon the collection of their accounts and also upon the continuation of sales in like manner, were very largely driven to the wall. I remember my father's mentioning that one dealer in New Orleans was owing to him at this time \$8000, of which amount he received nothing whatever. New Orleans must have been in 1857 a better book-buying centre than it has ever been since.

With the general interference with credit, it proved not to be practicable to obtain on the security of the plates and stock belonging to the firm of G. P. Putnam & Co. the funds required to meet their outstanding obligations. A publisher is always, as compared with a dealer in articles of current value, such as pork or linen, at a disadvantage at a time when credits are interfered with. The banks do not sufficiently understand the value of such articles as plates, books, or copyrights to be prepared to accept these as collateral in the way in which they would accept barrels of pork or bales of cotton. There was nothing to do but to make an assignment of the entire property in order to secure for the creditors as much out of it as might prove possible. The assignment was made to Mr. Lowell Mason, of the firm of Mason Bros., publishers. Mr. Mason was a neighbour and old friend of my father's, and he took hold of this troublesome and thankless piece of business with a

keen personal interest and undoubtedly did all that any man could do under the very difficult circumstances to realise from the assets, not only enough to secure a quit-tance from the creditors, but something over with which his friend Putnam might again resume business.

It was one of the keenest of my father's disappointments at the time, that the magazine, which he had regarded as a kind of younger child, and which had appeared to have before it such a promising career, should have been overwhelmed with all the other undertakings of the House.

The stereotype plates of the works of Washington Irving, which constituted (in connection with the publishing rights in these works) the most valuable item in the assets of the concern, were purchased from the assignee by Mr. Irving himself. When it was known that G. P. Putnam & Co. were, for the time at least, likely to close their business operations, Mr. Irving received a number of propositions, from publishers in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, to take over the publication of these works. Under some of these proposals, his returns from the sales would have been more advantageous than had been secured to him under his arrangement with my father. Irving's name possessed at that time not only a literary but a commercial value, and its association could be made useful for the list and imprint of any publisher. Publishers might, therefore, be willing, for the sake of the prestige of being Irving's publishers, to make larger payments for his books than would have seemed to be good business if considered simply with reference to the actual profits that could be secured from the books themselves. The author, having now in his hands the ownership of his plates, was also, through this new condition, in a more advantageous position in regard to a business arrangement, as he could demand, in addition to the royalty for copyright, a further royalty for the use of his plates. Mr.

Irving declined, however, all suggestions from other firms. He took the ground, as he said to my father, that as long as there was a Putnam engaged in the publishing business, his books should, as far as he was in a position to decide the matter, be issued with the Putnam imprint. He recalled in this connection a letter that he had taken occasion to write to my father in December of 1852, at a time when he had reason to feel exceptionally well pleased with the results that the young publisher had been able to secure for his author during the preceding four years. It will be remembered that in 1848 when my father made a proposition to Mr. Irving for the reissue of the earlier books and for the publication of such later volumes as might be prepared, these earlier books had been out of print for three years. The Philadelphia publishers, in whose hands they had been, were unwilling to plan for new editions, reporting to the author that the demand for the books had ceased and that "the present generation was not interested in that class of literature." No other publishing concern had been tempted to take up the publication, and Mr. Irving was beginning to feel that his career as an author was ended. He had reason, therefore, for satisfaction on more grounds than one when he received in 1848 my father's proposition; and four years later he expressed this satisfaction in the letter below quoted:

SUNNYSIDE, Dec. 27, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR:

Your parcel of books reached me on Christmas morning; your letter, not being addressed to Dearman, went to Tarrytown, and did not come to hand until to-day.

My nieces join with me in thanking you for the beautiful books you have sent us, and you and Mrs. Putnam for your wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

For my own especial part, let me say how sensibly I appreciate the kind tone and expressions of your letter; but as

to your talk of obligations to me, I am conscious of none that have not been fully counterbalanced on your part; and I take pleasure in expressing the great satisfaction I have derived, throughout all our intercourse, from your amiable, obliging, and honourable conduct. Indeed, I never had dealings with any man, whether in the way of business or friendship, more perfectly free from any alloy. That those dealings have been profitable is mainly owing to your own capacity and enterprise. You had confidence in the continued value of my writings when — had almost persuaded me they were defunct. You called them again into active existence, and gave them a circulation that has surprised even yourself. In rejoicing at their success, my satisfaction is doubly enhanced by the idea that you share in the benefits derived from it.

Wishing you that continued prosperity in business which your upright, enterprising, trustful, and liberal mode of conducting it merits, and is calculated to insure; and again wishing for you and yours a happy New Year,

I remain very truly and heartily
Your friend,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

GEO. P. PUTNAM, Esq.

When Irving had completed his arrangements with the assignee, Mr. Mason, for the purchase of the plates of his works, he came to my father and said: "Now, Putnam, I want you to be the owner of these plates for me." "Why, Mr. Irving," said my father, "I should of course be well pleased to be able again to own the plates, but I have at this time no funds with which to buy them." "That makes no difference," said Irving; "I will sell you the plates and will receive payments from you by instalments, annually or otherwise, as you may find it convenient. You, being the owner of the plates, will then pay me royalties on the sales at the same rate as before. You will be able in this way to carry out the plans you had in train for the completion of the works in the new uniform edition,

and I have no doubt that in concentrating your attention on these books to an extent which was possibly not practicable when you had a number of other undertakings to watch, you will so far increase the sales as to make the new arrangement more profitable for myself and sufficiently remunerative for the publisher." In making this proposition, Irving was, as he was perfectly well aware, with the offers from the other publishers in his pocket, making a direct business sacrifice. It is, however, quite possible that in his word concerning the advantage to himself of having the attention of his publisher concentrated on his own books, he was coming nearer to the truth than he realised at the time. The suggestion itself was merely part of his friendly consideration for the publisher. It proved, however, to be the case that, in giving an almost undivided attention during the succeeding two years to these books, in planning for certain of them (more particularly *The Sketch Book* and *The Life of Washington*) new forms, and in pushing the sales in a number of new channels, it did prove practicable for my father to secure very much larger annual results during the two years between 1857 and 1859 (the year of Irving's death) than had ever before been realised. My father tried to persuade Irving to accept a higher royalty, but on this point the old gentleman had made up his mind. By 1859, the plates were again fully under the ownership of the publisher, and in addition to the sales of the works in their completed form, a very large number of copies had been brought into sale of a cheap popular edition and of the Darley illustrated edition of *The Sketch Book*, and of the subscription editions of *The Life of Washington*, the sales of which aggregated 100,000 sets.

If it had not been for this friendly consideration on the part of his principal author, my father would have found the difficulty of beginning business again after the disas-

trous season of 1857 very considerable indeed. The fact that he was to remain Irving's publisher had the result of leaving in his hands the books of Bayard Taylor and of one or two other authors, who, in the belief that the business was practically broken up, had been making plans for arrangements with other publishers. The offices of the concern were moved to less expensive quarters at 506 Broadway (and later to 532 Broadway), and with renewed courage and hopefulness my father entered upon the task of rebuilding the business.

The following letter from a representative publisher may be quoted as expressing the feeling of the book-trade:

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 3, 1857.

MY DEAR MR. PUTNAM:

Owing to continued illness I have not been able to write to you as I had intended. In fact I have been sick ever since I saw you last, and have only been to the city some four or five times during that time.

It made my heart glad to hear that so liberal a spirit was shown to you in the day of your great trial. I have conversed with many of the Trade and others here and they all express their deep sympathy with you. Without flattery, I can say that you occupy the first position in our trade as a publisher and a gentleman. I only hope to approach somewhere near to where you are in the hearts of all good and worthy people. Mr. A. says he will see "justice done you" in our great work.

As soon as I gain a little more strength I shall be most happy to do all in my power to further your interests.

With continued faith and hope in your future prosperity and happiness,

I remain, with much esteem,

Your attached friend,

GEO. W. CHILDS.

The year 1857 was marked by a great revival of religious interest, a revival which extended throughout the greater

part of the country, but which showed particular strength and influence in the city of New York. The immediate causes of religious revivals are, I judge, not easy to determine, and must in any case usually be not a little complex. It seems probable, however, that the widespread troubles and anxieties brought about during this period of business disaster had a good deal to do with the turning of men's thoughts from things temporal to things eternal. Many who had thought themselves to be rich were reduced to poverty; others who had possessed what they had believed to be an assured independence found their resources swept away and were compelled to seek employment at a time when employment was very difficult to find; while thousands of clerks and labourers were, through the breaking down of their employers, thrown out of work and were at a loss to know where to seek their bread. In such a time of darkness and trouble, the thought and hopes of men were turned to the Power above, from which alone it seemed possible to secure help or comfort. The ministers of the city came together, and, ignoring denominational differences, organised prayer-meetings and preaching meetings throughout the city. By a general consensus of feeling, rather probably than through any actual agreement among the managers, matters of doctrine were, as a rule, ignored and the time of the meetings was given to the enforcement of the general beliefs which were common to all sects of Christianity. One of the daily gatherings of business men, known as the Fulton Street Noonday Prayer-meeting, instituted in September, 1857, has, I believe, been kept in operation ever since. A committee of business men which had at its head, if I remember rightly, William E. Dodge (the first), made itself responsible for the renting of the Fourteenth Street Academy of Music, in which on every evening in the week religious services were held. The preaching was taken in turn by

representatives of different denominations, a necessary restriction being that the men selected for this particular service should have sufficient voice-power to fill the great auditorium.

My father, who, with little interest in creeds or in theological doctrines, was a man of a reverential or believing nature, felt himself impressed, in common with many of his business associates, with the religious feeling about him. He found himself interested in being present at the noonday prayer-meeting, and absorbed as he was with the discouraging complications of his business, he made time to remain in town for some of the evening services. My grandmother was, of course, one of the active workers in the movement, and she was naturally well pleased that her son, for whose companionship in religious matters she had so long been waiting, should at last be turning his face towards the Lord. It was during the revival year that the First Baptist Church, the Broome Street Church, of which my grandmother was a member, accepted as its pastor a young man named Kingman Nott. The full name was originally Abner Kingman, but the Abner was not retained.

Since the death of Dr. Cone, nearly two years before, the pulpit had been "in commission." Dr. Cone's place was not an easy one to fill, and the congregation, ruled by six very typical deacons, had the reputation of being difficult and exacting in its theological requirements. The selection as pastor of a young man who had no national repute, and whose views of Calvinistic doctrines were, to say the least, not as yet tested, was exceptional, and may doubtless be ascribed to the religious fervour of the time which had put doctrinal matters into the background. Nott was the son of a Baptist minister in the little village of Kennebunkport, Maine. He had received his training in Rochester, and came to the big Broome Street parish

as his first charge. He was a man of most winning personality. He impressed all with whom he had to do with the spirituality of his nature and the earnestness of his convictions. I should say in recalling his teachings, that he was not strong on the intellectual side. His beliefs appeared to be restricted to certain larger tenets which he held as essential, while in the refinements of Calvinistic theology he was interested but little.

It is probable that if his ministry had lasted a little longer, he would have found himself under criticism from, and in conflict with, the doctrinal Calvinists of the First Church. For the special requirements, however, of the religious movement of 1857, Nott was admirably fitted, and he took up at once for himself and for his church a full measure of the daily work of the city. Nott was a most effective street preacher. He was very far indeed from being a ranter, and his good judgment and native refinement protected him from the risk of the bathos, vulgarity, or sentimentality to which not a few good men, under the excitement of street preaching, are liable. Nott's influence over his hearers was gained not through oratorical efforts or exaggerations, but by earnestness, simplicity, and a spiritual eloquence that seemed at times almost that of a prophet. I remember particularly a sermon preached by him on a week-day evening in the Academy of Music on "Jesus and the Resurrection." The great building was full to the topmost gallery. The figure of the youthful preacher, the sole occupant of the great stage, looked very slight, hardly adequate for the task; but his beautifully modulated voice reached to the ears of every occupant of the great auditorium, while his words found their way to their hearts and he held their understandings.

My father found himself much attracted by the young preacher, who became a frequent visitor at our house, and who evidently valued not a little the friendship of the

older man who was coming to him for guidance and for counsel. Largely as a result of the intercourse with Nott, my father was, before the close of the year, accepted as a member of the First Baptist Church. He never became, in any strict construction of the term, a Calvinist, but he did accept the essential truths of Christianity and remained a believer until his death.

He had always been a believer in church organisation as the simplest method in which to make effective the brotherhood of humanity and to enable men to work for each other. It did not seem to him to be of any special importance with which denomination a man connected himself, as long as he was ready to do his share of the work for the community.

A few years later, my father found himself coming into criticism with the authorities of the First Church, on the ground of alleged laxity in regard to doctrinal matters. He transferred his membership, therefore, to the Madison Avenue Baptist Church, at that time under the charge of Dr. Weston, and there he remained until his death.

There is no question but that the religious influence that came to my father in 1857 and the close personal association with his spiritually-minded friend were of very great service in enabling him to bear up under the strain and the anxieties of that troublesome year. It seems to me certain also that during the remaining years of his life, the faith and spiritual relation then gained helped to strengthen and to sweeten the philosophy of a nature which had always been reverent.

The friendship was unfortunately to continue for but a short year. In August, 1858, Kingman Nott was drowned, apparently as a result of a fainting fit that came to him while swimming. He had never been strong and a short life had been prophesied for him. During his few years of maturity, he had done a great work and had been able to

exert an exceptional measure of influence, and influence always for good. Few men in his generation and of his years (he was but twenty-seven at his death) have left in our community so large or so wholesome a memory.

CHAPTER XII

Death of Irving

IN November, 1859, occurred the death of Washington Irving. I remember being taken by my father to the funeral at the picturesque little house of Sunnyside in Irvington. It was a peaceful autumnal day, and the brown hillsides and broad expanse of the sunlit river recalled the charming pictures of the Hudson Valley as given in the legend of *Sleepy Hollow* and in *Wolfert's Roost*. The little church of Sleepy Hollow would not hold the throngs of mourners who had gathered from all parts of the country.

The immediate result of Mr. Irving's death, as far as the sale of his books was concerned, was favourable. Full emphasis was given by the Press to the importance of the work that had been done by the dead author, and his books were described by these critical authorities as American classics which no library could afford to be without. This brought about a very considerable increase in the popular demand, and new editions in various shapes found ready sale.

An appreciation of Irving written by my father for the *Atlantic*, and printed in November, 1860, may conveniently be inserted here:

RECOLLECTIONS OF IRVING

BY HIS PUBLISHER

You are aware that one of the most interesting reunions of men connected with literary pursuits in England is at the annual dinner of the "Literary Fund"—the management of which has been so often dissected of late by Dickens and others. It is a fund for disabled authors; and, like most other British charities, requires to be fed annually by a public dinner. A notable occasion of this kind happened on the 11th of May, 1842. It was at this that I first met Mr. Irving in Europe. The president of the festival was no less than the Queen's young husband, Prince Albert—his first appearance in that (presidential) capacity. His three speeches were more than respectable—for a prince; they were a positive success. In the course of the evening we had speeches by Hallam and Lord Mahon for the historians; Campbell and Moore for the poets; Talfourd for the dramatists and the bar; Sir Roderick Murchison for the *savants*; Chevalier Bunsen and Baron Brunow for the diplomatists; G. P. R. James for the novelists; the Bishop of Gloucester; Gally Knight the antiquary; and a goodly sprinkling of peers, *not* famed as authors. Edward Everett was present as American Minister; and Washington Irving (then on his way to Madrid in diplomatic capacity) represented American authors. Such an array of speakers in a single evening is rare indeed, and it was an occasion long to be remembered.

The toasts and speeches were, of course, very precisely arranged beforehand, as etiquette requires, I suppose, being in the presence of "His Royal Highness," yet most of them were animated and characteristic. When "Washington Irving and American Literature" was propounded by the fugleman at the elbow of H.R.H., the cheering was vociferously hearty and cordial, and the interest and curiosity to see and hear Geoffrey Crayon seemed to be intense. His name appeared to touch the finest chords of genial sympathy and good-will. The other famous men of the evening had been listened to

with respect and deference, but Mr. Irving's name inspired genuine enthusiasm. We had been listening to the learned Hallam, and the sparkling Moore—to the classic and fluent author of *Ion*, and to the "Bard of Hope"—to the historic and theologic diplomat from Prussia, and to the stately representative of the Czar. A dozen well-prepared sentiments had been responded to in as many different speeches. "The Mariners of England," "And doth not a meeting like this make amends?" had been sung, to the evident satisfaction of the authors of those lyrics—(Campbell, by the way, who was near my seat, had to be "regulated" in his speech by his friend and publisher, Moxon, lest H.R.H. should be scandalised). And now everybody was on tiptoe for the author of *Bracebridge Hall*. If his speech had been proportioned to the cheers which greeted him, it would have been the longest of the evening. When, therefore, he simply said, in his modest, beseeching manner, "I beg to return you my very sincere thanks," his brevity seemed almost ungracious to those who did not know that it was physically impossible for him to make a speech. It was vexatious that routine had omitted from the list of speakers Mr. Everett, who was at Irving's side; but, as diplomat, the Prussian and Russian had precedence, and as American author, Irving, of course, was the representative man. An Englishman near me said to his neighbour, "Brief?" "Yes, but you can tell the *gentleman* in the very tone of his voice."

When I said that Mr. Irving could not speak in public, I had forgotten that he did once get through with a very nice little speech on such an occasion as that just alluded to. It was at an entertainment given, in 1837, at the old City Hotel in New York, by the New York booksellers to American authors. Many of "the Trade" will remember the good things said on that evening, and among them Mr. Irving's speech about Halleck, and about Rogers the poet, as the "friend of American genius." At my request, he afterwards wrote out his remarks, which were printed in the papers of the day. Probably this was his last, if not his best effort in this line; for the Dickens Dinner remarks were not complete.

In 1845, Mr. Irving came to London from his post at

Madrid, on a short visit to his friend, Mr. McLane, then American Minister to England. It was my privilege at that time to know him more domestically than before. It was pleasant to have him at my table at "Knickerbocker Cottage." With his permission, a quiet party of four was made up, the others being Dr. Beattie, the friend and biographer of Campbell; Samuel Carter Hall, the *littérateur*, and editor of the *Art Journal*; and William Howitt. Irving was much interested in what Dr. Beattie had to tell about Campbell, and especially so in Carter Hall's stories of Moore and his patron, Lord Lansdowne. Moore, at this time, was in ill-health and shut up from the world. I need not attempt to quote the conversation. Irving had been somewhat intimate with Moore in former days, and found him, doubtless, an entertaining and lively companion—but his replies to Hall about the "patronage" of my Lord Lansdowne, etc., indicated pretty clearly that he had no sympathy with the *small* traits and parasitical tendencies of Moore's character. If there was anything specially detestable to Irving and at variance with his very nature, it was that self-seeking deference to wealth and station which was so characteristic of the Irish poet.

I had hinted to one of my guests that Mr. Irving was sometimes "caught napping" even at the dinner-table, so that such an event should not occasion surprise. The conversation proved so interesting that I had almost claimed a victory, when, lo! a slight lull in the talk disclosed the fact that our respected guest was nodding. I believe it was a habit with him, for many years, thus to take "forty winks" at the dinner-table. Still, the conversation of that evening was a rich treat, and my English friends frequently thanked me afterwards for the opportunity of meeting "the man of all others whom they desired to know."

The term of Mr. Irving's contract with his Philadelphia publishers expired in 1843, and, for five years, his works remained *in statu quo*, no American publisher appearing to think them of sufficient importance to propose definitely for a new edition. Surprising as this fact appears now, it is

actually true that Mr. Irving began to think his works had "rusted out" and were "defunct"—for nobody offered to reproduce them. Being, in 1848, again settled in New York, and apparently able to render suitable business attention to the enterprise, I ambitiously proposed an arrangement to publish Irving's works. My suggestion was made in a brief note, written on the impulse of the moment; but (what was more remarkable) it was promptly accepted without the change of a single figure or a single stipulation. It is sufficient to remark that the number of volumes since printed of these works (including the later ones) amounts to about eight hundred thousand.

The relations of friendship—I cannot say intimacy—to which this arrangement admitted me were such as any man might have enjoyed with proud satisfaction. I had always too much earnest *respect* for Mr. Irving ever to claim familiar intimacy with him. He was a man who would unconsciously and quietly command deferential regard and consideration; for in all his ways and words there was the atmosphere of true refinement. He was emphatically a gentleman, in the best sense of that word. Never forbidding or morose, he was at times (indeed always, when quite well) full of genial humour—sometimes overflowing with fun. But I need not, here at least, attempt to sum up his characteristics.

That "Sunnyside" home was too inviting to those who were privileged there to allow any proper opportunity for a visit to pass unimproved. Indeed, it became so attractive to strangers and lion-hunters, that some of those whose *entrée* was quite legitimate and acceptable, refrained, especially during the last two years, from adding to the heavy tax which casual visitors began to levy upon the quiet hours of the host. Ten years ago, when Mr. Irving was in his best estate of health and spirits, when his mood was of the sunniest, and Wolfert's Roost was in the springtime of its charms, it was my fortune to pass a few days there with my wife. Mr. Irving himself drove a snug pair of ponies down to the steamboat to meet us—(for, even then, Thackeray's "one old horse" was not the only resource in the Sunnyside stables). The

drive of two miles from Tarrytown to that delicious lane which leads to the Roost—who does not know all that, and how charming it is? Five hundred descriptions of the Tappan Zee and the region round about have not exhausted it. The modest cottage, almost buried under the luxuriant Melrose ivy, was then just made what it is—a picturesque and comfortable retreat for a man of tastes and habits like those of Geoffrey Crayon—snug and modest, but yet, with all its surroundings, a fit residence for a gentleman who had means to make everything suitable as well as handsome about him. Of this a word anon.

I do not presume to write of the home details of Sunnyside, further than to say that this delightful visit of three or four days gave us the impression that Mr. Irving's element seemed to be at home, as head of the family. He took us for a stroll over the grounds—some twenty acres of wood and dell, with babbling brooks—pointing out innumerable trees which he had planted with his own hands, and telling us anecdotes and reminiscences of his early life: of his being taken in the Mediterranean by pirates; of his standing on the pier at Messina, in Sicily, and looking at Nelson's fleet sweeping by on its way to the Battle of Trafalgar; of his failure to see the interior of Milan Cathedral, because it was being decorated for the coronation of the first Napoleon; of his adventures in Rome with Allston, and how near Geoffrey Crayon came to being an artist; of Talleyrand, and many other celebrities; and of incidents which seemed to take us back to a former generation. Often at this and subsequent visits I ventured to suggest (not professionally), after some of these reminiscences, "I hope you have taken time to make a note of these"; but the oracle nodded a sort of humourous "No." A drive to Sleepy Hollow—Mr. Irving again managing the ponies himself—crowned our visit; and with such a coachman and guide, in such regions, we were not altogether unable to appreciate the excursion.

You are aware that in *Knickerbocker*, especially, Mr. Irving made copious revisions and additions, when the new edition

was published in 1848. The original edition (1809) was dedicated with mock gravity to the New York Historical Society; and the preface to the revision explains the origin and intent of the work. Probably some of the more liberal-minded grandsons of Holland were somewhat unappreciative of the precise scope of the author's genius and the bent of his humour; but if this "veritable history" really elicited any "doubts" or any hostility, at the time, such misapprehension has doubtless been long since removed. It has often been remarked that Diedrich Knickerbocker had really enlisted more practical interest in the early annals of his native State than all other historians together, down to his time. But for him we might never have had an O'Callaghan or a Brodhead.

The *Sketch Book* also received considerable new matter in the revised edition; and the story, in the preface, of the author's connection with Scott and with Murray added new interest to the volume, which has always been *the* favourite with the public. You will remember Mr. Bryant's remark about the change in the tone of Mr. Irving's temperament shown in this work as contrasted with *Knickerbocker*, and the probable cause of this change. Mr. Bryant's very delicate and judicious reference to the fact of Mr. Irving's early engagement was undoubtedly correct. A miniature of a young lady, intellectual, refined, and beautiful, was handed me one day by Mr. Irving, with the request that I would have a slight injury repaired by an artist and a new case made for it, the old one being actually worn out by much use. The painting (on ivory) was exquisitely fine. When I returned it to him in a suitable velvet case, he took it to a quiet corner and looked intently on the face for some minutes, apparently unobserved, his tears falling freely on the glass as he gazed. That this was a miniature of the lady—Miss Hoffman, a sister of Ogden Hoffman—it is not now, perhaps, indelicate to surmise. It is for a poet to characterise the nature of an attachment so loyal, so fresh, and so fragrant *forty years* after death had snatched away the mortal part of the object of affection.

During one of his visits to the city, Mr. Irving suddenly asked if I could give him a bed at my house on Staten Island.

I could. So we had a nice chatty evening, and the next morning we took him on a charming drive over the hills of Staten Island. He seemed to enjoy it highly, for he had not been there, I believe, since he was stationed there in a military capacity, during the War of 1812, as aid of Governor Tompkins. He gave us a humorous account of some of his equestrian performances, and those of the Governor, while on duty at the island; but neither his valour nor the Governor's was tested by any actual contact with the enemy.

In facility of composition, Mr. Irving, I believe, was peculiarly influenced by "moods." When in his usual good health, and the spirit was on him, he wrote very rapidly; but at other times composition was an irksome task, or even an impossible one. Dr. Peters says he frequently rose from his bed in the night and wrote for hours together. Then again he would not touch his pen for weeks. I believe his most rapidly written work was the one often pronounced his most spirited one, and a model as a biography, *The Life of Goldsmith*. Sitting at my desk one day, he was looking at Forster's clever work, which I proposed to reprint. He remarked that it was a favourite theme of his, and he had half a mind to pursue it, and extend into a volume a sketch he had once made for an edition of Goldsmith's works. I expressed a hope that he would do so, and within sixty days the first sheets of Irving's *Goldsmith* were in the printer's hands. The press (as he says) was "dogging at his heels," for in two or three weeks the volume was published.

Visiting London shortly after *The Life of Mahomet* was prepared for the press, I arranged with Mr. Murray, on the author's behalf, for an English edition of *Mahomet, Goldsmith*, etc., and took a request from Mr. Irving to his old friend Leslie, that he would make a *true* sketch of the venerable Diedrich Knickerbocker. Mr. Irving insisted that the great historian of the Manhattoes was not the vulgar old fellow they would keep putting on the omnibuses and ice-carts; but that, though quaint and old-fashioned, he was still of gentle blood. Leslie's sketches, however (he made two), did not hit the mark exactly; Mr. Irving liked Darley's better.

Among the briefer visits to Sunnyside which I had the good fortune to enjoy was one with the estimable compiler of *The Dictionary of Authors*. Mr. Irving's amiable and hospitable nature prompted him always to welcome visitors so kindly that no one, however dull, and however uncertain his claims, would fail to be pleased with his visit. But when the genial host was in good health and in his best moods, and the visitor had any magnetism in his composition, when he found, in short, a kindred spirit, his talk was of the choicest. Of Sir Walter Scott, especially, he would tell us much that was interesting. Probably no two writers ever appreciated each other more heartily than Scott and Irving. The sterling good sense, and quiet, yet rich, humour of Scott, as well as his literary tastes and wonderful fund of legendary lore, would find no more intelligent and discriminating admirer than Irving; while the rollicking fun of the veritable Diedrich and the delicate fancy and pathos of Crayon were doubtless unaffectedly enjoyed by the great Scotsman. I wish I could tell you accurately one half of the anecdotes which were so pleasantly related during those various brief visits at "the Cottage"; but I did not go there to take notes, and it is wicked to spoil good stories by misquotation. One story, however, I may venture to repeat.

You remember how the author of *The Pleasures of Hope* was once hospitably entertained by worthy people, under the supposition that he was the excellent missionary Campbell, just returned from Africa; and how the massive man of state, Daniel Webster, had repeated occasion, in England, to disclaim honours meant for Noah, the man of words. Mr. Irving told, with great glee, a little story against himself, illustrating these uncertainties of distant fame. Making a small purchase at a shop in England, not long after his second or third work had given currency to his name, he gave his address ("Mr. Irving, Number," etc.) for the parcel to be sent to his lodgings. The salesman's face brightened: "Is it possible," said he, "that I have the pleasure of serving Mr. Irving?" The question, and the manner of it, indicated profound respect and admiration. A modest and smiling acknow-

ledgment was inevitable. A few more remarks indicated still more deferential interest on the part of the man of tape; and then another question, about Mr. Irving's "latest work," revealed the pleasant fact that he was addressed as the famous Edward Irving, of the Scotch Church—the man of divers tongues. The very existence of the *Sketch Book* was probably unknown to his intelligent admirer. "All I could do," added Mr. Crayon, with that rich twinkle in his eye,—“all I could do was to take my tail between my legs and slink away in the smallest possible compass.”

A word more about Mr. Irving's manner of life. The impression given by Thackeray, in his notice (genial enough, and well meant, doubtless) of Irving's death, is absurdly inaccurate. His picture of the "one old horse," the plain little house, etc., would lead one to imagine Mr. Irving a weak, good-natured old man, amiably, but parsimoniously, saving up his pennies for his "eleven nieces" (!), and to this end stinting himself, among other ways, to "a single glass of wine," etc. Mr. Thackeray's notions of style and state and liveried retainers are probably not entirely un-English, notwithstanding he wields so sharp a pen against England's snobs; and he may naturally have looked for more display of greatness at the residence of an ex-Minister. But he could scarcely appreciate that simple dignity and solid comfort, that unobtrusive *fitness*, which belonged to Mr. Irving's home arrangements. There were no flunkies in gold and scarlet; but there were four or five good horses in the stable, and as many suitable carriages. Everything in the cottage was peculiarly and comfortably elegant, without the least pretension. As to the "single glass of wine," Mr. Irving, never a professed teetotaler, was always temperate on instinct both in eating and drinking; and in his last two years I believe he did not taste wine at all. In all financial matters, Mr. Irving's providence and preciseness were worthy of imitation by all professional literary men; but with exactness and punctuality he united a liberal disposition to make a suitable use of money, and to have all around him comfortable and appropriate. Knowing that he could leave a handsome independence for those nearest

to him, he had no occasion for any such anxious care as Mr. Thackeray intimates.

Thackeray had been invited to Yonkers to give his lecture on "Charity and Humour." At this "Ancient Dorp" he was the guest of Cozzens, and I had the honour of accompanying the greater and lesser humourist in a drive to Sunnyside, nine miles. (This call of an hour, by the way, was Thackeray's only glimpse of the place he described.) The interview was in every way interesting. Mr. Irving produced a pair of antiquated spectacles, which had belonged to Washington, and "Major Pendennis" tried them on with evident reverence. The hour was well filled with rapid, pleasant chat; but no profound analysis of the characteristics of wit and humour was elicited either from the Stout Gentleman or from Vanity Fair. Mr. Irving went down to Yonkers to hear Thackeray's lecture in the evening, after we had all had a slice of bear at Mr. Sparrowgrass's, to say nothing of sundry other courses, with a slight thread of conversation between. At the lecture, he was so startled by the eulogistic presentation of the lecturer to the audience, by the excellent chief of the committee, that I believe he did not once nod during the evening. We were, of course, proud to have as our own guest for the night such an embodiment of "Charity and Humour" as Mr. Thackeray saw in the front bench before him, but whom he considerably spared from holding up as an illustration of his subject.

Charity, indeed, practical "good-will toward men," was an essential part of Mr. Irving's Christianity—and in this Christian virtue he was sometimes severely tested. Nothing was more irksome to him than to be compelled to endure calls of mere curiosity, or to answer letters either of fulsome eulogy of himself, or asking for his eulogy of the MSS. or new work of the correspondent. Some letters of that kind he probably never did answer. Few had any idea of the *fagging* task they imposed on the distinguished victim. He would worry and fret over it trebly in anticipation, and the actual labour itself was to him probably ten times as irksome as it would be to most others. Yet it would be curious to know how many letters of suggestion and encouragement he actually did write

in reply to solicitations from young authors for his criticism and advice, and his recommendation, or, perhaps, his pecuniary aid. Always disposed to find merit, even where any stray grains of the article lay buried in rubbish, he would amiably say the utmost that could justly be said in favour of "struggling genius." Sometimes his readiness to aid meritorious young authors into profitable publicity was shamefully abused—as in the case of Maitland, an Englishman, who deliberately forged an absurdly distorted paraphrase of a note of Mr. Irving's, besides other disreputable use of the signature which he had enticed from him in answer to urgent appeals. But these were among the penalties of honourable fame and influence which he might naturally expect to pay. The sunny aspect on the "even tenor of his way" still prevailed; and until the hand of disease reached him in the last year of his life, very few probably enjoyed a more tranquil and unruffled existence.

It became almost a proverb that Mr. Irving was a nearly solitary instance of a long literary career (half a century) untouched by even a breath of ill-will or jealousy on the part of a brother-author. The annals of the *genus irritabile* scarcely show a parallel to such a career. The most prominent American contemporary of Mr. Irving in imaginative literature was, I suppose, Fenimore Cooper, whose genius raised the American name in Europe more effectively even than Irving's, at least on the Continent. Cooper had a right to claim respect and admiration, if not affection, from his countrymen, for his brilliant creations and his solid services to American literature; and he knew it. But, as we all know—for it was patent—when he returned from Europe, after sending his "*Letters to my Countrymen*," and gave us *Home as Found*, his reception was much less marked with warmth and enthusiasm than was Mr. Irving's; and while he professed indifference to all such whims of popular regard, yet he evidently brooded a little over the relative amount of public attention extended to his brother-author. At any rate, he persistently kept aloof from Mr. Irving for many years; and not infrequently discoursed, in his rather authoritative manner, about the humbuggery of

success in this country, as exhibited in some shining instances of popular and official favour. With great admiration for Cooper, whose national services were never recognised as they deserved to be, I trust no injustice is involved in the above suggestion, which I make somewhat presumptuously—especially as Mr. Irving more than once spoke to me in terms of strong admiration of the works and genius of Cooper, and regretted that the great novelist seemed to cherish some unpleasant feeling towards him. One day, some time after I had commenced a library edition of Cooper's best works, and while Irving's were in course of publication in companionship, Mr. Irving was sitting at my desk, with his back to the door, when Mr. Cooper came in (a little bustlingly, as usual), and stood at the office entrance, talking. Mr. Irving did not turn (for obvious reasons), and Cooper did not see him. Remembering his "Mr. Sharp, Mr. Blunt,—Mr. Blunt, Mr. Sharp," I had acquired caution as to introductions without mutual consent; but with a brief thought of how matters stood (they had not met for several years), and a sort of instinct that reduced the real difference between the parties to a baseless fabric of misapprehension, I stoutly obeyed the impulse of the moment, and simply said, "Mr. Cooper, here is Mr. Irving." The latter turned,—Cooper held out his hand cordially, dashed at once into an animated conversation, took a chair, and, to my surprise and delight, the two authors sat for an hour, chatting in their best manner about almost every topic of the day and some of former days. They parted with cordial good wishes, and Mr. Irving afterwards frequently alluded to the incident as being a very great gratification to him. He may have recalled it with new satisfaction, when, not many months afterwards, he sat on the platform at the "Cooper Commemoration," and joined in Bryant's tribute to the genius of the departed novelist.

Mr. Irving was never a systematic collector of books, and his little library at Sunnyside might have disappointed those who would expect to see there rich shelves of choice editions, and a full array of all the favourite authors among whom such

a writer would delight to revel. Some rather antiquated tomes in Spanish; indifferent sets of Calderon and Cervantes, and of some modern French and German authors,—a presentation set of Cadell's *Waverley*, as well as that more recent and elegant emanation from the classic press of Houghton; a moderate amount of home-tools for his *Life of Washington* (rarer materials were consulted in the town libraries and at Washington); and the remainder of his books were evidently a haphazard collection, many coming from the authors, with their respects, and thus sometimes costing the recipient their full (intrinsic) value in writing a letter of acknowledgment.

The little apartment had, nevertheless, become somewhat overcrowded, and a suggestion for a general renovation and pruning seemed to be gladly accepted,—so I went up and passed the night there for that purpose. Mr. Irving, in his easy-chair in the sitting-room, after dinner, was quite content to have me range at large in the library and to let me discard all the "lumber" as I pleased; so I turned out some hundred volumes of *unclassic* superfluity, and then called him in from his nap to approve or veto my proceedings. As he sat by, while I rapidly reported the candidates for exclusion, and he nodded assent, or as, here and there, he would interpose with "No, no, not *that*," and an anecdote or reminiscence would come in as a reason against the dismissal of the book in my hand, I could not help suggesting the scene in Don Quixote's library, when the priest and the barber entered upon their scrutiny of its contents. Mr. Irving seemed to be highly amused with this pruning process, and his running commentary on my "estimates of value" in weighing his literary collections was richly entertaining.

Observing that his library table was somewhat antiquated and inadequate, I persuaded him to let me make him a present of a new one, with the modern conveniences of drawers and snug corners for keeping his stray papers. When I sent him such a one, my stipulation for the return of the old one as a present to me was pleasantly granted. This relic was of no great intrinsic value; but, as he had written on this table many of his later works, including *Mahomet*, *Goldsmith*, *Wolfert's*

Roost, and *Washington*, I prize it, of course, as one of the most interesting mementos of Sunnyside.

As an illustration of habit, it may be added that, some time after the new table had been installed, I was sitting with him in the library, when he searched long and fruitlessly for some paper which had been "so *very* carefully stowed away in some *very* safe drawer" that it was not to be found, and the search ended in a sort of half-humorous, half-earnest denunciation of all "modern conveniences"; the simple old table, with its primitive facilities, was, after all, worth a dozen of these elegant contrivances for memory-saving and neatness.

One rather curious characteristic of Mr. Irving was excessive, unaffected modesty and distrust of himself and of his own writings. Considering how many a *débutant* in letters, not yet out of his teens, is so demonstratively self-confident as to the prospective effect of his genius on an expectant and admiring world, it was always remarkable to hear a veteran, whose fame for half a century had been cosmopolitan, expressing the most timid doubts as to his latest compositions, and fearing they were unequal to their position—so unwilling, too, to occupy an inch of ground to which any other writer might properly lay claim. Mr. Irving had planned and made some progress in a work on the Conquest of Mexico, when he learned of Mr. Prescott's intentions, and promptly laid his project aside. His *Life of Washington*, originating more than thirty years ago, was repeatedly abandoned, as the successive works of Mr. Sparks, Mr. Paulding, and others appeared; and though he was subsequently induced to proceed with his long-considered plan of a more dramatic and picturesque narrative from a new point of view, yet he was more than once inclined to put his MS. into the fire, in the apprehension that the subject had been worn threadbare by the various compilations which were constantly coming out. When he ventured his first volume, the cordial and appreciative reception promptly accorded to it surprised as much as it cheered and pleased him; for though he despised hollow flattery, no young writer was more warmly sensitive than he to all discriminating,

competent, and honest applause or criticism. When *Wolfert's Roost* was published (I had to entice the papers of that volume from his drawers, for I doubt whether he would have collected them himself), I saw him affected actually to tears on reading some of the hearty and well-written personal tributes which that volume called forth. But though every volume was received in this spirit by the Press and the public, he was to the last apprehensive of failure, until a trustworthy verdict should again reassure him. The very last volume of his works (the fifth of *Washington*) was thus timidly permitted to be launched; and I remember well his expression of relief and satisfaction when he said that Mr. Bancroft, Professor Felton, and Mr. Duyckinck had been the first to assure him the volume was all that it should be. His task on this volume had perhaps extended beyond the period of his robust health,—it had *fagged* him—but he had been spared to write every line of it with his own hand, and my own copy is enriched by the autograph of his valedictory.

To refer, however briefly, to Mr. Irving's politics or religion, even if I had intimate knowledge of both (which assuredly I had not), would be, perhaps, to overstep decorous limits. It may, however, properly be mentioned that, in the face of all inherent probabilities as to his comfortable conservatism, and his earnest instincts in favour of fraternal conciliation and *justice* (which was as marked a quality in him as in the great man whom he so faithfully portrayed), in spite of all the considerations urged by timid gentlemen of the old school in favour of Fillmore and the *status quo*, he voted in 1856, as he told me, for Fremont. In speaking of the candidates then in the field, he said of Fremont that his comparative youth and inexperience in party politics were points in his favour; for he thought the condition of the country called for a man of nerve and energy, one in his prime, and unfettered by party traditions and bargains for the "spoils." His characterisation of a more experienced functionary, who had once served in the State Department, was more severe than I ever heard from him of any other person; and severity from

a man of his judicious and kindly impulses had a meaning in it.

Favoured once with a quiet Sunday at "the Cottage," there was, of course, a seat for us all in the family-pew at Christ Church in the village (Tarrytown). Mr. Irving's official station as churchwarden was indicated by the ex-ambassador's meek and decorous presentation of the plate for the silver and copper offerings of the parishioners. At subsequent successive meetings of the General (State) Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church (to which I had been delegated from a little parish on Staten Island), the names of Washington Irving and Fenimore Cooper were both recorded—the latter representing Christ Church, Cooperstown. Mr. Irving for several years served in this capacity, and as one of the Missionary Committee of the convention. His name was naturally sought as honouring any organisation. He was the last person to be demonstrative or conspicuous either as to his faith or his works; but no disciple of Christ, perhaps, felt more devoutly than he did the reverential aspiration of "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

Passing a print window in Broadway one day, his eye rested on the beautiful engraving of *Christus Consolator*. He stopped and looked at it intently for some minutes, evidently much affected by the genuine inspiration of the artist in this remarkable representation of the Saviour as the consoler of sorrow-stricken humanity. His tears fell freely. "Pray get me that print," said he; "I must have it framed for my sitting-room." When he examined it more closely and found the artist's name, "It's by my old friend Ary Scheffer!" said he, remarking, further, that he had known Scheffer intimately, and knew him to be a true artist, but had not expected from him anything so excellent as this. I afterwards sent him the companion, *Christus Remunerator*; and the pair remained his daily companions till the day of his death. To me, the picture of Irving, amid the noise and bustle of noon in Broadway, shedding tears as he studied that little print, so feelingly picturing human sorrow and the Source of its alleviation, has always remained associated with the artist and his works. If Irving could

enjoy wit and humour, and give that enjoyment to others, no other writer of books had a heart more tenderly sensitive than his to the sufferings and ills to which flesh is heir.

Of his later days,—of the calmly received premonitions of that peaceful end of which only the precise moment was uncertain,—of his final departure, so gentle and so fitting,—of that “Washington Irving-day” so dreamily, blandly still, and almost fragrant, December though it was, when with those simple and appropriate obsequies his mortal remains were placed by the side of his brothers and sisters in the burial-ground of Sleepy Hollow, while thousands from far and near silently looked for the last time on his genial face and mourned his loss as that of a personal friend and a national benefactor, yet could hardly for *his* sake desire any more enviable translation from mortality,—of the many beautiful and eloquent tributes of living genius to the life and character and writings of the departed author,—of all these you have already an ample record. I need not repeat or extend it. If you could have “assisted” at the crowning “Commemoration” on his birthday (April 3d) at the Academy of Music, you would have found it in many respects memorably in accordance with the intrinsic fitness of things. An audience of five thousand, so evidently and discriminatingly intelligent, addressed for two hours by Bryant, with all his cool, judicious, deliberate criticism, warmed into glowing appreciation of the most delicate and peculiar beauties of the character and literary services he was to delineate,—and this rich banquet fittingly *desserted* by the periods of Everett,—such an evening was worthy of the subject, and worthy to be remembered. The heartiness and the genial insight into Irving’s best traits which the poet displayed were peculiarly gratifying to the nearer friends and relatives. His sketch and analysis, too, had a remarkable completeness for an address of that kind, while its style and manner were models of chaste elegance. Speaking of Irving’s contemporaries and predecessors, he warms into poetry, thus:

“We had but one novelist before the era of the *Sketch Book*; their number is now beyond enumeration by any but a pro-

fessed catalogue-maker, and many of them are read in every cultivated form of human speech. Those whom we acknowledge as our poets—one of whom is the special favourite of our brothers in language who dwell beyond the sea—appeared in the world of letters and won its attention after Irving had become famous. We have wits and humourists and amusing essayists, authors of some of the airiest and most graceful contributions of the present century—and we owe them to the new impulse given to our literature in 1819. I look abroad on these stars of our literary firmament—some crowded together with their minute points of light in a galaxy, some standing apart in glorious constellations; I recognise Arcturus and Orion and Perseus and the glittering jewels of the Southern Crown, and the Pleiades shedding sweet influences; but the Evening Star, the soft and serene light that glowed in their van, the precursor of them all, has sunk below the horizon. The spheres, meanwhile, perform their appointed courses; the same motion which lifted them up to the mid-sky bears them onward to their setting; and they, too, like their bright leader, must soon be carried by it below the earth.”

Let me quote also Mr. Bryant’s closing remarks:

“Other hands will yet give the world a bolder, more vivid, and more exact portraiture. In the meantime, when I consider for how many years he stood before the world as an author, with still increasing fame—half a century in this most changeful of centuries—I cannot hesitate to predict for him a deathless renown. Since he began to write, empires have arisen and passed away; mighty captains have appeared on the stage of the world, performed their part, and been called to their account; wars have been fought and ended which have changed the destinies of the human race. New arts have been invented, and adopted, and have pushed the old out of use; the household economy of half mankind has undergone a revolution. Science has learned a new dialect and forgotten the old; the chemist of 1807 would be a vain babler among his brethren of the present day, and would in turn become bewildered in the attempt to understand them. Nation utters speech to nation in words that pass from realm to realm with

the speed of light. Distant countries have been made neighbours; the Atlantic Ocean has become a narrow firth, and the Old World and the New shake hands across it; the East and the West look in at each other's windows. The new inventions bring new calamities, and men perish in crowds by the recoil of their own devices. War has learned more frightful modes of havoc, and armed itself with deadlier weapons; armies are borne to the battle-field on the wings of the wind, and dashed against each other and destroyed with infinite bloodshed. We grow giddy with this perpetual whirl of strange events, these rapid and ceaseless mutations; the earth seems to be reeling under our feet, and we turn to those who write like Irving for some assurance that we are still in the same world into which we were born; we read, and are quieted and consoled. In his pages we see that the language of the heart never becomes obsolete; that Truth and Good and Beauty, the offspring of God, are not subject to the changes which beset the inventions of men. We become satisfied that he whose works were the delight of our fathers, and are still ours, will be read with the same pleasure by those who come after us."

The publishing list began again to increase, and my father now revived, as a branch of his undertakings, the business of supplying libraries. He prepared for this purpose a brief manual entitled *Suggestions for Libraries*, which presented counsel and information that were very largely utilised by literary committees, and that helped to bring to the firm the orders for the books recommended. This manual, formed the nucleus of a very much larger work entitled *Best Reading*, which was prepared some years later by Mr. F. B. Perkins, working under general suggestions from my father. I am not sure whether I have before mentioned the work that was done by Mr. Perkins in connection with *Putnam's Monthly*. He had served as an associate editor and had done very good editorial service indeed. He had also contributed some clever original stories and sketches, the

most important of the former being "My Three Conversations with Miss Chester." His daughter, Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman, has during these later years been making her own mark in literature and in social science.

CHAPTER XIII

On the Eve of the Civil War

BY the spring of 1860, the politics of the nation were becoming exciting, but even men like my father, who had kept themselves closely associated with political movements, had as late as June very little pre-science of all that the months immediately succeeding were to bring forth.

It is doubtless the case that during the twelve months preceding the outbreak of the war, the South had a much clearer understanding of the situation, and a more definite expectation as to what was to result from the situation, than was possible for the North. It was, in fact, in consequence of this clearer understanding that the preparations of the South for the war were made to so considerable an extent, while in the North the talk about war was dismissed, as had been the similar talk in the time of Webster, as a vague utterance on the part of the politicians.

My father, who, as before explained, had had not a little personal interest in connection with the organisation in 1856 of the Republican party, was naturally an ardent supporter of Lincoln. He had himself favoured the nomination of Seward, who was accepted by his fellow-citizens of New York, and by a certain proportion, at least, of the Republicans of New England, as a fair representative and exponent of the anti-slavery cause. By a large body of the

Abolitionists, Seward was, however, distrusted, while a good many of the Republicans of the West, who felt that the strength of the party must in any case depend upon Western votes, could not shake off the feeling that Seward had been too closely mixed up with the twisted and more or less unscrupulous political methods of the Empire State. In February, 1860, some months before the date fixed for the Chicago Convention, Mr. Lincoln (whose name had become known in the East through his dramatic contest with Douglas) had been asked to give a lecture in New York on the political situation. My father was one of the committee of invitation and he was considerate enough to smuggle me into a seat on one corner of the platform. The meeting was held in Cooper Union and was presided over by Mr. Bryant. The first impression made upon the New York audience by the uncouth figure of the "rail-splitter" of Illinois was not favourable. He seemed hardly to know what to do on the platform with his long arms and still longer legs. His clothes did not fit, his hair was shaggy; his first utterances failed to give evidence of the thought and expression with which he had been credited. As, however, the speech progressed, the hearers came to feel that the man who was speaking to them had something definite to say and knew how to say it. Here was a real man, who was speaking from conviction and with knowledge, and as the glow of his earnestness lit up his rugged features, and the words fell into shape behind his earnest thoughts, it was realised that a new orator and a new leader had come before the people. It was unquestionably the memory of this speech that made Lincoln's nomination possible in the closely fought contest at Chicago. As the parties were then divided, after the split in the Democratic ranks, the nomination was equivalent to an election.

Through the long months between June and November,

there continued to come from the Border States and from the States farther south, rumblings and utterances which finally took shape in threats of secession. The political leaders and the voters behind them in these Southern States had, however, for so many years been insisting that if they did not have their own way in directing the national policy they would break up the nation, that the voters of the North were entirely unready to give any weight to the present threats. While the political leaders in the South did not themselves believe that the North would be willing to fight for the preservation of the nation, they judged that a good show of preparation for war through the Southern States might itself act as a deterrent against any strong military sentiment in the North. The crisis may be said to have culminated with the futile attempts to relieve Fort Sumter, and with the action finally taken in Charleston in bringing on the war by the forcible reduction of the fort. The guns fired at Sumter had, as an immediate result, one may say service, the solidifying of opinion in the North in support of the Government and of the cause now recognised as national. The great majority of the Democrats in the States which, like Pennsylvania and New York, had given majorities for Buchanan, classed themselves now as War Democrats, and came forward with their money and with personal service with a loyalty as prompt and as energetic as that shown by the Republicans.

The state of opinion in the chief city of the Union had given no little anxiety to the new Administration and to loyal men generally. The business interests of New York had been very closely associated with the South. The accounts of a large number of the Southern plantations were kept in New York, and it was from New York factors that had been secured the supplies for the plantations and the advances on the crops that were finally to be sold through these factors. At the outbreak of the war, a good

many millions of dollars were due from the planters to their Northern business agents, and by far the larger portion of the amount should have been paid to New York. The trade of the South, apart from this direct business of the planters, was also largely supplied by the New York distributing houses. The business men of the city had, therefore, a double interest in preventing or in delaying any action on the part of the Government or any expressions of opinion on the part of their own fellow-citizens which might hasten the bringing about either of secession or of the conflict to prevent secession. War for them meant not only the loss of millions of dollars at that time owing from Southern correspondents, but also the loss of a trade for the future upon which many of them were practically dependent. For these New York merchants to take an active part in support of the war measures of the Government, and in so doing to embitter their Southern correspondents, meant, with not a few, business ruin. It may be to-day a matter for surprise that there were but few of these merchants who, when the issue was fairly drawn, failed to stand the test. Their patriotism and their recognition of the larger importance of the preservation of the nation outweighed their immediate business interests and their very natural business apprehensions.

The city had a large Democratic majority, and the Mayor who had been elected in 1860, Fernando Wood, was not only a Democrat, but one whose supporters included the least satisfactory groups of the Democratic voters. He was a clever politician with a certain cleverness of speech which passed for eloquence and which gave him with his own circle of voters an effective influence. After the election of Lincoln, and when there was still doubt concerning the strength or solidity of the national sentiment in the North, Wood had put forward a scheme for the secession from the State of

the city of New York, which was to take with it the territory of Long Island and Staten Island. His scheme went so far as to propose for the new State the name of Tri-insula. The proposition was based upon the expectation that the secession of the South would result, of necessity, in the general break-up of the Union. Wood proposed that New York should become a free city, like Hamburg. He posed as a free-trader, and he contended that, with an open port, the city could, whatever might be the status of the Government behind it, make large profits for its citizens out of the foreign trade of the world. There was for a time some semi-serious discussion of Wood's proposition, but, as events progressed, it became evident that even in Democratic New York, with its Southern business connections and its close social affiliations with the South, the national sentiment was bound to assert itself, and was prepared to place the resources of the city at the disposal of the Government. Immediately after the opening of fire on Fort Sumter, a public meeting of the loyal citizens of New York was called. My father's name appeared naturally in the list of callers, a list aggregating possibly one hundred in all. The meeting was held in Union Square. At the south end of the square, where the statue of Lafayette has since been placed, was erected the speakers' platform. The Mayor was told he must preside over the meeting, and must make a loyal speech committing the city of New York to the national cause. My father was one of a committee which, with Jackson S. Schultz as chairman, waited upon the Mayor with this notification and gave him to understand that unless he could be depended upon to represent the city rightly on this issue, he would not remain Mayor very long. I do not know what constitutional means could have been taken for Wood's deposition, but in the state of feeling at the time it seemed pretty certain that in one way or

another he would have been gotten rid of. As he rose to call the meeting to order and to make the introductory speech which was to determine his own position, it is reported that a small newsboy, who had climbed up into the fork of a tree overlooking the platform, called down to him: "Now, Nandy, mind what you say; you have got to stick to it this time." With the committee of loyal citizens on the platform behind him, and with a great mass of energetic loyalty in front of him, Mr. Wood decided that he had to mind what he said, and that what he said had better be loyal. His speech was quite definite and met the requirements of his fellow-citizens, and from that day on there was no question about the relation of New York to the war.

Shortly after the holding of this Union Square meeting, a hundred citizens (largely, of course, the same men) came together for the purpose of organising the Union sentiment of the city in order to take general supervision of the business of raising regiments and (what was still more important for the banking centre of the country) of raising funds. The result of this meeting was the organisation of the "Union League Club." This was the second Union League association in the country. The model had been given by that of Philadelphia, organised a few weeks before the New York society. The Philadelphia club did active service throughout the entire years of the war, and kept in close relations with its fellow Union Leaguers in New York, Chicago, and elsewhere. The New York club made its first home in a house on the corner of 17th Street and Broadway, facing southward towards Union Square—a house which was placed at the club's disposal by its owner, Mr. Henry G. Marquand.

It is not necessary in a sketch like this to give space to the details of the relations of New York City to the war. It is sufficient to say that during the whole period my

father busied himself (notwithstanding his own rather absorbing business difficulties) in all the work that was being done in the city, such as the raising of regiments, the organising of hospital supply associations, and, later, in the work of the great Sanitary Commission and in associations for caring for the returning sick and wounded, etc.

The following letter, from a well-known citizen of New York, gives an indication of the nature of the service my father was rendering throughout these troublesome years:

LENOX, MASS., Sept. 9, 1861.

DEAR MR. PUTNAM:

On Saturday afternoon too late to reach your store, I saw on the trees in 5th Ave., above Madison Square, some admirable handbills, containing Democratic declarations as to men's duty in this war.

Heré in Berkshire there are more "Seceshes" than I had believed possible in New England. I want to enlighten them here, where they consider themselves near the centre of the sun itself. Please send me immediately as many of these handbills as the enclosed \$1. will pay for—say 100, on paper at 60 c. and the balance on cards to be nailed up in shops and in bar-rooms, etc.

I thank you with all my heart for your timely and patriotic publication of these declarations from an authority not Republican. Every man must now do all he can to sustain the Government and I want to "circulate your documents."

Faithfully your old friend,

JAMES W. BEEKMAN.

In addition to the part he took in these general citizens' undertakings, my father instituted a committee of the Maine men living in New York, of which committee he was either chairman or acting executive, which charged itself especially with the care of Maine regiments going to the front, and of Maine men—wounded, sick, or destitute—returning home.

The most distinctive service possibly rendered by my father during these war years was, however, in connection with the "Loyal Publication Society." It is my impression that the plan of this society had originated with himself. It is certain that, as an active member of the Publication Committee, the responsible work in planning the publications, in getting them into print, and in securing for them on both sides of the Atlantic the widest possible circulation, rested with him. The society was organised early in 1863. It held its first anniversary meeting on the 13th of February, 1864. The president was Dr. Francis Lieber, a German scholar, who was an old friend of my father's, and who had fought in the Prussian army at Waterloo. The treasurer was Morris Ketchum, and the chairman of the finance committee, Legrand B. Cannon. The moneys were raised chiefly through Mr. Ketchum, Mr. Cannon, William E. Dodge, Jackson S. Schultz, and William T. Blodgett.

The four or five thousand dollars that were spent brought service to the Republic in more ways than one. The undertaking might, in one sense, be considered a continuation of the publishing work done by Thomas Paine in 1776-1778, in the circulation of *Common Sense* and of *The Crisis*. The series of tracts and pamphlets issued under the direction of my father's committee, and very largely utilised by the writers of newspaper leaders throughout the country, gave the substance of the arguments by which the cause of the nationalists was to be defended. Many doubtful or confused citizens learned first from these writings what the actual nature of the Confederation was, how the present issue had arisen, what it was that was being fought out in the war, and what resources the nation had available for its own defence. The last detail, emphasised in certain pamphlets prepared particularly for foreign readers, was of exceptional importance in

connection with the sale in Europe of the United States bonds. There was, even in England, a very large amount of ignorance in regard to the nature of the American Government, and in regard, also, to the respective resources of the contestants in the Civil War. The political feeling in England remained still so largely opposed to the cause of the North (at least, among the larger merchants and the capitalists), that but very small sales were ever found with English investors for the bonds representing the American war loan. The same thing is to be said of France, where the feeling was also largely Southern in its sympathy, and where there was not such opportunity as there was in England of securing trustworthy information as to the value of the bonds in question. Such amounts as were secured from foreign investors came chiefly from two centres, Frankfort and Amsterdam, and the subscriptions in Amsterdam were very much the most important of any received in Europe.

Curiously enough, it was from the same city nearly one hundred years earlier (in 1777) that Benjamin Franklin arranged for the first foreign loan of the young Republic. It was the proceeds of this loan, the moneys remitted by Franklin from the Dutch merchants who had faith in the Republic, that enabled the army of Schuyler to secure its outfit of ammunition and stores, without which the battle of Saratoga could not have been fought and the surrender of Burgoyne could never have been accomplished. Twice within the century, the little Republic of Holland had thus come to aid the great Republic of the western hemisphere. The connection of this historic incident with the record of my father's work is through the "Loyal Publication Society." As before stated, my father had had particularly in mind in his first scheme for the society the importance of influencing public opinion in England and on the Continent. One of the earlier of the monographs issued

by the society had been written at my father's suggestion and was the work of his friend and old-time author, David A. Wells. It was entitled *Our Burden and Our Strength*, and it had for its purpose the setting forth, for the information of the European creditors and possible investors in United States bonds, the nature of the resources that were at the command of the North and of the methods under which these resources were being made available for carrying on the war, and for making provision for the payment of the interest, and later, of the principal, of the accumulating war indebtedness. This pamphlet was printed not only in English, but in the languages of all the European states whose opinion or influence was likely to prove of service. Editions were placed in the hands of the American banking representatives in Frankfort and in Leipsic; the editions in Dutch were handled by the bankers in Amsterdam, while a similar use was made of the supplies for Paris, Florence, Stockholm, Copenhagen, St. Petersburg, etc. In places in which no important banking operations were being carried on, the distribution was naturally effected through the United States consuls.

I happen to have personal knowledge of the immediate cause for the production of the Wells pamphlet. At the time the war broke out, I was a student in Berlin. The American Minister, Governor Wright of Indiana, was a good-natured Indiana farmer. He had no language but English (of the Indiana variety), and the management of the affairs of the Embassy fell very largely into the hands of his secretary, a clever Virginian named Hudson. Hudson was familiar with French and German, and he used his position to influence, through the press and in diplomatic circles, public opinion in favour of the contention of the South. While he was still secretary, he put into shape for the printers a pamphlet planned to further the sale of the Confederate cotton bonds, and on the day

that he left office, this pamphlet was brought into publication in the three or four leading languages of Europe. It secured a wide distribution, principally by means of the banking correspondents of the Erlanger Brothers, of Frankfort, who were the financial agents of the Confederacy. In this pamphlet, Hudson took the ground that the Confederate bonds constituted the safest possible security for European investors. He showed that each dollar's worth of bonds rested upon the security of cotton which at the time the bond was issued was worth from 75 cents to \$1.00 a pound, and which was continually increasing in value.

These bonds [said Hudson] will be paid from the sales of the cotton, whether the Confederacy succeeds or not. . . . The cotton is now the property of the Confederate Government, or will promptly come into Government possession. It is now on sale in Liverpool, or is on its way to Liverpool, or is in readiness for shipment in New Orleans, Savannah, and Mobile. The talk of hindering the export of cotton by a blockade of the Southern Coast is, of course, an absurdity. Whoever heard of an effective blockade covering two thousand miles? The Federal bonds [continued Hudson—he was speaking of the so-called “seven-thirties”] rest upon an absolutely unsecured foundation of credit. They are issued in the name of the so-called United States, but there is no longer a nation bearing that name. The community of thirty-six States is already divided; eleven States have gone, and these are shortly to be joined by at least two more. It is probable that the remaining twenty-three or twenty-four will themselves break up into several independent communities. The promise to pay, however, is a promise given in the name of a community of thirty-six States. If this so-called nation is broken up (and as a matter of fact it no longer exists), no individual group of the States has any legal responsibility for the indebtedness of the whole. The prospect of the repayment of these bonds depends entirely upon the success of the

States of the North in conquering the States of the Confederacy, and this is very generally admitted to be impossible.

The argument was specious, and it counted with thousands of hapless investors throughout Europe, in Germany, in France, and in England, who threw away their money on the so-called absolute security of the Confederate cotton bonds.

In common with other Americans in Berlin, I had found myself very indignant at the action of Hudson, and this indignation was increased when I secured on the day of publication a copy of his pamphlet. I sent it at once to my father in New York, with a summary of its purpose and argument. He recognised the importance of having such an attack promptly and effectively repelled and it was as a reply to the Hudson argument that the Wells monograph, *Our Burden and Our Strength*, was prepared. During certain portions of the year 1861, as a result of the representations of Hudson and of the Erlangers, the Confederate cotton bonds were quoted at a higher rate than the United States "seven-thirties," but, by 1862, the relation had changed, and thereafter the cotton bonds sank rapidly.

The service rendered by the Wells monograph, which was written with full knowledge of the subject and with the most effective presentation of the case, offset many times the cost of its production. It was largely by means of the information compiled by Wells and distributed throughout the world by my father's Loyal Publication Society, that the financial agents of the United States were able to make clear to investors in Europe the nature of the security that was being offered in these "seven-thirty" bonds. The name came, of course, from the fact that the bonds bore interest at the rate of two cents per hundred dollars per day, or seven and three tenths per cent. per

annum. If the security were all right, the interest was most assuredly tempting, being very much higher than could be obtained from the bonds of any European state. English distrust continued to prevent the bankers of London from handling the loan, and but comparatively small amounts of this loan or of the later "five-twenties" issue (bonds bearing interest at five per cent. per annum, redeemable at the option of the Government in twenty years) were purchased in England. The same report may be made for France, where there was no great faith in the continued existence of the American Republic, and where the sympathies of the governmental classes were entirely adverse. In Italy and in Russia, where the sympathies were possibly more assured, there was probably very little money to spare. The investments came, as stated, chiefly from Holland, to a second degree from Germany, and in smaller amounts, but still large proportionately for the wealth of the countries, from Sweden, Norway, and Denmark. The investors got a very good thing indeed in a business way, as a result of their faith in the United States. These first bonds were sold, at a time when gold was from 50 to 75 per cent. above par, at rates which brought into the United States Treasury from seventy to eighty cents on the dollar. Long before the time came for their redemption, they had appreciated so that they finally reached, in the open market, some such point in selling value as \$1.20. The investors could, therefore, have made from 60 to 75 per cent. on their investment if they made sale of their bonds before redemption, while they were receiving during the intervening years interest at the high rates specified.

David A. Wells, who was in a position to render this distinctive service to the nation in time of need, had for a term of two years been a special partner with my father. He came to New York as a youngster in 1855 from Nor-

wich, Connecticut, bringing letters of introduction from some New England friends. He was desirous of becoming a publisher, and was fairly clear that he had made up his mind to such a career. He had available for investment the modest sum of \$10,000. My father liked the young man, and was ready to train him for the publishing business. He did not feel assured, however, that young Wells's decision in the matter was final. He made a position for him on the staff and accepted his money as a temporary investment, making young Wells a special partner. In the spring of 1857, Wells concluded that he was not well fitted for a business career, and gave up his plan of becoming a publisher, and his \$10,000 was paid back to him. It was fortunate that my father had taken pains to protect his investment under a special partnership, as, if the arrangement had continued for five or six months longer, there would, in the panic of 1857, have been no \$10,000 available to return.

Mr. Wells did some clever work in popular science, which was one of his earlier interests, and later took up the subject of economics. He began with strong opinions in favor of the protective system, opinions inherited from the manufacturing community of Connecticut in which he had been brought up. As he pursued his studies, however, he failed to find any scientific basis for the so-called protective system, and by the time the war was over he had become a free-trader. He remained until the year of his death (1898) one of the leaders—it is perhaps safe to say the chief leader—of the Free Trade party in the country. His library and his personal labour were always at the service of newspapers, committees, associations, and Congressmen desiring material for use as arguments against the increasing "monstrosities," as he termed them, of the so-called protective system, a system which, beginning with the moderate taxation schedules of Henry Clay, had

by 1898 developed into the culminating absurdities of Dingleyism.

During the war there was, however, no time and no opportunity for economic reforms. The Government needed all the income that it could secure, and needed it so promptly that it seemed wise, if not even necessary, to take dollars from the taxpayers in an unscientific and burdensome manner rather than not to get them at once. Taxes were placed on everything that was taxable, including long lists of things which had never been taxed before. Among other taxes which were found convenient were charges upon manufactures. Manufacturers pointed out that a burden of this kind placed them under a direct disadvantage as compared with European manufacturers, who did not have any such war taxes to pay. The answer to this complaint was a material increase in the customs duties levied upon all imported articles which had before paid something, and a great series of duties on new articles which it had heretofore not been considered advisable to tax. The list of dutiable articles in the war tariff aggregated about three thousand. Twenty-five years after the war, the list had been increased under McKinley to 4138. At this time the list of dutiable articles on the English tariff was thirteen. When, after the war was over, the war taxes were taken off American manufactures, the customs duties were still left in force. The manufacturers were relieved from their burden and were placed in a position largely to increase their profits, but the consumers of such goods as could be in part manufactured in the United States, and were in part imported, were still called upon to pay taxes at the war rate. This rate has, as before pointed out, instead of being reduced been permitted to be materially increased. I may, however, hazard the prophecy that the Dingley Bill indicated the high-water mark of the so-called American protective

system, and that from now on there is to be a steady reduction in the direction of a tariff for revenue only, and towards the removal altogether of the Government from business partnership with one group of citizens at the expense of all others.

Free-trader as he was, David A. Wells, like the other citizens of his day, was not disposed to be unduly critical of Treasury methods under stress of war. He did make time, however, for some further writing on the best methods for raising money, and these writings, together with the pamphlet before referred to, made so favourable an impression upon Mr. Lincoln and Salmon P. Chase, who was for the greater portion of the war the Secretary of the Treasury, that young Wells was called to Washington as an adviser of the Treasury. A post was constituted for him under the name of Special Commissioner of the Treasury, and in this office Wells worked, in co-operation with the Secretary and the Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means of the House, at the burdensome task of finding moneys with which to meet the tremendous drafts of the Army and Navy—drafts which aggregated before the close of the war about a million and a half dollars a day.

During these troublesome months of 1861, while my father, in common with the other loyal citizens, was giving his resources and his time so largely to work for the national cause, the conditions of most classes of business, and particularly of business in books, grew more and more unsatisfactory. The book business depends for prosperity upon quiet times. When people are excited about current events, they give their time to newspaper headlines and to newspaper extras, and are very ready to postpone the requirements of their libraries. When they are devoting their spare money (at a time when the demands for taxes are also very much increased) to subscriptions for matters

connected with war, they have no luxury funds available either for books for themselves, or for subscriptions to public libraries.

During the years of the war, the larger proportion of the town libraries throughout the country, whose incomes were dependent upon voluntary subscriptions, ceased buying books altogether. In not a few towns, the retail book-sellers practically stopped business, and the younger men among them went to the war.

In this exigency, my father permitted his name to be sent in to the President as a candidate for Collector of Internal Revenue. In connection with the increase of general taxation, and the imposition of a tax on incomes, it became necessary to make a very considerable addition to the force of collectors of taxes. The work of these collectors was also, under the new conditions, increasing so enormously in importance that a higher grade of citizens was called upon to take the responsibilities of the collectors' offices. The nomination of my father was seconded by a group of leading citizens, headed by William Cullen Bryant. There were naturally very many applicants for positions which carried with them some official dignity and to which were attached satisfactory incomes. The influence, however, of men like Bryant, Peter Cooper, William T. Blodgett, Jackson S. Schultz, and David A. Wells proved to be sufficient to secure for my father the appointment to the most important collection district in the country—that, namely, which included the residential quarter extending from 18th Street up to 42d Street, and from the Hudson River to Fifth Avenue. The owners at that time of the largest incomes possessed in the country were residents of this district, and as the result of the new income tax of five per cent., the collections in this district were very much in excess of those of any other district in the country. The character of the collector who held

office in such a district was of importance, not only in connection with the routine responsibilities of making a proper accounting for the large amounts of money, but also because the collector stood, as it were, at the point of contact (which might easily become a point of friction) between the taxpayer and the Government.

During these years of the war, the American citizens were called upon to pay taxes at a higher rate than had ever before been assessed in a civilised state upon its own loyal subjects. In 1864, a special war tax was imposed of ten per cent. on incomes. No such tax had ever been paid before excepting as a tribute by conquered people or by delinquents. While the sentiment of loyalty was sufficiently strong to cause by far the greater number of the citizens to make willingly the financial sacrifices called for by the war, and while these citizens were paying, in addition to these heavy taxes, large sums in voluntary subscriptions for war purposes, it was also the case that there were still considerable groups of men, some of them wealthy men of importance in the community, who were, on one ground or another, doubtful about the probable results of the war, and whose loyalty was a more or less fluctuating quality. To many of this class, the new taxes seemed to be unduly oppressive. In other cases, there were complications due to the novelty of an assessment for income tax, or to the inexperience and stupidity of the assessors, or to the lack of frankness or lack of precision on the part of the taxpayer submitting his statement. The complications were many, and the desirability of having such complications adjusted so that they should leave as small a measure of annoyance as possible in the minds of the taxpayers was self-evident. A clumsy or autocratic collector, of the Prussian type of office-holder, could easily "disgruntle" citizens whose support and influence were important. For the work of making clear

to those more doubtful taxpayers the purpose and purport of the law, and for the more delicate task of infusing into men whose loyalty was half-hearted, some of his own sturdy patriotism and clear-cut convictions as to the rights of the nation to maintain its existence, my father was admirably fitted. When, at the close of the war, in coming out of the army, I served for a few months in the office as deputy collector, I had an opportunity, more than once, of seeing the kind of influence that he brought to bear upon the men whose business brought them to his collector's office. Some more or less important citizen would come in to see the Collector, in a condition of extreme indignation with the assessor or with the Government, and boiling over with the result of his previous frictions; but, after ten minutes' talk, he would come out fairly soothed down, and more than ready to do his share to support the Government, and he would hand in, with the mildness of a lamb, the check for his proportion of the heavy tax.

The six men who stood as bondsmen for my father (the bond amounted to \$100,000) were in part those who had been active in securing his nomination. The compensation of the Collector was made up partly in a guaranteed salary, partly in commissions on collections beyond a certain amount. For a district like the Eighth of New York, the one controlled by my father, the guaranteed or minimum payment did not come into force, the compensation being, in fact, based upon the commission on the collections, while this amount was itself limited. While out of this compensation had to be paid the cost of running the office, my father found himself from 1862 on in receipt for a time of a satisfactory income.

He kept the family expenses moderate (the home was for part of the time out of town), if only because it seemed to him wicked to spend money on luxuries when so much

was needed for the soldiers. He gave largely for the series of war subscriptions previously referred to, and such moneys as remained over from year to year were utilised for the payment of certain balances remaining due to the creditors of the old firm of G. P. Putnam & Co. at the time of its failure in 1857. It is to be borne in mind that there was no legal or business obligation whatsoever in regard to these creditors. My father had received a full quittance, and the creditors had understood that the resources of the firm had been applied with perfect integrity and with good management on the part of the assignee to the satisfaction of their several claims. As far as I have ever heard, or as far as the correspondence of the time goes to show, there seems not to have been a shadow of criticism upon my father for these business disasters of 1857. In fact, the disasters of the time had been so general that it was easy for creditors to understand how a merchant might come into insolvency without any serious blundering of his own. These several considerations did not prevent my father from having the conviction that if moneys which had been due had not been paid in full, and if, later, he came into the possession of resources which could be utilised for such payments, he was bound to make such application of these later funds. He was also under the impression (never before having held government office) that he would remain in office as long as his official duties were properly discharged. He felt justified, therefore, as far as his family was concerned, in using his spare income in this way, instead of making of it a savings fund.

The duties of the collector's office, particularly during the first two years, when the whole system of war taxes was on trial and in process of evolution, left no time for any other business responsibilities. It became necessary, therefore, for my father to make some disposition of his publishing undertakings. An arrangement was com-

pleted with Hurd & Houghton, under which, during the years between 1862 and 1866, they printed and sold on commission the Putnam publications, an arrangement which worked, I understand, satisfactorily for both parties.

In 1861, my father took a home for the family on the shores of the Sound, in a little village the full name of which was then recorded as Five Mile River Landing. A creek a few miles in length, in finding its way to the Sound, had made a small tidal harbour which was sufficiently capacious to make provision for the commerce of the port, carried on by means of a fleet comprising one sloop. The main occupation of the dwellers on Five Mile River was oystering. The Sound waters at this point, and for many miles farther west and east, were staked out into claims held under lease or in fee by groups of oystermen, and carefully patrolled and watched during the whole twenty-four hours to prevent the incursions of outside "pirates." The "river" divided the townships of Darien on the west and South Norwalk on the east, and the village itself, being on both sides of the creek, spread into both townships. My father's house was, I think, the only one at this time which was occupied by an outsider or "Yorker." The ground or lawn, as it was rather euphemistically called, ran down to the water's edge, and the resources of the place included in addition to a stable, a satisfactory boat-house. This last was added by my father. Boating, fishing, and oystering were the amusements of the boys, as they constituted in part, at least, the occupation of the men. I had myself but little personal experience of this particular home of the family, as at the time it was first occupied I was in Germany, and during the years immediately succeeding, most of my time was spent in the army. My impressions of the family life on the Sound are therefore in the main based upon the accounts given by the children who were at home during this period.

Like most other Connecticut villagers, the inhabitants of Five Mile River held various phases of denominational belief. They were too few in number, however, and too impecunious to support more than one church, and, in fact, the resources available for the little Church were at best but slim. It is my memory that the pastor had a salary appraised at \$400, and payable not in cash, but in clams and oysters at the current market prices. I remember one of the pastors as a quiet-mannered, hard-featured, depressed-looking man, whose eyes gave the impression (perhaps as a matter of pure imagination on the part of the observer) that he had to think hard from week to week to secure enough material to keep his family going. There was a group of four or five children, and their principal sustenance must have been the clams, oysters, and other fish-food of the coast.

The pastors came and went, but the permanent official of the congregation was the deacon. There must have been more than one, but I recall only old Deacon L——. He was in many ways a typical Yankee, but he had a genius for laziness that we do not usually associate with New England. His own household was looked after by a succession of wives. I do not know exactly what happened to the various Mrs. L's. They did not die in the parish, but, under some convenient interpretation of Connecticut law, they took themselves off after making a sufficient test of the "incompatibility of temperament" of the deacon. It was related of the old gentleman, as an instance of his laziness, that the wife would have the responsibility of getting up first in the winter morning, having the fire made and the work of the household started, preparing the breakfast, etc., and that from the sheltered corner of the warm bed the deacon would call out to her to complete to a certain point the preparations for his morning slapjacks: "You butter the cakes and I 'll 'lasses them."

He was willing to make that amount of contribution to the labour of preparing his own breakfast.

Our family constituted, naturally, a valuable accession to the little congregation. My father, as usual, took upon himself a large share of the responsibility of making good the deficiencies in the church treasury. It was he who started a fund for extending the building, and who insisted that it should be kept in repair. It was he who provided entirely, "off his own bat," so to speak, the library of the Sunday-school, into which library disappeared from week to week not a few of the children's books from our home collection. Often enough, when there was a hunt at home for some volume, which, however often read, was still in demand, the answer would come that it must be looked for in the library of the Sunday-school. Later, my father instituted a parish library, with books for the older people; although, for that matter, the oystermen, as far as they were readers at all, were quite prepared to be interested in the books prepared for children. In accordance with the routine that was followed in each one of his suburban homes, my father shaped a scheme for the organisation, on a more ambitious scale, of a village library. A room was secured over one of the two village shops, and books were supplied from the Putnam establishment and from the surplus stock of certain friends in the book-trade. The collection was put in charge of a wooden-legged veteran, who was supposed to have brought from the army credentials as to good service and character. In order to make provision for the support of the one-legged librarian, my father arranged further to secure for him a stock of certain classes of goods which were, I suppose, not at that time already on sale in the village. The goods were consigned or were sold on time by Howard, Sanger & Co., my father being of necessity the guarantor of the account. For the

sake of obtaining further funds for the undertaking, my father arranged also with one or two of his friends to give lectures in the village. The admission fee was twenty-five cents, and, as the lecturers contributed their services and the church building was free for the purpose, the dollars taken in, however few, constituted net gain.

One of the friends who was ready to give my father help in getting together funds for the new library was Horace Greeley. Mr. Greeley came to the cottage one Saturday afternoon for the purpose of delivering on the same evening a lecture in behalf of the library, and the receipts (at twenty-five cents a head, children "lumped") were very satisfactory. My mother related that at the supper table she saw Mr. Greeley chuckling to himself over his cup of cold milk and water, half-and-half, which was the strongest beverage that he allowed himself. Her curiosity got the better of her discretion.

"Mr. Greeley," she asked, "do let us know what it is that amuses you?"

"Why, Mrs. Putnam," said the lecturer, "Mrs. Greeley is coming to New York to see me to-day and I am not there."

The people seemed, at the time, to be interested in the undertaking, and it was my father's hope, based on his experience with previous similar enterprises, that in coming to the lectures, in using the reading-room, and in taking part in the carrying on of the library (which was nominally in charge of a committee of the villagers), the settlers on both sides of the creek would come into a larger sense of corporate village feeling and of fellowship with each other. Promising as the venture seemed, the result was a disappointment. The one-legged veteran ran away, wooden leg and all, with such cash receipts as were at the moment available and with such of the goods as were most portable. The villagers, getting into a sharp and long-continued con-

test concerning the final name for their settlement, lost interest in the library, which was to have been a bond of union. The books were scattered and in large part lost and the library itself came to an end a little less than a year after its foundation.

The matter which brought dissension into this little community was, as stated, the question of its final name. When the family first took up its abode there, the nearest post-offices were at South Norwalk, three miles to the east, and Darien, two miles to the west. My father made application to the authorities for the establishment of a post-office for the needs of the village, and in order to make an adequate basis for an average amount of mail-matter that should meet the requirements, he arranged to have brought up from his office in New York, from week to week, a proportion of the publishing mail, circulars, etc., for which the additional time could be afforded.

The Post-office Department objected, naturally enough, to the use, as a name for the new post-office, of so cumbersome a designation as Five Mile River Landing. It became necessary to arrive at some more convenient designation, while it was, of course, desirable that this name should be, if practicable, in some way connected with the history of the settlement. My father found, in examining some of the early records of the shore, that the name *Rowayton* had, earlier in the century, been utilised for some portion, at least, of the territory now occupied by the village. This name impressed him as euphonious and, in connection with its early use, as legitimate. A town meeting was called, and in presenting to the meeting the report concerning the application for the post-office, the proposition was submitted that the villagers should accept for the post-office and for the official name of the community, the name of Rowayton. This proposition was adopted in the meeting by a satisfactory vote, and the

post-office was duly instituted with the name of Rowayton. Before many months, however, there developed some considerable criticism of, and antagonism to, the change of name. Some of the residents who had been at the meeting claimed that they had not fully understood the matter, and that they had never intended to vote away the name to which they and their fathers before them had been so long accustomed. Others of the conservatives, who had declined to come to the meeting at all, took the ground that their absence should have been considered as a vote in the negative. The town divided between the progressives, or liberals, and the conservatives, and for many months the fight was hot and heavy. As the bitterness increased, not a little of it was reflected upon my father. His many services were forgotten in the general charge that he was an innovator, and that he had not shown sufficient respect for the feelings of the older inhabitants. It was, I think, during this time that the library was scattered. Some further meetings were held, and it is possible (although on this point I am not clear) that there may have even been a later reconsidering decision for the change of name. Even if such vote were taken, it was, of course, too late to secure from Washington any different name for the little post-office. This remained and still remains Rowayton. A year or more later, however, when the New Haven Railroad agreed on an application (which had also been originally submitted by my father) to institute a station for the village, the influence of the conservative settlers was sufficient to induce the company to name the station Five Mile River. For some little time the station bore this name, while a few hundred feet away stood the little post-office with the name Rowayton. The matter was finally adjusted (twenty-five years later) by the acceptance for both of the name Rowayton. For a considerable time, however, the business

brought, as explained, no little unpopularity to my father. In 1873, a few months after his death, the residents came together in town meeting and recalled, in a series of resolutions, his long-continued, public-spirited services in their behalf. As one result of this meeting, and as an expression of the highest honour that the community could bestow upon the memory of any distinguished citizen, the sloop which carried on the commerce of the place with the neighbouring town of New York was rechristened *George Palmer Putnam*.

One of the New York friends who was induced by my father to make a summer home near our own was Vincent Colyer. Colyer was an artist whose industry and fairly satisfactory technique never made up for his entire lack of imagination. While not very great as an artist, he was a loyal friend and a high-minded citizen. During the years of the war, he served at the front as a representative either of the Sanitary or of the Christian Commission. His most noteworthy service was rendered in North Carolina in 1865. I had knowledge of it because the regiment of which I was at the time adjutant was then stationed at Newbern. Colyer had been caring for the sick and wounded and was in charge of certain sanitary supplies at Newbern when smallpox broke out in a camp of negro refugees that had been established a mile or two outside of the camp lines of the town. A cordon or picket line was drawn about the negro settlement for the sake of protecting from contagion the troops and the settlers in town. The sick negroes were shut up in this narrow limit and were said to be dying rapidly for lack of care and food. Some provision had been made for placing food within their reach outside of the picket lines, but, in connection with the lack of organisation in the coloured camp, the supplies were taken possession of by those who were still strong and the invalids were neglected. Colyer placed in

the hands of his first assistant the control of the sanitary post in Newbern, and made his way into the negro camp, knowing that he would have to remain there until the pestilence was over. He was accompanied by one of his assistants, who was ready to take the same burden and the same risk. These two organised the sick camp, and compelled those who were still strong enough to take care of the others. The supplies of food were systematised; the dead were buried; the dying were consoled, as far as possible, with some form of religious service, and the negro camp, which must at the outset have been very much of a pandemonium, was brought into a condition of decency and order. Some months later, Colyer emerged from the wilderness, worn out, but still free from smallpox. The service was one which ought to have been honoured with a decoration; but, as a matter of fact, it was, I believe, very little known about outside of the group of managers of the Sanitary Commission and of a few among the soldiers of Newbern who realised what Colyer had done to protect them, as well as to serve the negroes.

Reference has already been made to my father's connection with the Union League Club, a club which, as explained, while originally instituted to represent the loyalty of New York City in the war, remained after the war one of the more important of the social club organisations of the city. The club with which my father's association was, however, the longest and the most important was the Century.

The Century Association had been developed in the early thirties through the combination of an art society and a literary group, and had become the representative of the artistic and literary interests of the city and in some measure of the country. My father's membership dated from the early forties, and, at the time I first had direct knowledge of the club, he ranked already among the

older members, next to the fast diminishing group of the "founders."

In 1863, as a result of some dissension in the Century, the history of which I have never learned, a group of Centurions seceded and organised the Athenæum Club, which made its quarters in a building on the west side of Union Square, in the block between 15th and 16th streets. My father joined the Athenæum, while not giving up his membership in the Century. The new club included a group of distinctive citizens, but its business affairs were not well managed, and it came to an end shortly after the war.

In 1862, the Sanitary Commission was organised, the chief movers in the undertaking being, if I remember rightly, the Reverend Henry W. Bellows, Peter Cooper, Cornelius R. Agnew, William E. Dodge, and William Cullen Bryant. The first suggestion for the Sanitary Commission was said to have come from Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, and the preliminary meeting was held in Dr. Blackwell's parlour. It was the purpose of the Sanitary Commission to do what might be practicable to supplement in the field the work of the army hospitals. For this purpose, it collected resources in shoes, food, clothing, and moneys, and sent directly to the front representatives, in part volunteers, in part paid workers, whose business it was to care for the wounded, to furnish transportation to the hospitals, to provide hospital supplies, to provide clothing for the sick, and to do all that might be practicable to make less wearisome the lot of the sick and wounded, to whichever army they might belong. The old-time army surgeons at first made strenuous objections to the "interference," as they called it, of citizen volunteers, but these objections speedily disappeared. The surgeons recognised very soon that the resources at their command were entirely inadequate to keep up with the enormous

mass of misery resulting from the exhaustion of the campaigns and from the increasing numbers of those who were wounded in the great battles. The representatives of the Sanitary Commission were (with a few exceptions among the earlier experiments who were gradually weeded out) wise enough to report for duty and for instructions to the surgeons in charge of the posts or of the army commands, and undertook themselves to assume charge of affairs only when there was no official representative of the army medical staff to take responsibility. There were many times during the Virginia campaigns in which the resources both of the regular staff and of the Sanitary Commission were absolutely unequal to the demands brought upon them, but there is no question that the intelligently organised machinery of the Sanitary Commission, bringing into effective service resources most liberally placed at their disposal by the patriotic citizens behind, resulted in the saving of thousands of lives and in ameliorating the pain and misery of thousands of sick and wounded. Those of us who were doing service during the war seasons as far away from the base of supplies as Louisiana had reason to regret that the machinery of the Sanitary Commission was not sufficient to cover the entire field of operations. Some work was done by it in the immediate neighbourhood of New Orleans, but during the greater portion of our campaigns in the Department of the Gulf, we never came into touch with a Sanitary Commission waggon. Under the direction of the Young Men's Christian Associations of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, a companion society was organised known as the Christian Commission. This had among its founders men like W. E. Dodge, Morris K. Jesup, and the leading ministers of the great cities, particularly the Baptists, Presbyterians, and Methodists. Its special purpose was the distribution of Bibles and other Christian reading matter, and the holding of Christian

service on Sunday and on other days when practicable. The workers of the Christian Commission were prepared also occasionally to help the soldiers out with an extra shirt or a pair of shoes, and, as I remember, in some instances, to provide writing paper. From both Sanitary Commission and Christian Commission came workers who were ready to do, and who did do, their full share of service on the battle-field, often under heavy fire, in removing or in caring for the wounded.

My father gave active help to his friend, Dr. Bellows, in the work of the Sanitary Commission and in the organisation of the great Fair held in New York City in 1864 for the benefit of the Commission. He collected for the Fair funds and donations of books from the book-trade, and presided over the sale at auction of certain autographic copies of works which produced what might be called special war prices. The treasurer of the Fair was George T. Strong; but it is my impression that the chief burden of the care of the moneys was borne by the assistant or acting treasurer, Benjamin Collins. The amount realised was over \$1,000,000.

The *Life and Letters* of John M. Forbes, of Massachusetts, published in 1899, throw light upon the kind of work that was undertaken during the war by the loyal merchants who, while themselves unable to carry muskets or swords, were prepared to give freely of their thought, their time, and other resources for the service of the men at the front. With a growing family of youngsters and with varied responsibilities at home, my father had, of course, no right to expose himself as a soldier. He did the best that was practicable in getting the family represented at the front, by permitting myself, his oldest son and the only one of the family circle who was old enough, to enlist as a soldier in August, 1862. I had returned from Germany, partly for the purpose of taking my part with the

other youngsters of my generation, and partly, it is fair to say, because it was impossible in the precarious condition of my father's business to remain away from home making drafts, however small, upon his narrowed income.

CHAPTER XIV

Bull Run

MY father's desire to see something of actual war led him, however, as early as 1861, to make his way to the front. He secured in Washington, a few days before the battle of Bull Run, a permit to go to the army lines in Virginia with other citizens who were to act as volunteer aides to the surgeons' department in caring for the wounded. It was the belief of not a few of the citizens of the time that the contest was going to be decided with one or two battles in Virginia, and the men who talked of a long struggle were looked upon as Cassandras. My father was, as always, one of the optimists, and if there were to be but one battle in the war he wanted to see of this what there was to be seen. His one battle, or what he saw of it, must have been unsatisfactory enough. He made his way with three friends through Centreville, on the twenty-first of July, to the immediate rear of MacDowell's army. He saw and heard something of the successes gained in the morning of that day on the left of our line and was able later to bear personal testimony to the sturdy fighting done by troops who had never before heard the sound of a gun in action. It may well be a matter of pride, in fact, that American citizens, whether they wore the blue or the grey, had made so satisfactory a test of their fighting capacity during the long hours between

daybreak and four in the afternoon on that July day. The credit between the armies may be equally divided. There must be a time, however, particularly with volunteer troops, when endurance under fire comes to an end. The brilliant flank attack made by Jackson with fresh troops from the Valley was naturally disheartening, and came in the end to be demoralising to the troops of our right wing who had been already exhausted by the long day's struggle. The retreat, not of the entire army but of the brigades which formed the right division, did finally, as the sun went down, partake of the nature of a rout. The troops in the centre and on the left, however, made their way from the battle-field in good order and in complete organisation. The soldiers who had been carried away by panic tumbled through Centreville towards Washington with the impression that the rebels were close at their heels. My father, with one of his citizen friends, slept quietly at Centreville through the night. They had spent the afternoon in doing what they could in finding water for the tired men and in giving information from one commander to another as to what had happened along the line of the road that they had travelled.

On one interesting detail in the retreat my father was able to give a word of personal testimony which could be utilised to correct newspaper history. In the account of what he saw of the Battle of Bull Run, printed later in the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, he states that he met the first individual of the column retreating that afternoon towards Washington. The rider, who came well in advance of any troops whatsoever, was William Russell ("Bull Run Russell"), the well-known correspondent of the *London Times*. Russell's face and figure were perfectly familiar to my father, who had known him in New York and had met him more recently in Washington. The sympathies of the *Times* were, in 1861, and until after the battle of

Gettysburg, strongly with the Southern cause. The letters of its American correspondent and the leaders of its editorial writers were in full harmony in deriding the purposes and the efforts of the North and in emphasising the impossibility of the success of the task that the North had undertaken, of holding the nation together. Russell's previous letters had made frank prophecy that the whole business of the war would be over in a few months' time and that the result would be the establishment of a new nation. The letter describing the battle of Bull Run, published two or three weeks later in the *Times*, naturally took an "I told you so" form. This "decided defeat of the North was but the beginning of the end." It would serve, of course, to consolidate the national sentiment of the South, while it was not likely that the North would feel encouraged to put any more troops into the field. Even such an ignorant and untrained leader as Mr. Lincoln must recognise after Bull Run that the Northern "Mudsills" could not be depended upon to make any stand against the Southern chivalry. These generalisations were natural enough. They were strengthened, moreover, by a detailed account of what Russell himself claimed to have seen of the rout and the retreat. He described himself as standing with one or two Northern officers across the road south of Centreville and in Centreville, trying to help them (not because it was his business in any way, but from pure personal disgust of cowardice) to stay the running of the demoralised soldiers. He describes in detail the noise as they passed, waggons, mules, and troopers mingled in wild confusion. As a fact, very little at all happened of the kind that Russell described. As a further fact, whatever of the kind had happened he could not possibly have seen, because, mounted on a fast horse, he was himself some miles in advance of the retreating column. The printing of my father's narrative in New

York papers headed off and branded as a falsehood a considerable portion of the statements made in Russell's letter to the *Times*. Not unnaturally, the relations between the two men were later somewhat strained.

The next morning, having spent the night as best he could in caring for the wounded, father made his way back to Washington and from there was recalled by the urgency of his business needs to New York. It was the only time that he really got within sound of the battle line and when, a little more than a year later, he patted me on the back as I went on board of the transport for New Orleans, I could see how the desire for active service was still ardent with him.

My father's account of the battle of Bull Run, printed in the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, may find place here:

BEFORE AND AFTER THE BATTLE

A DAY AND NIGHT IN "DIXIE"

"WHAT donkeys you Americans are! How can you be so pertinaciously humbugged by that slow old man! Why is n't Lyon or McClellan in the right place? After all the dilly-dallying, you are going to be thrashed at Manassas!"

Such were the very first greetings I met, as I emerged from Willard's, after breakfast, on Saturday, July, 20th. Whom *could* they be from but that amiable old sinner, the polyglot philosopher, Count Grolowski?

"But," I ventured very mildly to suggest, "has not the General been waiting for sundry things, such as waggons and ambulances, and for needful drilling of raw recruits?"

"Nonsense! Napoleon did n't wait for waggons when he crossed the Alps, and did n't he whip the Austrians?"

"Oh! of course you know best about these things. I am no warrior. But they say we are to have a battle in earnest to-morrow."

"Yes."

I am not used to battles. Indeed, it has always seemed to me that bullets, shells, and cannon-balls, whistling about one's ears, would be unpleasant. I have even imagined that if such music should come near me, I might prove to be a coward, and might be tempted to change my position. Then, again, what *right* has a man with personal and other responsibilities to go near the range of such missiles? Further, and especially, the morrow was the Sabbath. If our generals *will* fight battles on that day, of all others, they may monopolise the responsibility. Other suggestions rapidly occurred to me. I knew that good and true men were with our army, in the hope of doing good in the moment when personal aid and sympathy are most needed, namely, *after* a battle, whether of victory or defeat. (The latter word, by the way, I had not noticed in our dictionary.) Well, if *they* are in the right place for usefulness, and I can join them, may I not be useful too? And is it curiosity merely which draws me there?

My motives may or may not be thoroughly scrutinised; but the above and some other considerations satisfied me that, with a suitable opportunity, I should and would be near the battle-field. If our men are to be led prematurely and needlessly to a bloody conflict, on that day there will be suffering, none the less. So I walked up to General Mansfield's office.

"NO PASSES TO VIRGINIA TO-DAY."

This was the notice to Mr. Public. In my special favour, as I naïvely imagined, a distinguished autograph was presented to me, reading thus:

"HEADQUARTERS, MILITARY DEPARTMENT,
" WASHINGTON, July 20, 1861.

"Pass Mr. — three days over the bridges, and within the original lines of the army. By order of General Mansfield, commanding.

"—, *Aide-de-Camp.*

(TURN OVER.)"

"It is understood that the within-named and subscriber accepts this pass on his word of honour that he is, and will

be ever, loyal to the United States; and if hereafter found in arms against the Union, or in any way aiding her enemies, the penalty will be death.

“[Signed], — of —.”

[It should be added that the above was given on the special request of a Senator; but whether hundreds and thousands of them are not given on more doubtful credentials, deponent saith not.]

The *battle* was not to be reached by this, and modestly concluding that battles were specially privileged places, I resigned myself without a murmur to a simple inspection of the lines on the Potomac; so, with suitable bows to the white-haired yet energetic-looking General Mansfield and his busy aides, and after a brief call at the White House (where the polite private secretary informed me that the President had just gone to the War Department to meet the Cabinet), and with a mere glance at the residence of that grand old chieftain who directs our armies, idly wondering whether he was then preparing a proclamation to be issued from Richmond on the following Saturday (for General Mansfield's aide had assured me we should be in the rebel capital in a week), and after a call on Mr. Secretary Chase, with a distinguished introduction, which, being untainted by any claims for a single dime of those five hundred million dollars, was most kindly received, in spite of an impertinent young Cerberus whose manners need revising, I omnibused down the Avenue. Sensational glimpses of the times began to fall in my way, even here. Sundry talks with Washingtonians, on the “past and future of the Republic,” brought curious and suggestive remarks; suggestive, as much as anything else, of the sort of half-way Unionism, and yet also of the real and moderate loyalty, of the Washingtonians.

“Considering how quickly and suddenly this army has been collected, the widely different classes of men composing it, and the impossibility, in so short a time, that the chaff could all be sifted out, I say that the behaviour of the men has been

marvellously creditable so far. The world has never seen a better army thus quickly raised." Thus spake an intelligent observer, English by birth, but thirty years resident in Washington, and well qualified to speak impartially.

"The world has n't seen a worse. I've been insulted by them repeatedly."

This growl, and something more, came from a sour-looking visitor, who began to wax angry in the discussion. Here, then, was a live secessionist. I regarded him with curious wonder.

Just then a drum and fife on the Avenue started everybody to the doors. A squad of, say, forty soldiers, a part of them unarmed, were trudging up toward the Capitol. Loyal friend, with a few long steps, reaches the leader, hatless, and returns to tell us that they have brought in fifteen Alabama prisoners, who are bound for the old Capitol. Secessionist looks still sourer, and goes off in an uncomfortable frame of mind.

For the purpose of inspecting and revising the proceedings of General Scott, and of our 7th and 69th, and of being able to certify that the Capitol is safe, Mr. T. and I passed the afternoon in a visit to our Virginia intrenchments. Our passes were duly respected by all the sentries at the Long Bridge and beyond. A half-hour's drive along the picturesque southern shore of the Potomac, in full view of our stragging metropolis, the glorious dome of the Capitol, still unfinished, rising like a marble Mont Blanc, monarch of all visible structures; the broad Potomac, worthy in its amplitude if not in its depth, of being the national river; the long spider's web of a bridge, narrow and shabby, the only connecting link of the national metropolis with the Old Dominion; the distant heights of Georgetown, studded with dwellings, apparently of West End aristocracy; and at every turn before us, either a camp or a picket—all this on a magnificent afternoon, with great events probably imminent, suggested more than enough to the zeal and skill and hard work of the gallant 69th to keep us awake. Let them be honoured. Fort Corcoran is certainly a monument; whether it will prove a Gibraltar

when fully tested, may be a problem. I imagine a strong inducement would be needed to join the assailing columns if they do ever reach its vicinity. The officer of the day being invisible at the moment, the inside of this impromptu fortress was invisible to us, the sentries requiring a special command; but a walk around the outer walls revealed the essential importance of this point in defence of our capital. We retraced our steps down the river, and turned up the road through the grove which surrounds Arlington House. Another camp, with sentries, somewhat free and easy in general aspect; but the enemy is out of sight, and why should n't they take their ease in these shady groves while they can? What a superb prospect from the lawn! The amiable gossip of good old Mr. Custis about "the chief" might be imagined, as he here gave his guests that glorious sunset (?) view of the nation's capital, which that "chief" had planned, as it stood spread out on the opposite shores of the "exulting and abounding river." Into the mansion itself we could have but a peep through the open windows of the apartments, which had till yesterday been occupied by General Dix as his headquarters. Furniture seemed to remain as General Lee had left it, when he abandoned the good fame of his father, the favourite "Light-horse Harry," whom Washington loved, and deserted also his confidential post near the revered veteran now filling Washington's station, and crossed the Rubicon to join the armies of the nation's enemies. The picture-frames remained on the walls, but the pictures had been removed. Was n't there a moral in this? But what a picture of dilapidated aristocracy does the exterior of the mansion and the out-houses present!—stucco crumbling away, rotten wooden steps, big columns, and small ornaments, all "rather out of repair"—it all seemed to symbolise old Virginia herself, as needing an infusion of Yankee energy and thrift. As we looked at the ambitious Grecian portico of stuccoed columns, hugely disproportioned to the house behind, I could n't help whispering to my friend: "In the name of the Prophet, Figs!" But, after all, it was sad to think of all the associations of a place which had been almost classic ground, but which now, carefully preserved by

the occupants, as it evidently is, still echoes with the sounds of the camp, and the "army of occupation."

Nearer the Long Bridge, we were permitted to join a party accompanying Governor Morgan and staff, mounted and in uniform, just closing an inspection and review of the camp, and the works there erected, commanding the river. For the Governor's edification, the process was enacted of a sudden alarm of the enemy—the garrison springing to arms, the big guns on the ramparts placed in range and rapidly fired, the balls and shells striking the river in a way which *should* be a caution to a hostile approach. The cheering of the garrison for the Governor was ringing in our ears as we recrossed that shabby old shell of a thing, the Long Bridge, a full moon lighting up the Potomac, and the marble piles and "tented fields" on either side. Late in the evening, and long after I had dismissed all thoughts of it, a pass was handed me, permitting me in a special capacity to proceed to the "Head-Quarters of the Grand Army of North-eastern Virginia, by authority of Lieutenant-General Winfield Scott, by order of General Mansfield, commanding."

Suffice it to say, that at nine o'clock on that beautiful morning we were quietly moving out of Alexandria toward the scene of the expected conflict. We were in the cars containing the "De Kalb Regiment," Colonel Von Gilsa, from New York City. The officers and men, mostly or all Germans, were evidently in the best condition, and in high spirits; but there was a remarkable aspect of orderly cheerfulness, good feeling, and even politeness among them. Many of this regiment, both officers and men, had seen active service and hard fighting in Europe; and they had a decidedly martial aspect, the officers especially. As we approached Fairfax Station, they began to sing our national airs, German and English words being oddly mixed by the different voices. My friend started "My Country," and in this they all joined with a will. The last verse was interrupted by the stoppage of the train. *Vienna* just occurred to me for a second, but in another second we found the obstruction to be only the dead weight of trees

and sand which the rebels had piled on the track in their rapid retreat a day or two before. The cars were quickly evacuated, and the regiment pushed along on foot on the track, picking blackberries by the way, until, half-a-mile farther, we reached Fairfax Station. This is a single wooden house of two stories, situated in a thickly wooded and picturesque glen, and (as we soon learned) about three miles from Fairfax Court-House. Part of a regiment was here encamped, with pickets extended on all sides. A well of good water was the most essential feature of defence, but traces of the deserted camps of the enemy were visible in several places. The De Kalbs here rested, and soon fraternised with their comrades and predecessors—Michiganders, I believe. It was now about ten A.M.

"Is that cannonading which we hear?" was our first question to an officer of the advance.

"You may say that, and of the heaviest kind."

"How long have you heard it?"

"Since six this morning. The greatest battle ever fought on this continent is now going on."

We were probably five miles north-west of the firing. The Orange and Alexandria Railroad continued clear before us to Manassas Junction. Our party of four, pending the stay of the regiment for orders, walked forward on the track to hear the firing more clearly. After walking a mile or so, we found an army lieutenant sitting on the track, where a vista through the wood brought the sounds more distinctly on the ear. "B-o-o-m! B-o-o-m! B-o-o-m!" The officer was listening carefully, and taking notes, which he was sending back every half-hour to General Scott. He was anxiously grave, for he thought the fire was gaining our rear.

Two companions pushed on round a curve of the track through the woods.

"How far is it to Manassas Junction?" I asked of one of the lieutenant's squad.

"About five miles."

"We are nearer the Junction, then, than our army is?"

"Yes."

Mr. T. agreed with me that discretion seemed to prompt a

retrograde movement to our main body, or at least to our gallant regiment. So we turned. The haversack with the rations remained with my discreet companion. It was subsequently useful to more than ourselves.

A fresh sentry at the camp rather doubtfully scrutinised our pass as we re-entered. Still the distant firing continued, and still the regiment had no orders to move. In a few minutes we formed two of another party escorted by a soldier, who proposed to take a "Virginia short-cut" through the woods, the nearest way to the battle. Reflection, however, began to offer some doubts of the prudence of a walk through secession woods so near the enemy's camp; so we decided upon the longer but surer triangle of the main road, *via* Fairfax Court-House and Centreville.

A farm-house, with the useful appendage of a well, was visible on the slope of a hill not very distant; and we diverged toward it. We were very civilly received by the family, who appeared to show a rather strange mixture of colours. The two distinct races of white and black were both represented, the first by a deputation from the Celtic branch, for they did n't seem to claim kinship with the F. F. V.; but between the two extremes were pickaninnies of various shades of burnt umber, and one, a curly-headed cherub nearly white, told me her name was "Virginia Angelica." The people of the house, white and black, of all ages, seemed to be on perfectly easy equality, sitting side by side on the door-step, and jointly offering us some pure cold water. B-o-o-m! B-o-o-m! *Therefore*, we did not stop to learn their history or politics.

Yet, why did n't I ask them how *they* wanted the battle to end? This county of Fairfax, some twenty-five years ago, received a good many farmers emigrating from Dutchess County, New York. Is that stock still loyal?

A mile farther and we reach a church, about thirty feet square, built of brick. It is in a little churchyard, in which were eleven new-made graves. Our soldier said these were filled from the secession camp, the deserted site of which was a few rods off. Inside, the church was dismantled and dilapidated. It had evidently been used as an hospital by the

Virginia troops; a large stove, that had served for cooking, was tumbled over in the aisle. The building is probably a century old; and doubtless here, as well as at the noted Pow-heck church, a few miles off, Washington himself had often sat in those square high-backed pews, and had knelt before this little altar, for Mount Vernon is not many miles distant. A supplement to the Creed and Commandments over the altar, in gilt letters, reads thus: "Prayers without attention are like a body without a soul." Behind the earthwork of the deserted camp—the tents, by the way, seemed to have been made of bushes, in the absence of canvas) I picked up some stray cards, letters, and notes of "little use except to the owner." Walking on, we presently met three or four of the 4th Michigan, tramping over from the Court-House battalion to that of Fairfax Station. Any tidings? "No; but just there on the hill you can see the smoke over the trees." Here, by the way, the "Blue Ridge" mountains were plainly visible.

The country continued to be gently undulating, well wooded, and picturesque; but the beauty of the scenery and of the day was almost lost in thoughts of the conflict, and in the rather frequent annoyance of carrion by the wayside. About twelve we reached the little village which bears the sounding name of Fairfax Court-House—so recently noted for the charge of the *very* "light brigade" of Tompkins's Cavalry. A small church of wood, an ordinary country tavern, perhaps fifty or sixty houses, and the Court-House itself, make up the village. This latter edifice, very like a New-England village academy, built of brick, and in fair preservation, stands in a green square in the centre of the village.

Our camp (4th Michigan) was spread on the green, ready to challenge all comers, but the big autograph on our pass seemed to be known. This being on the main road from Washington to Centreville, a vehicle, or a vacant place in one, to headquarters was among the possibilities; but the road was as quiet as if armies and battles were unheard of.

A glance at the peculiar interior of the Court-House, and of a lawyer's office opposite, where the occupant had decamped so suddenly that some bushels of letters, deeds, etc., lay scat-

tered on the floor in most admired disorder; a brief discussion with a somewhat Yankeeish native, who proposed, for reasonable consideration, to drive us to Centreville; and my friend and I walked on, leaving our Philadelphia companions to overtake us in the proposed vehicle. If that vehicle ever started, will our good friends let us know?

As we walked on up the street which Tompkins so foolishly made famous, the handsome face of one of the captains seemed familiar as he passed, and I turned to say as much. "Oh! yes. I am 'one of the trade' at A——, Michigan. You always see me at the Trade Sale." "Thus," I moralised slightly, "thus are we Americans always ready when our country calls." I hope to learn at the next T. S. how and when Captain —— and his command evacuated Fairfax Court-House.

One o'clock and more—so we trudge on—a full hour lost, and the great event of the day before us. Why should we be so slow in reaching it? was the query then as now; but these little incidents, separately of the most trivial kind, together make up a picture of that day in "Dixie." Next group on the road: enter two soldiers and a doctorial-looking companion, overtaking us and also "bound South." My companion soon elicits their geographical status.

"Second Rhode Island."

"Ah! from my State! And do you know ——, and ——, and ——, in the 2nd?"

"Oh! yes; that's Greene," says the surgeon, nodding toward the gentlemanly-looking soldier ahead of us. "He was in the hospital at Washington; positive orders not to stir from it; but heard there was to be a battle, tumbled on his uniform, seized his musket, walked twenty miles, and here he is."

It was a grandson of the great general of our first revolution, and a cousin of our friend the professor and author. The old pluck has n't died out yet. So we plod on, mutually introduced, and with plenty of talk to beguile the way. The day still delightfully cool, bright and airy, the road somewhat dusty, but still deserted and quiet: so up to about three o'clock P.M. The low, rumbling, booming sound of the distant

artillery was again distinct, and even the rattling of musketry in platoons could be faintly distinguished. Since ten A.M. we had been going round the battle, now we approached it direct.

It was nearly half-past three when we met the first carriage of visitors returning to Washington in moderate pace.

"How goes the battle?" (eager question).

"All right. We are beating them and driving them back. The day is ours!"

Another and another returning vehicle—same report. The interest increased, but we were only calmly excited. A doubt about the success of our army had scarcely occurred to either of us; none at least had been uttered. But now we knew that the most fearful struggle this nation had ever known was just being decided, and the victory—how *could* it be otherwise than on our side—the side of justice and freedom and good government—nay, the cause involving our national existence itself and the institutions of our fathers, against wholesale treason and usurpation and groundless rebellion, urged on by unprincipled and ambitious leaders to strike the very heart of the Republic? Victory was ours, of course.

Another and another party from the field returning home; reports all the same: the rebels are driven back. Personal friends among these visitors, and some well known in public life: Senator Wilson, Hon. Caleb Lyon, etc. One on horseback, Mr. S——, said to me about four o'clock: "I am going to send a despatch about the victory. If you stay on the field, I will meet you there to-morrow at headquarters."

"Man proposes, but God disposes."

Five minutes after, an army officer on horseback, apparently on special business, and riding much faster than those who had passed, whirled by in such hot haste as would n't stay question. He looked anything but jubilant, and we just managed to entice from him four muttered words: "Bad as can be!" Away he galloped. This paper aims at relating facts; the dramatic poetry and mental philosophy are waived in favour of the reader.

We pushed on toward the field. Vehicles still passed moder-

ately, but their occupants appeared unconscious of disaster or of haste. The first indication of disturbed nerves met us in the shape of a soldier, musketless and coatless, clinging to the bare back of a great bony waggon-horse—*sans* reins, *sans* everything. Man and beast came panting along, each looking exhausted, and just as they pass us, the horse tumbles down helpless in the road, and his rider tumbles off and hobbles away, leaving the horse to his own care and his own reflections. Still we pushed on.

About half-past four, possibly nearer five, Centreville was still (as it proved) a mile or so ahead of us. We reached the top of a moderate rise in the road, and as we plodded on down its slope, I turned a glance back along the road we had *passed*; a thousand bayonets were gleaming in the sunlight, and a full fresh regiment were overtaking us in double-quick step, having come up (as I soon after learned) from Vienna. They reached the top of the hill just as we began to pick our way across the brook which flooded the road in the little valley below. At this moment, looking up the ascent ahead of us, toward the battle, we saw army waggons, private vehicles, and some six or eight soldiers on horseback, rushing down the hill in front of us in exciting confusion, and a thick cloud of dust. The equestrian soldiers, it could be seen at a glance, were only impromptu horsemen, and their steeds were all unused to this melting mode, most of them being bare-backed. Their riders appeared to be in haste, for some reason best known to themselves. Among them, and rather leading the van, was a solitary horseman of different aspect: figure somewhat stout, face round and broad, gentlemanly in aspect, but somewhat flushed and impatient, not to say anxious, in expression. Under a broad-brimmed hat a silk handkerchief screened his neck like a havelock. He rode a fine horse, still in good condition, and his motto seemed to be "Onward"—whether in personal alarm or not, it would be impertinent to say. His identity was apparent at a glance. As his horse reached the spot where "we five" stood together, thus suddenly headed off by the stampede, the regiment behind us had reached the foot of the hill, and the Colonel, a large and

resolute-looking man, had dashed his horse ahead of his men, until he was face to face with the stampedes.

"What are you doing here?" shouted the Colonel in a tone that "meant something." "Halt!" (to his men). "Form across the road. Stop every one of them!" Then turning to the white-faced soldiers from the field, and brandishing his sword, "Back! back! the whole of ye! Back! I say," and their horses in an instant are making a reverse movement up the hill, while the army waggons stand *in statu quo*: the thousand muskets of the regiment, in obedience rather to the *action* than to the *word* of the Colonel, being all pointed at the group in front, in the midst of which we stand. All this and much more passed in much less time than it takes to tell it.

"But, sir, if you will look at this paper," thus spake our distinguished visitor in the advance to the determined and now excited Colonel, "you will see that I am a civilian, a spectator merely, and that this is a special pass" (here I half-imagined a doubt of the character of the regiment flashed in for a second), "a pass from General Scott."

The manner and the tone indicated that the speaker and his errand were entitled to attention.

"Pass this man up," shouted the Colonel somewhat bluntly and impatient of delay; and on galloped the representative of the *Thunderer* toward Washington.

[*Query*: Will he write us down so many runaways, or has he seen the true spirit on our side?]

Now, the art of bragging and the habit of exaggeration are vices to which all we Americans are but too much addicted. But if I say that my friend T—— and myself stood in the midst of this *mêlée* much more impressed with its ludicrous picturesqueness than with any idea of personal danger, my friend at least would agree that this was the simple truth. The brief parley of "Our Own Correspondent" suggested merely the thought that it was a pity such a stranger should be annoyed by such a crowd; I'd better say: "Colonel, this is Mr. —— of the London ——; pray don't detain him." However, this all passed in a twinkling. Our two soldier-friends and the surgeon had pushed on between the waggons toward the field;

the distant firing had ceased; the waggons quietly stood still; so T—— and I passed up through the regiment, which they told us was the 1st or 2d New Jersey, Col. Montgomery, from the camp at Vienna; and we sat down comfortably near a house at the top of the hill and waited to see "what next?" In less than twenty minutes the road was cleared and regulated; the army waggons halted, still in line, on one side of the road; the civilians were permitted to drive on as fast as they pleased toward Washington; the regiment deployed into a field on the opposite hill and formed in line of battle commanding the road; a detachment was sent on to "clear the track" toward Centreville; and presently the regiment itself marched up the road in the direction of the field of conflict. It was now about half-past five.

If we two were not "cowards on instinct," we might still be indifferent to danger through mere ignorance. This is intended to be a simple and truthful narrative *only* of what *we* saw and did, not a philosophical analysis or an imaginative dissertation. The character, cause, extent, and duration of that strange panic have already become an historical problem. Therefore, I specially aim to avoid all inferences, guesses, and generalities, and to state with entire simplicity just what was done and said where we were. Of what passed on the battle-field, or anywhere else, *this* witness cannot testify: he can only tell, with reasonable accuracy, what passed before his eyes, or repeat what he heard directly from those who had just come singly from the fight or the panic; *so much* will go for what it is worth and no more. The separate sketches from *all* the different points of view are needed for a complete picture, or for a conclusive answer to the question: "Did all our army run away?"

For us, two individuals who had not seen the battle or the first of the panic, but only this tail-end of it, no discussion of the matter at the moment was thought of. We did n't ask each other, or anybody else, whether it was safe to stay there, or to go near the main army. But if the question had been asked, our reply, merely echoing our thoughts at the moment, would have been thus:

"We have lost the day; our army, or a part of it, after a sturdy fight of nine hours against the great odds of a superior force, strongly intrenched behind masked batteries, and after an actual victory, have fallen back at the last moment, and a part of one wing, with the waggons and outriders, have started from the field in a sudden and unaccountable panic. But so long as we still have forty thousand men between us and the enemy, more than half of them fresh, in reserve, at Centreville; so long as this, the only main road Potomac-wise from the field, is now quiet and clear, and 'order reigns' at Centreville, where our main body will rest, what is the use of being in a hurry? Let us rest awhile here, and then take our time and go on either south or north, as the appearance of things may warrant." Briefly and distinctly, no worse view of the matter was indicated by anything we saw or heard while waiting two hours in that very spot in the road where the panic was first stopped.

This view of "the situation" was scarcely thought out and not uttered, and we were just comforting ourselves with "an old oaken bucket which hung by a well" near the fence, the rather cross-looking Virginian occupant of the house eyeing us not quite amiably from his passive position on the doorstep, when some of the straggling soldiers, who had eluded the Jerseymen probably by leaping the fences, began to show themselves. Many of them were sound in body, but apparently fagged out. Most of them were wholly unarmed; some in shirt-sleeves, and without coats or hats. Many were more or less wounded: one hit on the forehead, another in the neck, another in the leg (none badly wounded could have limped so far on foot), and a few were from the hospital, sick and hardly able to stand up. The first word of all of them was: "Water! Is there any water here?" They all said they had eaten nothing since yesterday, nor tasted a drop of liquid, save only the muddy water of puddles by the roadside; yet they had been all day long in the hardest of the fight. Doubtful this, perhaps, in some cases, but probably true of the Ellsworth Zouaves, of whom about a dozen were visible, all apparently worn out with work of the hardest kind. (No.

other New York men were seen by us during the night.) Their stories of charges in the "imminent deadly breach" of masked batteries would have been less credible if they had not been *individual*, just from the field, and with no chance for *mutual* buncombe. "We 've lost half our men," more than one of them said, perhaps honestly; but the sequel was "not so": perhaps one hundred were left behind. "We 've been badly cut up," said one from another quarter; "the New-York 71st are half cut to pieces"; and so they talked, one after the other. Revived with a long tug at our nectar and ambrosia in the old bucket, which was vigorously rolled up and down on its iron chain, they rested, washed, breathed long and well, and trudged on toward Fairfax. One poor fellow, a slender youth of eighteen, too tender altogether for a working army, panted up to the well and seemed too weak to hold himself up. "I was sick in the hospital," said he; "they fired into it and killed several there, and I had to run as well as I could." I omitted to take his name, poor fellow; it would be comfortable to know he reached home. So we pulled the bucket up and down, thankful that in this easy way we could give aid and comfort to these panting, thirsty, fagged defenders of their country's flag, and never doubting they had honestly done their best.

Meanwhile an army waggon had been standing since we first met the panic in the same spot before this house. I note this particular waggon, lettered "Co. H, 3d Regt., Me.," because it is noteworthy that it stood in line in one place all these two hours; and the driver said, in answer to my question, that he "should move on as soon as he had orders." As this is the regiment of Col. Howard of West Point, whom I (as one of those "reception committees") had learned to respect and admire in New York, I talked with the teamster about the doings of the day and of the Colonel, who was reported killed. During the brief panic, he had, like his neighbours, thrown overboard all his cargo, except five bags of oats. So, on these bags we persuaded him to spread six of the wounded soldiers, to be jolted over the road, in the absence of ambulances, which at this place at least were invisible. When he

finally started homeward, with the rest of the teams, about seven, or near sunset, the line having been ordered to "move on," there was still room for us in a corner; but soon other wounded soldiers were overtaken, and we boosted them into our places and took to our feet. During the few minutes we were in the waggon a new panic was raised. The stragglers in the road suddenly scampered over the fences to the woods, and the teamsters whipped their horses into a furious run for some five minutes, the dust flying so thickly that we could scarcely see each other. The first idea naturally pointed to the Black Horse Cavalry, who must be cutting us off! It was now nearly dark. The two muskets still left among our six wounded companions were quickly *in rest* for a shot at the enemy; but a moment more disclosed a couple of platoons ahead, stopping everything on the road. These quickly proved to be a detachment of our 4th Michigan from Fairfax Court-House, sent forward to head off all sound-bodied fugitives and send them back to their regiments: hence the scamper over the fences. Only by this manœuvre could any soldiers pass the two reserves and reach the Potomac. On the road every man was stopped and turned back, excepting the wounded and the teamsters with their waggons. As to the civilians, they had long ago disappeared on the safe side; we saw but one besides ourselves after sunset, until we reached the pickets near the Court-House, about nine o'clock P.M. Here again, returning soldiers were still stopped and turned back at this time, and as late, certainly, as ten o'clock, or six hours after the retreat began. Could a couple of platoons turn back a whole army? The waggons rolled slowly into the village, and for an hour, or more, I noticed the team of our friend of "Co. H, 3d Regt., Me.," being in its place in the line, still standing quietly opposite the Court-House.

The contents of my friend's haversack had been nearly exhausted, in bits given to the hungry men from the battle; so we thought a little supper would not be amiss. The tavern, an average specimen of a fifth-rate village-inn, yet claiming a higher grade, probably, as the hostelry of the County Court, stands right opposite the Court-House, on the main road to

Washington. The tea-table was still uncleared, and cold meat yet remained for the wayfarer; so we took seats without question, and a couple of coloured servants presently brought us some fresh tea and coffee—such as they were—and even took pains to bake us a warm blackberry-cake. (These trivialities are only recorded as obvious indications of a *deliberate* state of things rather than of a race from an enemy.) While we sipped our tea, a stranger joined us, saying calmly, by way of introduction: "My son has been wounded in the battle; I've just brought him here—wish I could get him something that would taste like tea." We left him, sending an earnest message to the landlady: "Would pay anything she pleased." A youth of twenty, civil and gentlemanly in manner, here appeared to represent the house.

"How much is our supper, sir?"

"Twenty-five cents each."

This moderate demand thankfully paid, I remarked: "Probably you have no beds to give us?"

"Yes, sir, I think I have."

We could scarcely expect *this* comfort, for the house is small, and strangers rather abounded just now.

"Thank you; we'll look about a little. Pray keep the room for us."

Among the groups of talkers about the door, we noticed a decisive and emphatic-looking gentleman who was addressed by another as Senator Wade. He was reviewing some of the day's incidents, and I afterward learned he had, with his friends, done excellent service in stopping part of the panic and stampede. Civilians were not all useless. The Senator seemed to be intending a return to Centreville next morning, and meanwhile proposed to his friends to rest comfortably in their carriage. This was about eleven o'clock; waggons still at rest; as many soldiers about the place as I had seen at noon, but here and there a poor fellow would come in from battleward inquiring for the hospital. Everything warranted an off-hand verification of my first impression—that is, that the army had rested and would stay at Centreville, and the waggons and stragglers would stay here. Even this

scarcely seemed worth asking: we did n't imagine anything else.

About eleven o'clock our civil young host politely lighted us to a very good room, in which was a nice double-bed and a single cot.

"We shall leave early; we 'll pay for the room now, if you please. How much?"

"Twenty-five cents each. But I may have to disturb you, gentlemen, to put some one in that other bed, for you see we are cramped for room."

"Certainly; we hardly expected a bed ourselves. We 'll lock the door, but any one you send shall be admitted."

"Good-night, gentlemen."

"Good-night, sir."

Much less courteous hosts are to be found in our own Yankee land. By the way, the urgent message of the father of the wounded soldier had finally produced the landlady, a tall straight specimen of a Virginia dame, lofty-capped, stately, and somewhat cross; and I could n't blame her, under the circumstances. I hope she produced her best Oolong, if not her Gunpowder.

We undressed, and were soon comfortably stowed in the amply large bed, not omitting our thanks to God for our preservation, yet not very deeply impressed with a sense of escaping any peculiar danger. As we lay talking of the day's events, the expected knock came, and our young host introduced an officer in uniform to occupy the other bed. He proved to be a Pennsylvanian, who had been only a spectator of the conflict. He told us of the death of Col. Cameron and of several incidents of the day. We talked to each other across the room for some twenty minutes, and then "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," overtook us all. At any rate, when I rose at half-past one, both my companion and the officer were "as sound as a top." I had for an hour noticed confused talking of soldiers under our open window, and more arrivals seemed apparent; but the only order I heard was: "Second Wisconsin, fall in!"

"T——," said I, "I think you 'd better wake up. It's a

moonlight night, and walking will be more comfortable than in the daytime; besides, I want to reach Washington early, and we can catch the seven-o'clock boat from Alexandria."

Rather reluctantly (for he was very tired) my friend got up: and we were comfortably dressed and in the road between two and three o'clock. Our roommate from the Keystone State we left sound asleep, for we had no authority to disturb him. If "this meets his eye," will he send a word to say whether he woke up in Richmond?

The night was pleasantly cool, and clouds and road lighted up by a full moon. Road fair but sandy. The waggons were plodding on in continuous line; but that they were not much hurried or disordered is evident from our soon overtaking our old friend of "Co. H, 3d Regt., Me." The road was about as sparingly sprinkled with stray soldiers as it was the other side of Fairfax, and in all we probably saw five hundred, not more, between the first panic in the road and Alexandria. Many of these were lying in groups, asleep, by the roadside. Frequently, two would be together on a heavy waggon-horse without saddle; several, slightly disabled, had climbed into the waggons. Two poor fellows I noticed together on a tired horse, looking the very picture of exhaustion. The expression on the face of one of them I cannot forget: he looked sick, and his eyes rolled in a despairing manner. I tried to cheer him, saying he would soon be in Alexandria, well cared for. He could only answer by what seemed a thankful smile. T—— and I tried to talk to as many different soldiers as we could reach, and to learn all they had to say. Their stories of the barbarities of the rebels to the wounded were too many and too varied to leave any doubt that "No quarter" was the watchword of at least a portion of the rebel army. I might repeat a dozen of these sad incidents, showing how disabled and wounded men were butchered; but the theme is sickening. For the sake of humanity, of common decency, let us hope that this barbarity was limited and local, and was condemned by the commanders. We since know that *after* the battle they did take care of our wounded and treat them well: let all justice be done.

Almost every man we talked with belonged to a different regiment from the last. They were chiefly from Rhode Island, Connecticut, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin (I did not see any soldiers from Maine), New Hampshire, Vermont, New York, or Pennsylvania; but of course I speak only of our part of the road. Their accounts seemed to harmonise, especially in two points: namely, that our men held their ground sturdily until three o'clock, and whenever they came in actual contact with the rebels they drove them back; and, secondly, that many of our officers were grossly inefficient, and some evidently showed the white feather. Orders seemed to be scarce; "the men fought on their own hook." Several, however, spoke of the gallant young Governor Sprague, of Rhode Island, and said he behaved heroically. "It was the movement of a Rhode Island battery from the range of shells to a new position, yet in perfect order, which started at least a part of the false panic and cry of 'Retreat.' The Fire Zouaves had made some terrific charges; but as they would rush headlong on one masked battery, and capture it, they were decimated by another battery concealed in the rear. Late in the day, these sturdy fellows received a charge of the famous Black Horse Cavalry of Virginia, who were sent reeling back with half their saddles vacant. The greatest mistake on our side was want of cavalry; the next was, making us fight on empty stomachs, tired out, and without any water to taste, except mud-puddles. As it was, the rebels were beaten and were falling back, when that panic was started at the last moment." Such, almost literally, were the words of these men from different parts of the field, and before they could have compared notes among themselves. Toward daybreak, we came up with a drove of forty cattle, belonging to the army, which had been driven back with the returning waggons all the way; and we took some extra exercise chasing a bullock or two, straying off into the woods. I think we saved our Uncle Samuel one stout animal, and fairly earned a beefsteak, which is hereby freely waived in behalf of Privates A. and B., who are probably as hungry as we. As day dawned, we came up with a female equestrian, probably a nurse, who walked her horse leisurely by the waggons. Soon

we observed camps near the road, over which waved the Stars and Stripes; the ramparts of Fort Ellsworth on a hill commanding the road into Alexandria were occupied by men, busy apparently in placing their guns in range; and at the outer picket near the town, another platoon from the garrison were "arguing the point" with fugitive soldiers who were asking admittance. Even at this time only the waggons and the disabled men seemed to be allowed to pass: able-bodied soldiers were very properly stopped outside. Our *pass* was promptly honoured as usual. At the first chance for a cup of coffee—a decent negro family in a *barnish*-looking house, where cakes were spread to tempt stray pennies from soldier-boys and others—we had a nice hot breakfast, without a single allusion to the event of the day. As we walked down the long, dull streets of Alexandria, still almost vacant and cheerless, we began to see the people, male and female, looking out with expressions, as I imagined, of no very great grief at the news of the morning. Probably they had heard the worst story of the loyal side; and not a few appeared to be actually rejoicing. As we passed a group of four, a man, of some position apparently, was saying: "Has the world ever seen a worse whipping!" Pleasant, this! *Their* preferences, at least, were not very doubtful. Strangely deluded people! how long *can* they live under such an insane rebellion against a government whose worst fault has been a weak leniency and forbearance to its Southern children who were conspiring against its very existence?

We stopped at that now famous scene of their folly and crime, the Marshall House, now in full occupation by our soldiery. The sentry forbade our entrance "before nine." Rain commenced just as we reached the seven-o'clock (the first) boat for Washington. So we were not only among the last from the *regulated* panic, but were with the first soldiers who reached Washington by this route. (The Arlington and Long Bridge road diverges some miles from Alexandria. Of the current *that* way—this side of Fairfax—we could not testify; but this is the *nearest* way.)

We had thus walked between thirty-five and forty miles

in the course of twenty-one hours; and Mr. T—— seemed to feel so. In the boat I conversed with a New York gentleman and *his wife* who had been on the field near the battle, all day. His later expectations were connected with an involuntary trip to Richmond; but *Madame* did n't feel the least apprehension. Is female courage founded most on calm wisdom and steady nerve, or on a more limited appreciation of all the points of "the situation"? Shall we say, "Where ignorance is bliss, 't is folly to be wise"?

Two omnibuses at the Washington dock were quickly filled with fugitive soldiers from the boat, some of them slightly disabled. On the top of one of them we rumbled up the avenue, and were soon enveloped in the eager circles at Willard's on that dismal morning; for a steady rain, as well as the news, was dampening the ardour of the excited people. The early stampeders had made the most of their sudden flight, and exaggerating tale-bearers and worse rumour mongers had done their utmost. Here an idea that had more than once been suggested by what I had heard and seen was greatly strengthened: namely, that the panic had been deliberately started, or at least accelerated, by secessionists on the ground, among the Washington visitors. This may be wholly absurd and untrue; but how easily such a thing could have been done!

My loyal Washington friend's suggestion of the good moral effect which our 7th Regiment would produce by their return to the capital while people's minds were thus disturbed was duly noted. As the cars were to leave at two, and our flags now waved over both wings of the noble Capitol, I had the curiosity to "take a turn" in the Senate, where gallant Andy Johnson had promised to speak on the bill approving the doings of the President. About thirty Senators were present, looking as calm as if the battle of New Orleans had been the last on the continent. The scene here was a notable after-piece to the drama of yesterday.

Breckinridge sat at his desk, reading in a morning paper the news of our disaster. *Could* one mistake which was he? or misinterpret his expression of entire satisfaction with what he is reading? Is he *naturally* so cool and so dignified, and

self-complacent, or does he *affect* a calmness and assume a virtue, though he has it not? Is he disloyal or really patriotic under difficulties?

What, of all things on this day, is under discussion? The bill forbidding the return of fugitive slaves by our troops to disloyal owners.

"What!" said Senator Wilson, "shall we take these men who have been used to dig intrenchments for masked batteries, behind which their traitorous masters are posted to murder our true loyal defenders—shall we force these poor men back to those traitorous masters to be used behind other batteries for mowing down the soldiers of the Union?"

The *tone* of the question was slightly *warmed*, I imagine, by what the Senator had seen at Bull Run. Allusion was made to the "Senator from Kentucky," who had demanded the yeas and nays, and a small shot was fired toward him.

"Mr. President," said the ex-leader and candidate, rising with great assumption of calm dignity, "the Senator from Massachusetts will of course do his duty as he understands it. I, sir, as a Senator from Kentucky, shall endeavour to do mine." (Resumes his seat and the newspaper, which he turns over somewhat conspicuously toward "the gentleman on the other side of the House.") Pearce speaks, *half-way*, for Maryland. Mr. Clerk Forney presently calls the vote, Trumbull, Sumner, Wilson, and others responding an emphatic "Ay"; and the chairman remarks that "the bill is passed"—six Senators voting "No."

Mr. Tennessee Johnson then postponing his speech, we looked into the House, found the seats as full as usual, and business proceeding; and so we adjourned to the cars, and soon whirled by our pickets, and passed the famous "Junction," and the Relay House, and Federal Hill, and noted Pratt Street; had a glimpse of Fort McHenry (we had been told that the retreat would make a rise of a troublous tide in this region, but did n't see it), and at half-past ten were fairly *pressed* into the densest of excited crowds at the Philadelphia

"Continental." "Is it true that we have twelve thousand killed, and our army all gone?" etc.

Next morning I was rather hoarse—but I felt the pulse of a splendid regiment in Chestnut Street, bound for the cars as early as five A.M., and found that they were n't frightened, but rather the reverse.

Coolly recalling all that I had witnessed, and much that I learned from original witnesses on the spot, just from the field, I think we may safely conclude this much, namely:

1. That we had been beaten.
2. That the battle should not have been fought on that day; not only because it was the Sabbath, but because, after a day's rest, with reconnoitring, and good meals, the enemy might have been *scorched* out of his den of batteries, and then whipped easily.
3. That our men showed pluck and fortitude, and stood their ground at great disadvantage.
4. That many of our officers were only so-so, and some were among the missing.
5. That the rebel force on the field was much the larger, and was repeatedly relieved by fresh regiments from their reserves (troops from the Valley).
6. That in the open field they were invariably driven back; their concealed batteries and their cavalry were their chief reliance, and chief success.
7. That their troops, at least a portion of them, butchered our wounded men, and gave no quarter; but that *after* the battle our wounded were well treated.
8. That the panic was a groundless one, caused by misapprehension, or possibly by design of traitors among the spectators; that it was soon stopped, although too late to save the day; that our main army remained together, and in comparatively good order.
9. That part of the rebels were themselves retreating, at

the same moment; and that the rest did not leave their intrenchments toward our forces, during that night.

10. That panics and false reports are "as easy as lying."

P. S.—Several incidents in this simple narrative were too trivial to be worth mention, except as they had reference to what has since become a topic of considerable public discussion—namely, the nature, extent, and duration of that panic. The circumstance that our companions on the track actually slept at *Centreville* until twelve P.M. is a curious confirmation of our theory, that deliberate movements that night were proved by the *sequel* to be quite safe. If our story appears like a tedious "much ado about nothing," it is at least carefully pruned of all exaggeration.

CHAPTER XV

The Early Years of the War. The Draft Riots

I HAVE not at hand the data from which to construct a record of the work and special interests during these war years. I was myself, as explained, absent, and the events of each day were so absorbing that the citizens of the time did not have their minds free to keep records or diaries. But if my father could not keep a record for himself, he thought that he might at least undertake one of the war history of the nation. In 1861, he planned, in company with a versatile, active-minded, but untrustworthy, journalist called Frank Moore, the publication of a series entitled *The Rebellion Record*. It was, as stated, the general expectation of the time that the difficulties, serious as they might be, could not last long. It was supposed, not unnaturally, that every detailed document connected with the events of the time would be of interest for later readers and for later writers. The first volume of *The Rebellion Record* as printed was edited on a scale which, if carried out throughout the entire four years of the contest, would have made a set of fifty octavo volumes or more. Every order from Washington, every document or correspondence outside of Washington, every report from the front, private letters from citizens who were organising war in the rear, letters from the officers who were trying to discipline the troops.

in the field, gossip that had leaked across the line from the rebel capital or headquarters, gossip from Washington as to the loyalty or disloyalty of the noteworthy people who were gathered there, all were gathered together by Moore into a collection which has still to-day a certain personal interest as a great scrap-basket or a photographic medley of the time.

During these earlier months of 1861, everything was guesswork. It was not clear whether we had upon us a revolt or a revolution. The position of no citizen could be considered as assured until he had made utterance or taken action. There were almost as many schemes for saving the Union as there were voters. Thousands of citizens in the rear thought they knew just what our army ought to do and wrote letters to the President or to the public press in order to emphasise the value of their plans. Hundreds of soldiers at the front thought they knew how affairs of state ought to be conducted, and wrote letters to the papers at home in order to give to political leaders the value of their counsel. Everything was tentative and experimental and nearly everything was medley and chaos.

By 1862, the situation had somewhat cleared. It was evident that we had a war on our hands, and the nation was gradually bracing itself to utilise its resources as effectively as possible. Incompetent leaders were still in the field, but many had been weeded out and others were to go. The difference between things important and things trivial was getting to be understood. The second volume of *The Rebellion Record* makes a clear indication of this change in the situation of this education in public opinion. From this volume we may come to understand how, in the words of the Swiss writer, Gasparin, "*Un grand peuple se lève.*" Even in the second volume, however, space was given to detailed reports of not a few skirmishes which had

but little influence on the results of campaigns. On the scale of this second volume, *The Rebellion Record* could have been completed possibly in twenty-five octavo volumes. By the time the third volume was put into shape, a more exacting editorial policy had been arrived at. The detailed narratives of petty skirmishes were eliminated or condensed. The gossip from "intelligent contrabands" as to what was going on behind the Confederate lines was left to be sifted by later events. The volume presents, with the more important political documents, a fairly complete narrative of the campaigns, based, of course, almost exclusively upon the reports of the Northern commanders. In the succeeding volumes, a still sharper condensation was applied, and it was only with such condensation that it became practicable to condense into twelve octavo volumes the record of the four years. *The Rebellion Record* does not present history; but its contents can be neglected by no future historian. Such a series of volumes, covering the period of the American Revolution or of the War of 1812, would have been of inestimable value for the future Bancroft or McMaster. The work constituted, therefore, a service to the community and was so recognised by the Government. It did not bring any adequate compensation to the publisher. The cost of its production was very much greater than had been anticipated and was unduly added to by large bills put in by Moore for travelling expenses and "contingencies." As the work increased in compass and costliness, subscribers dropped off. People who would have been ready to preserve a record of the events of these stirring times in four or five volumes were unwilling, as some of them expressed it, to make room in their libraries for such an "elephant" as a set of twelve. At the close of the war, my father thought himself fortunate to dispose of the set, at a substantial reduction in its appraised value, to his

neighbour, Mr. Van Nostrand, a publisher who had made a good deal of money out of the publication of war books and particularly of Casey's *Tactics*, and who felt that he was willing to risk some further investment in literature connected with the war.

Excepting for *The Rebellion Record*, the publishing undertakings during these four years were naturally but inconsiderable. My father had, in fact, for the time being, given up publishing activities and was devoting himself to the complicated and exacting duties of his Collector's office, and to citizen's work outside of the office.

The following letter is from the Philadelphia publisher who later, through his successful management of the *Ledger*, became a millionaire, and used his millions well, if, perhaps, somewhat "bumptiously."

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 21st, 1861.

MY DEAR MR. PUTNAM:

I was glad to receive your genial letter. You are the greatest philosopher I know, and your contentment and hopefulness are greatly to be admired. But it is all explained when we know that you are a consistent Christian. I am sorry you told me about the "thirty years' notes" as I shall never be easy until I lay my eyes upon it. I know I shall devour it. Henry Carey can give you some points, so can John Grigg. Do it well and it will be the booksellers' Bible. It will be a great work. We are to have a trade-sale here, but I am inclined to doubt its success. The New York sale may do. We are selling nothing but military and school-books and stationery. The Southern debts may be considered wiped out. The West and North-west are not doing as well as they might, but they must come up. There will be but little general trade this fall.

That *Rebellion Record* is a good conception and is well carried out. It will be an indispensable treasure to the future historian.

I am glad to hear such good accounts of Minnie and Haven. They are my pets.

Ever your friend,

GEORGE W. CHILDS.

Send as soon as you can 1000 Impressions of the Portrait of McClellan.

The ownership of *The Rebellion Record*, at least during the first two years of its publication, was kept distinct from the property in the general business. The editor, Frank Moore, held certain shares, possibly one third; a second portion was retained by the publisher; the third division was taken over by a young man who was then making his first business venture, and who has since become known as one of the leading publishers and active-minded citizens of the country, Henry Holt.

In the summer of 1863, occurred what are known as the Draft Riots. It had been found advisable to put into force a conscription system. The States had not contributed in equal measure the volunteer troops which were expected from them according to their population. It was also the case that certain citizens who were not themselves able to go to the front were prepared to pay other men to act as their representatives, or, in the language of the act, "substitutes." The Southern States had, from an early period of the war, found it advisable to employ conscription and had been able to keep their depleted regiments full in this way. Through the greater part of the country the draft was accepted without question. In two or three of the larger cities only did the draft measures produce protest or discontent, a discontent which, in New York, took the shape of riot. The riotous proceedings were carried on in New York almost exclusively by the Irish and were fostered by certain Democratic politicians who thought that they could in this way

add to their own political influence. The Governor of the State, Horatio Seymour, belonged to the group of Anti-War Democrats, and his election had been considered as an indication that the great State of New York was weakening in its support of the Government. His half-hearted measures for the management of the war resources of the Empire State, and his mild, not to say cowardly, treatment of the rioters of New York City, certainly gave grounds for the belief that he was not the proper man to represent the loyalty of New York at a time when the existence of the nation was at stake.

In July of 1863, New York City was practically denuded of troops. There were one or two companies on Governor's Island and Riker's Island, which had charge of the work of sending the conscripts to the front, and a few companies of invalided soldiers were guarding the prison camps at Elmira and on the Lakes. The militia regiments, while not at the front as organisations, had been depleted by the very considerable volunteering from their ranks. It is stated, for instance, that of the 7th New York, no less than six hundred members held commissions during the war in volunteer regiments. The trained men from the crack militia regiments were, in fact, the very best material with which to officer the newly organised volunteer regiments.

Certain Irishmen in New York set up the cry that the war was being fought for the advantage of the negro; or, as they put it, "for the sake of the damned nigger." They did not see why good Irishmen should waste their lives for any such reason. With a very Irish lack of logic, they carried their objections to the freeing of negroes from the South to the point of getting up a little persecution of their own against negroes in the city of New York. Coloured men, women, and children were chased through the streets, harried in various ways, and in quite a number of instances

hanged, shot, or stoned. With an absolutely Irish extreme of absurdity, indignation against the negro culminated in an attack on the Coloured Orphan Asylum, which occupied, at that time, the ground in Fifth Avenue on which the Vanderbilt houses have since been built. The building was set on fire, and though the frightened teachers did the best that they could to secure the safety of their charges, some of the children were killed. Several of the teachers were also badly burned. The houses of citizens known as anti-slavery leaders or as sympathisers with the negroes were picked out, and in a number of cases, ransacked. One house that was in this manner pillaged was that of James S. Gibbons. Mr. Gibbons had been an active anti-slavery worker and his wife had for some time been serving at the front as a nurse. The family escaped through the skylight on the roof, while the house was ransacked and burned out. Mr. Gibbons afterwards recovered damages from the city for the money value of the property. The lost papers and family heirlooms could, of course, never be made good. The *Tribune* office was surrounded by an excited crowd which threatened to burn the building and to lynch the editor, Horace Greeley. It was barricaded and the employers succeeded, with the aid of volunteers from without and with a good show of weapons within, in keeping the crowd at a distance. The greater part of the offices that had been opened for the work of the conscription officials were destroyed or sacked. Other Government offices, where it was supposed that funds might be within reach, were also threatened. As is, of course, always the case in such a movement, the groups of indignant Irishmen, who were influenced by a more or less inconsistent but concentrated rage against the Government and the negroes, were added to by numbers of the lower classes who cared little for the war and less for the negro but who welcomed the opportunity for

pillage. For three days the city was practically at the mercy of its mobs. I do not know whether the numbers have ever been ascertained of the lives lost under the attacks of the mobs, lives chiefly of the coloured folks, but including also those of a number of the people who attempted to defend them.

I believe it was on the third day that Governor Seymour made his famous speech to some division of the mob, in which they were addressed as "My friends," and in which he promised them he would use his influence in Washington to secure the repeal of the orders for the conscription. On the third or fourth day, troops were gathered together from different points, troops which included such members of the 7th Regiment as were still within reach. I do not at this time of writing recall the name of the officer who had charge of these hastily gathered levies. Whoever he was, he acted with energy and decision. Very little time was wasted in cautions or pronouncements. The troops, harassed with brickbats and sometimes with pistol-shots, when told to shoot, fired low and with full purpose. Hundreds of the mob were killed and wounded. While they were being dispersed, fires broke out in different parts of the city, and, in the demoralisation of the Fire Department (itself, at that time, largely manned by Irishmen), brought about no little destruction. Finally, peace was restored and the city resumed control of its streets and of its affairs. The direct loss to life and property had been serious enough. The indirect loss, caused through interference to business, was, of course, very much greater. The impression given to Europe, that the Government was not strong enough to protect its great city, and that in the absence of the soldiers at the front there was no safety for the citizens at home, had, naturally, for a time, a bad effect on American credit. In the end, however, the determination shown by the Government in enforcing

the conscription made it clear to Europe and to the South that the war was to be prosecuted with full vigour, and that the country would support the Administration with its full resources. This made the final success only a question of time. The conscription laws were put into force in New York, and throughout the land, on the original plan; thousands of drafted men went to the front and did good service.

A number of the New York rioters who had been captured were dealt with according to the law. It became evident from the action of the militia that the regiments containing Irishmen were as ready to fight for law and order against Irish mobs as were the others. I remember that there was among the Irishmen of my regiment, at that time stationed in Louisiana, greater indignation at the disgrace that had been brought to the city of New York than was expressed by the men from the upper part of the State. It is probable that a riot in New York to-day would be still more severely dealt with. We have now, in addition to the history of 1863, the precedents of Pittsburg, Chicago, and Milwaukee.

My father had volunteered for service, some time before the riot, in what was known as the "Home Guard," an organisation which had been instituted for the purpose of preserving order in the city at a time when so many able-bodied men were at the front. He did not get a chance, during these days, of reporting for duty to his company, because he was busy protecting his Collector's office. He had not been able to get out of his hands all the moneys belonging to the Government, and his office was one of many threatened by the mob. With four or five of the more public-spirited of his clerks, he remained on guard in his office for three days and two nights, getting in food by pickets as best he could. Pistols had been provided and some at least of his associates knew how to shoot

them. It is my impression that my father himself could not have hit a barn door at a greater distance than six feet, but his lack of experience in shooting did not interfere with either his pluck or his sense of duty. The office at that time was at the corner of 22d Street and Broadway. The rioting had massed itself in part up and down 23d Street and the severest action of the three days' campaign took place at 23d Street near Second Avenue. It was not until this fight had cleared the quarter that the siege of the Collector's office was raised. My father was able to get his money into the vaults of the Second National Bank (the banks had themselves, for the greater part, been closed during these three days) and to find storage also for the more valuable of the office records, such as the assessment lists.

In 1864, my father, in common with the loyal anti-slavery group of citizens generally, interested himself actively in the re-election of Abraham Lincoln. The failure to continue Lincoln as President of the country would probably have meant the failure of the struggle for national existence. The citizens who had from the beginning opposed any action in regard to what they called "coercing the South," and others who, while at first disposed to favour such action, had lost heart in connection with the long duration of the contest, and had come to believe that it was not going to be practicable to restore the authority of the United States throughout the territory of the South, had united in nominating for the presidency, in opposition to the nationalists, General George B. McClellan.

The fact that McClellan's character and course of action, since he had come before the public, were such as to commend him to those who were ready to purchase peace at any price, was in itself a severe criticism upon the conscientiousness, the energy, and the patriotism of his

acts as commander-in-chief of the armies. My father was with those who believed, not that Mr. Lincoln had been hasty in removing McClellan from the command of the armies after the battle of Antietam, but that this removal ought to have taken place many months before, when the General had, by his absurd egotism and arrogant insubordination, and by criticisms on the Administration which almost amounted to treasonable utterances, manifested his entire incompetence for the trusts that had been confided to him.

An attack upon the Government from another quarter was made on the part of an extreme anti-slavery group that had gathered unto itself, as into a cave of Adullam, the discontented of all groups. Those who thought that Lincoln had shown weakness in dealing with the anti-slavery question were the leaders in the party, but many were associated with these who were unhappy either for themselves or for their friends because they had failed to secure offices, commissions, or contracts.

Mr. Lincoln was nominated by the regular Republican Convention, at Chicago. The friends of General McClellan also used Chicago as the place for his nomination, while the Adullamites put into nomination, at Cleveland, General Fremont and John C. Cochrane. The result of the elections was, fortunately, a decided expression of approval on the part of the country for the work done by the Administration. The great majority of the electoral votes given to Lincoln constituted an announcement to the Confederacy on the one hand, and to Europe on the other, that the war would be prosecuted to its close with the full resources of the Northern States. The anti-slavery policy announced by the Proclamation of Emancipation, issued by Lincoln in January, 1863, had been confirmed by subsequent acts throughout the following year and was re-emphasised in the inaugural message of March 4, 1865.

There could now be no further question that the nation, as reconstituted, was to be a free state.

The effective utilisation through the customs and taxes of the resources of the country was, of course, in its way, as important a factor in the support of the Government as the victories of the troops at the front. In spite of the serious interference with business caused by the unexpected continuance of the contest, the Northern communities continued to be sufficiently prosperous to bear the enormous burdens of the war and to pay, without grumbling, the taxes that the war made necessary, taxes which were, it may be said, the highest that had ever before been imposed upon a civilised community by its own friendly government.

CHAPTER XVI

Collector of Internal Revenue

THE taxing district (the Eighth of New York) the charge of which had been confided to my father, included within its limits some of the largest taxpayers in the country, and during the four years of his responsibility, he handled a great many millions of Government funds. While the larger portion of the revenue in the Eighth District came from incomes, there were also important receipts from brewers and distillers, the taxes upon whose products had been made very heavy. On whiskey, the war tax had been fixed at two dollars a gallon. The actual cost of producing the whiskey amounted to something less than forty cents. David A. Wells, who was at that time, as before mentioned, special Commissioner of the Treasury, had taken strong ground against the imposition of a tax on whiskey higher than fifty cents, or, at the most, ninety cents. It was his belief that such a tax as two dollars would constitute too strong a premium on fraudulent manufacture and would so far hamper the operations of the honest manufacturers that the net returns to the Government would be smaller than under a lower tax. After various years of experimenting, the calculations of Mr. Wells proved to be correct. The largest returns from the whiskey tax for a normal year's

production were second with a tax rate of fifty cents a gallon.

Under the system then in effect in the city of New York, the Government kept on duty, at all the larger distilleries, United States inspectors whose business it was to watch the output, inspect the accounts, and verify the fact that the tax as paid to the Collector corresponded with the amount of the actual output as well as with that of the output as sworn to by the distiller. I remember later, when, after returning from the army, I was for some months giving help to my father as a deputy in the Collector's office, hearing one of the larger distillers say with almost unnecessary frankness: "Mr. Collector, your authorities pay those inspectors in my place twelve hundred a year, do they not?" "Yes," said my father. "Well," said the distiller, "if I wanted to send out a few thousand gallons of whiskey without paying the tax, I could certainly afford to give those inspectors a much larger salary for omitting to make record of that portion of my product." It was unquestionably the case that these twelve-hundred-dollar inspectors were occasionally bought up by the wealthy speculative distillers, who could make a clear profit over their honest rivals of a dollar and sixty cents on every gallon they could get out of their distilleries free of the charge for tax. I will give one instance as an example. A distillery in West 36th Street appeared to be doing a larger business than was recorded on the books, or than took shape in the weekly shipments of barrels certified to by the distiller himself and by the United States inspectors. Special inspectors (the distillers would probably have called them spies) were employed, and after some weeks of careful labour it was discovered that one or more big siphons had been built, running back from the buildings in 36th Street, with outlets in a stable in 35th Street. A large propor-

tion of the product of the distillery was being pumped out from night to night through these siphons into receivers in the stables, and was carried away in the night hours to be sold in the market free of tax. The discovery of the fraud ruined the distiller, as it involved not only making good the taxes that had not been paid, but the payment of a penalty of double the amount of these taxes. There were probably, however, not a few distillers throughout the country where supervision was not quite so practicable as in New York, whose tax-avoiding siphons were never discovered, as it was in evidence that whiskey was being sold in the open market at a dollar and a half a gallon, that is to say, at fifty cents less than the amount of the tax.

I recall one other instance in which special action on the part of the Collector was required in order to check off a suspected taxpayer. Among the war taxes was one of a dollar or more per head on all cattle killed. It became evident from the market reports that very many more cattle were being killed within the city than were reported for taxes. My father found reason to doubt the accuracy of the reports of certain of the big cattle-yards on the river side of his own district. He took counsel with his fellow-Collectors in the neighbouring districts and found that they had similar grounds for suspicion. He sent me (this was in 1865, when I was acting as deputy) to the office of his old-time friend, Peter Cooper, with a note asking whether Mr. Cooper would permit his book-keeper to make up for the use of the Collectors a record of the number of sets of hoofs purchased by the Cooper concern from New York cattlemen during the preceding calendar month. Mr. Cooper was a public-spirited citizen, and was very ready to come to the aid of the Government in this special requirement. In connection with his glue manufacturing operations, his firm purchased a very large proportion—

probably the largest proportion—of the hoofs of all the cattle slaughtered on the island. The figures presented from Mr. Cooper's books gave evidence, as my father had supposed would be the case, that nearly twice as many cattle were being killed as had been reported for taxation. These figures also gave the names of the parties from whom Cooper, Hewitt & Co. had purchased the hoofs, furnishing, therefore, direct evidence not only of the delinquencies, but of the names of the delinquents. In this case, also, the penalty included the doubling of the tax, and was sufficient to drive out of the business altogether some of the most important of the offenders.

In the autumn of 1864, my father was called to Washington in connection with an anxiety about myself. In the battle of Cedar Creek, which was fought on October 19, 1864, I was reported "missing," and it was some weeks before he was able to secure any trustworthy information as to my whereabouts. I had, in fact, been cut off and captured in the early part of the battle, and I passed the winter as a prisoner, first in Richmond, in the well-known Libby Prison, and later in Danville. When my name finally appeared in the list of prisoners, my father naturally was interested in the question of effecting an exchange. The condition of those confined in the Confederate prisons had at any time during the war been unsatisfactory enough. In the winter of 1864-65, the Northern soldiers and officers who were unfortunate enough to be confined in the prisons of Virginia were under special disadvantages. The increased range of operations of the Federal armies and the greater activity of the cavalry had, by the autumn of 1864, interfered very materially with the communications of the Confederate forces in Virginia, and had added not a little to the difficulty of securing supplies. When there was not food enough to meet the daily requirements of

the army that was defending Richmond and of the citizens who were still left within the city itself, it was not unnatural that the allowance for the prisoners should have been cut down below the point of safety. As a result, the mortality during this particular winter among the prisoners in Virginia was exceedingly heavy. The prisoners farther south, as at Andersonville and Macon in Georgia, were also serious sufferers, and in their case there was not the excuse, that did exist in Virginia, of any difficulty in securing food. The parents and others in the North who were interested in the safety of Northern prisoners were, during the winter of 1864-65, bringing to bear upon the Administration in Washington all the influence in their power to have measures taken to effect a general exchange of prisoners. This exchange had for twelve months or more been blocked, owing to the ground taken by the Confederate authorities. They had for some time refused to exchange negro soldiers who had been slaves or the white officers of negro regiments. Mr. Lincoln very properly took the stand that the soldiers of the country, whether white or black, must receive an equal measure of protection. Until the prisoners from the black regiments could be exchanged there should be no exchange whatever.

The Southern Government was, for a time, not opposed to the blocking of the exchange as a matter of military policy. Towards the end of the war, however, as the ranks of the Southern army became depleted so that the presence of every man capable of bearing a musket, and particularly of one with the experience of a veteran, became important, it was decided that there would be a material advantage to the South in securing the return of the thousands of the Confederate soldiers who were at that time held in the Northern prisons. These men were, for the most part, fit for service. They also had, of course, suffered in prison, particularly from cold. They

had, however, never been without a sufficiency of food and had never been permitted to remain without adequate clothing or covering. Of the prisoners who, in the spring of 1865, remained in Southern jails, not one man in twenty was fit for service. In a letter, written in February, '65, by the Confederate Commissioner of Prisoners to Jefferson Davis, the Commissioner urged that no time should be lost in getting back into the Confederate ranks these able-bodied men from the Northern prisons, "for whom the Confederates would give in exchange broken-down invalids who were not fit for service." These reasons proved more powerful than the arguments of troubled parents in bringing about the desired exchange; and after various anxious visits to Washington, my father learned, on the first of March, that the exchange had been effected and that the representative of his own home circle was on the way back to New York from Danville by way of Richmond and Annapolis. In my own case I was fortunately able to set at naught the calculation of the Commissioner. While not very stalwart, I *was* fit for service, and after a fortnight at home, I reported to my regiment, which was at that time in North Carolina.

My father was a member of the committee of the Union League Club which was appointed to take action on the sad day of April, 1865, in regard to the assassination of President Lincoln. He had some measure of responsibility for the wording of the resolutions adopted by the club, and also for the organisation of the memorial ceremonies carried out in New York on the day of the funeral. In July of 1865, I succeeded in securing the acceptance of my resignation of my commission (I was at that time Adjutant of my regiment, and Brevet Major), and returned to New York from Savannah. The regiment was at that time acting in company with a few other detained battalions in maintaining government in the State of Georgia

until the Confederates should be prepared to institute a civil government of their own. My father had me appointed as a deputy collector, and I served in the office with him until the spring of 1866. The business of the office had increased very largely, and in spite of my own entire lack of business experience I was able to be of service, particularly in connection with certain special work which my father was unwilling to intrust to outsiders. It was my fortune, during that winter, in giving under the Collector's authority my individual receipt for taxes, to use my name for larger values than it has ever been connected with since. I remember giving a receipt to A. T. Stewart for \$226,000, covering the amount of the special ten per cent. war tax for 1864-65 on his income for the preceding year, an income which had, as may be calculated, amounted to nearly two and a half million dollars.

In the spring of 1866, I think it must have been in March, there was held in Baltimore a convention in the interest of President Andrew Johnson, which, from the name of the Pennsylvania politician who managed the proceedings, was known as the Randall Convention. My father, as an office-holder, had properly kept himself out of active politics. In the issues that had arisen between President Johnson and his opponents in Congress, my father's sympathies were, on the whole, with Congress, although later, when in February, 1868, the House voted for the impeachment of the President, he found himself in accord with the group of Senators, headed by Lyman Trumbull, who opposed the impeachment. He could, however, hardly be called an active supporter of the Administration. The treasurer of the Administration faction of the Republican party sent out the assessment to office-holders, which was usual in those days, to cover the expenses incurred in connection with the convention. My father found reason to protest against the assessment

that came to him, not only on general principles, but because it was, as he found by comparison with the amounts demanded from other office-holders, based upon the calculation that he was making out of his office twice as much as he was legally entitled to make. The assumption was in itself an insult. The whole theory of the assessment of office-holders for political expenses, while not as thoroughly argued out and discountenanced in 1866 as it came to be twenty-five years later, was already something that independent holders of office were entitled to resent and did resent. My father declined to pay the assessment. Within twenty-four hours after the receipt, by the party treasurer, of his declination, he was removed from the office. He was not even permitted, as is usual in all such cases of political dismissal, to go through the form of resignation. I am not sure that he would have been willing, under the circumstances, to send in a resignation; but he should, of course, have been allowed so to do. He was directed by President Johnson, within twenty-four hours after the receipt of his notification, to turn over to his successor the books, papers, and moneys in his hands belonging to the Government.

The transfer was made in due course, and my father secured from Mr. H.——, his successor (previously known only as a liquor dealer), receipts for the material contained in the office, including, in addition to the funds and the books of account, the schedules of taxes remaining to be collected. A couple of days after the receipt from the President of the order of dismissal, my father received from the Secretary of the Treasury a very cordially worded letter recalling the fact that his important office had been administered for four years with full integrity and with exceptional tact and ability, and that during that time a certain number of millions of dollars (I do not at this time recall the amount) had passed through his hands into the

national Treasury. "The administration of the office has," said the Secretary of the Treasury, "met with the full approval of the Treasury Department." This letter was printed in the *Evening Post*, followed by the brief word from the President:

You are hereby dismissed from the office of Collector of the Eighth District of the City of New York, such dismissal to take effect twenty-four hours after the receipt of this notice. You will turn over the books, papers, and funds belonging to the office to the successor who has been appointed to receive the same. Andrew Johnson, President, etc.

No comment was necessary to render these two letters an emphatic picture of the status of the United States civil service of the time.

It was only through his dismissal from office that my father came to realise one important and most inequitable feature in the dealings of the United States Government with its financial agents. Under the system in force at the time, my father was called upon to give receipts to the assessor for the lists or schedules of taxes as arrived at in the assessor's office and transferred to him for collection. It is my memory that, in the Eighth District, these schedules aggregated for the year about fourteen millions of dollars. The amount so turned over by the assessors was debited by the Treasury Department to the Collector, and was made a personal charge against him and his bondsmen. Against this amount he was credited with amounts collected from week to week upon the lists or schedules in question, and with the amounts abated as a result of the applications of taxpayers for correction or cancellation. According to ordinary business routine, he ought to have received a third and final credit for the amounts remaining uncollected at the time the lists were turned over to his successor. The signature of such

successor for these amounts should have constituted a voucher or quittance, and if the amount of such voucher, together with the amounts previously credited for collections and abatements, equalled the entire amounts originally debited on the schedules as receipted for, the Collector and his bondsmen should have been relieved from further liability. The outgoing Collector could, of course, himself do nothing further in regard to the enforcement of the collections on these original schedules. He had, indeed, no official right even to visit the office or to demand the privilege of examining the lists. He was, in fact, permitted to ascertain, from month to month, what progress his successor had made in bringing the collections to a close, but he had no means of hastening the business. His successor and his successor's bondsmen were made in like manner responsible for the entire amount of the schedules so turned over. This additional responsibility was, however, not permitted to lessen the liability of my father or of his bondsmen.

Within twelve months after my father was put out of office, his successor, the liquor dealer, suffered a similar fate. I understood that his difficulty was not political. A third Collector and his bondsmen were made responsible for the uncollected portions of these original old schedules. The difficulty of securing information as to the clearing up of the schedules was still greater than before. The surviving bondsmen were naturally annoyed at this continuing liability, but there was no redress. A government which treats its servants in this manner cannot expect to secure the best service. Even at this day, with the multiplying responsibilities at home or abroad attaching to government officials, we are only beginning to learn the rudiments of such a civilised system of office-holding as has for a large part of a century been in force in England and in Germany.

CHAPTER XVII

G. P. Putnam & Sons

IN surrendering his office in March, 1866, the only course open to my father was to return to his old-time publishing business. In this he had the advantage of a name that was still favourably remembered by the literary public and with the book-trade. He had also remaining within his control the plates of Irving's works and of other books which still possessed selling value. It was, on the other hand, by no means an easy task to build up, in the face of ordinary business competition and with inconsiderable cash capital, a business adequate to provide for the needs of a family of ten children.

Premises were secured on the second floor of the house No. 661 Broadway, facing Bond Street. The plates and publications remaining with Hurd & Houghton were again placed in his hands and the new publishing business was initiated with the preparation of a new edition (known as the Knickerbocker) of that very satisfactory standby, Irving's works. Correspondence was entered into with literary friends in New York, London, and elsewhere, which promised sooner or later to bring into the new publishing office material of value.

While his cash capital was smaller than was desirable, my father's credit was excellent. His difficulties in 1857 had not impaired the confidence of his business associates

in his trustworthiness, a confidence that had naturally been confirmed or strengthened by his action in 1862-1864, in paying off balances of indebtedness for which he had already received full quittance. There was, therefore, no difficulty in securing, subject to time settlements, printing and binding facilities, paper supplies, etc. It became evident also that the imprint of "Putnam" still retained value for attracting literary material. We succeeded (although this was not accomplished until 1868) in finding a purchaser for the little property at Rowayton.

The following letter from some of the neighbours in the Connecticut village where the family had for six years had its home is interesting as an evidence of the affectionate regard in which my father was held.

ROWAYTON, June 20, 1867.

MR. GEORGE P. PUTNAM,

DEAR FRIEND:

We, your fellow-townsmen, understanding that you have in contemplation the changing of your residence from among us, feel deeply concerned on the subject. We hope that you may be induced to stay with us and to work with us and for us as heretofore. We hope that we may in the future understand each other better. You should know that although there may have been differences of opinion among us in regard to the name of our village, we have for yourself the highest personal regard; we believe you to be the soul of honour and benevolence and an uncommonly useful member of our growing village.

After consultation together, we thought it our duty to let you know in this way that we do appreciate the benefits that have been received at your hands. We owe thanks to you for the generous donation for the building for our new station and also for your influence in securing the land. We thank you also for your all-valuable influence in securing the goodwill of the Railroad Company. We are appreciative of the service rendered by the Lyceum that was planned and started

by yourself and for the library which was carried on by yourself without money and without price. You have also been thoughtful in loaning for the use of our people pictures and curiosities, and in placing at their disposal without charge numerous daily and weekly papers. You exerted yourself earnestly on our behalf so that we might have a post-office, and it is largely through your influence that other citizens of importance and talent have come to reside with us. You have laid out money in beautifying and in adorning the property that you own, and in doing all that was possible to make our village an attractive and desirable residence. We hope very much that you will reconsider your plans for leaving and that you will retain your home among us.

Believe us to be your friends and well-wishers.

This testimonial, the cordiality of which fairly offsets certain inadequacies in the literary style, was signed by fifty of the village residents.

In arranging the office work of G. P. Putnam & Son, my father placed upon me the responsibility of taking care of the accounts and the finances of the concern, reserving for himself the general direction of the literary undertakings, and the supervision of the book-manufacturing.

The figures, or at least those that represented the net proceeds, were, during these earlier years of our partnership, by no means as large as they ought to have been to make an assured foundation for the business of the new firm, and the years in question included, therefore, not a few times of serious perplexities and anxieties, and brought with them many burdensome cares. The junior partner had zeal enough and "worked for all he was worth," but without business training or experience, and unskilled in affairs, he was hardly in a position to render any very valuable service in building up the business, while he was doubtless responsible for his full share of the mistakes. During this whole period of our partnership, however,

whatever the worries or the disappointments, I do not recall a single occasion in which a bitter or even an impatient word came from the senior. The sweet gentleness and sturdy patience of his nature seemed to be proof against all trials. With his keen sense of justice, my father never permitted himself to make those about him unhappy or uncomfortable because he himself was in trouble or because his calculations had gone wrong. Even when there was legitimate cause for reprimand or for criticism, the word of reproof was always administered with so much personal consideration and with such evident hesitancy and regret that the principal feeling produced upon the delinquent was one of sympathy with the chief that he should have found occasion for so painful a duty.

The office staff was small, and under a chief of such a temperament, it took rather the character of a family circle. Mr. F. B. Perkins came in and out of the office in his capacity of literary adviser or reader, and after the refounding of *Putnam's Magazine*, established an editorial desk, with one or two assistants. Perkins possessed an inexhaustible fund of humour, not hampered by any bump of reverence, and the hours when he was present were not infrequently lightened up (or interrupted, according as we took it) by more or less relevant witticisms connected with the correspondence or the happenings of the day.

In 1871, my brother Bishop became a partner in the concern, which took the title of G. P. Putnam & Sons; and in 1872, my brother Irving was recalled from Amherst College to take his share of the office work and of the general responsibilities.

Among the literary plans which engaged my father's first attention in again taking up his publishing business was one for the re-establishment of *Putnam's Magazine*. Correspondence concerning the *Magazine* went on during

the latter portion of 1867 with the result that the first number of the reissue or second series was in readiness by January, 1868. The conditions seemed to be in certain ways favourable for the experiment. The close of the war had brought a substantial revival in the business of the country, a revival which was, however, for years to come, interfered with and hampered by the unsettled condition of the currency and by the continuance of the oppressive war taxes. The premium on gold lasted, if I remember rightly, for a term of seven or eight years after the close of the war. During this period the banks continued to be, as far as specie payments were concerned, in a state of suspension. Merchants doing business with Europe were obliged to pay higher prices for their goods on the ground of the interference with credit conditions in the home market. Prices in this market continued high, although, as the premium on gold lasted, there was from half-year to half-year a tendency towards lower prices. Such a condition naturally interfered with a wholesome extension of business. Merchants bought from hand to mouth in the expectation that in the near future they might be able to make their purchases at closer rates. The special war taxes were taken off American manufactures, and after a few years the taxes collected through check stamps and on stamps were also cancelled, but the long list of customs charges remained at the high war rates. It was the expectation that in 1866, as the Government expenditures were reduced, these customs charges would also be scaled down. Writing forty-six years later, it is not easy to explain why, in place of this expectation being carried out, the rates of duties have been so materially increased. While there was throughout the community business activity and while there was a good deal of money in circulation, much of which had been made in war contracts and in speculation in products the values of which had been

increased by the war, it was the case that this new wealth was very largely in the hands of citizens not interested in literature.

The book-buying conditions of the South had of necessity been destroyed by the war. A very considerable portion also of the circles of people in the North who had been buyers of books before the war were no longer able, in the years succeeding 1866, to indulge in such luxuries. These were the people who had fixed incomes, incomes which were payable in the legal tender of the day. During the years of the appreciation of gold, the legal-tender paper dollars, coming to *rentiers* of this class, brought to their possessors so much smaller return for their incomes in purchasing power or in the value of necessities of life that these incomes were for all practical purposes materially curtailed. Thousands of retired merchants, women, and others no longer able to take advantage of business opportunities were, through this change in currency values, or in exchange values, reduced to comparative poverty. These were the people who had constituted a large proportion of the book-buying community. The *nouveaux riches* who had made money out of shady contracts or from pork speculations could not easily be reached by the publishers of standard literature. It was the case, therefore, not only during the war years but for some time thereafter, that the sales of higher class books continued to be disappointing. The only offsetting advantage was that during the decade in question outsiders were not tempted into the publishing business to any great extent. The market was curtailed but the competition was not so sharp. This seemed to give an opening for a magazine such as my father was able to put into shape. Unfortunately, the conditions changed too rapidly to enable him to secure a satisfactory success. At the time of the publication, in 1853, of the first series of *Putnam's Monthly*, the returns

from subscriptions and sales came in with sufficient promptness to provide settlements at the proper time for the first bills of the printers and the paper-makers. In 1868-71, the conditions called for an investment of cash capital and for larger resources than my father had available. At about the time of the reissue of *Putnam's Monthly* three new magazines came into the field—*Scribner's*, *Lippincott's* and *The Galaxy*, all backed by ample capital. The competition for the service of the most important and effective contributors became more serious than that for subscribers, and my father was naturally not satisfied to accept for the new *Putnam's* a lower standard of excellence than had been maintained for the original issue. The prices for the writers of the first class went up. Authors who, in the days of the first *Putnam's Monthly*, had been content with from three to five dollars a page, were now in a position to secure from ten to twenty, while for special contributions much larger payments were made. The competing magazines were also making provision for large outlays for illustrations and, beginning with 1869, the art of printing with the best possible artistic effects large impressions of carefully made illustrations was developed in the United States to an extent that has never been equalled in any other country.

The first series of *Putnam's Monthly* had proved a practicable undertaking with a circulation ranging from twelve thousand to, at the highest, twenty thousand copies. The second series, which secured a circulation of from twelve to fifteen thousand, proved an unremunerative venture. The six volumes issued during the three years of its publication contained, nevertheless, a good deal of interesting material. As in the case of the first issue, it was my father's idea to secure for his magazine a purely literary character. He put to one side suggestions for sensational or "clap-trap" material, and he also (possibly

with erroneous judgment) decided not to attempt the attraction of illustrations. His principal competitor for a circle of readers demanding higher grade literature was, during these years, the *Atlantic Monthly*, which, at that time, bore the imprint of Fields, Osgood & Co., the successors of Ticknor & Fields. In 1871, my father decided that it would not be wise for him, with the resources available, to continue the publication of the monthly in the face of competition such as that above referred to. The subscription lists and good-will of the monthly were transferred to Messrs. Scribner and constituted an important factor in the foundation of their own new magazine.

The editorial responsibility for the first year’s issue of the second *Putnam’s* rested in the main with my father. He associated with him Mr. Frederick Beecher Perkins for the second and third years and, if I remember rightly, Mr. Perkins was then called the editor. The “Word to the Reader,” which appears in the first number for January, 1868, was written by the publisher himself. He states that the leading object of his magazine is

to set forth the discussions of questions of public policy, religion, education, science, our industrial pursuits, finance, political economy, and social science, with adequate provision also for the various departments of general literature in fiction, poetry, and essays. . . . *Putnam’s Magazine*, holding an intermediate position between the daily or weekly newspaper and the quarterly review, will endeavour to present the ease and attractiveness, the interest and the novelty of the one with something of the solidity of the other, that it may, as it appears month after month, be taken up with pleasure and be found worthy of preservation as an enduring portion of the literature of the country.

The sixth and concluding volume contains the pub-

lisher's notice announcing the close of the publication of *Putnam's Monthly*. I judge from the wording of this notice that it is from the pen of my father. He says, among other things, that his magazine

had secured a larger circulation than several of its contemporaries at home and much larger than that of a dozen of the English magazines whose names have for many years been familiar. It is, however, evident that the paying popular taste calls for something different; it may be higher or lower, better or worse; but those who pay the money have a right to the choice. We have meant from the first to produce a magazine wholly original and essentially American, *i. e.*, devoted largely to American topics. We have avoided all temptations to reprint from foreign magazines or to cater for anything merely sensational. In this we may have been quixotic, but the aim at least was high. Doubtless better things may be done in this direction than we have been able to effect; but so far the best material sent to us out of over three thousand manuscripts, or at least those papers which we believed would prove the most acceptable to our readers, have been printed in the six volumes now published

Appended to the notice is a little balance-sheet showing that "cash had been paid to contributors amounting to something over \$30,000," and that the entire outlay had been something over \$100,000.

The closing of this second series of the magazine was a very keen personal disappointment to the publisher whose name it bore. It was, in fact, a shock that really added at once to my father's age. The feeling that he was no longer in touch with the reading public, that his literary judgment could not be depended upon as trustworthy, that his personal influence could not bring into his office, in the face of the competition of other publishers, the best literary material of the day, the hampering restriction of want of adequate resources with which to carry out larger

and more permanent literary plans—all these things weighed upon him in a manner that would not have been possible in the earlier years when he still possessed full physical vigour and with this maintained his natural elasticity of temperament. In years he was still fairly young, but it was evident that in vitality or in working strength the corner had been turned.

This reference to *Putnam’s Monthly* may be completed by the presentation of the publisher’s account of his later visit to London and by the “Leaves from a Publisher’s Letter-Book,” both of which were printed in the magazine.

CHAPTER XVIII

Some Things in London and Paris-- 1836-1869

Changes—The Voyage—English Notes—Travelling in Olden Time—Modern Improvements—Tabernacles and Cathedrals—Parliament—John Bright—Authors—Publishers—Cheap Books—Mercantile Honour—English Ethics on Rebellion—Museums of Art—Paris and its Renovations—The Emperor and Abraham Lincoln—Laboulaye—Doré, etc.

THIRTY-THREE years ago this month, I landed in Liverpool from the packet-ship *England*, from New York, and made the most of six months in England and on the Continent. In a residence of ten years in London, interspersed with a dozen trips across the Atlantic, between 1836 and 1847, I had a chance to note some of the changes and comparative ills and advantages on both sides of the Atlantic, which a very dull person could hardly fail to observe with profit.

To revisit London and Paris after such an interval, and to compare 1869 with 1836, was to me a sensation—an item in one's personal remembrances of peculiar interest.

One of the first things to be remarked is the truism that the European trip of to-day has become so common as to require positive genius to place it in any new light. What was comparatively distant, novel, and mysterious in the last generation is now familiar in our mouths as household words. The

full-grown man or woman who has not "done" the whole is becoming more of a novelty than the lions themselves. These notes, then, simply refer to some of the changes and signs of progress during the "generation" last past.

And, first, of the vessels that take you. In 1836, the bright-sided "liners," the sailing packet-ships of New York, were our pride and boast. Ranging from 600 to 900 tons (a mere yacht in these days), their fine models, excellent accommodations, and wide-awake, "gentlemanly" captains, were proverbial all over the world. Where are they now?

Two trips in the *England*, with the well-known Captain Waite, and two in the *Margaret Evans*, with the always popular E. G. Tinker (both now retired with honourable independence), then in the *St. James*, then another in the grade of vessels next afloat—the Collins line—and then good-bye to sailing vessels. A new era commences. It was my fortune to have a trial of nearly all the rival lines for the passenger trade between 1839 and 1851: the *Caledonia*, *Canada*, and *Cambria* of the Cunarders, the *Great Western* (second vessel of all in the field), the *Great Liverpool*,—a peninsular steamer, recklessly sent across the Atlantic in a winter voyage and narrowly escaping the bottom,—the ill-fated *President* on her last trip to New York, two trips in the American steamers *Hermann* in 1849 and the *Franklin* in 1851.

These sufficed to give one a specimen of progressive improvements in "floating palaces," so called, and in some of the perils of navigation. Six of these vessels were afterwards utterly lost; and of two, the *England* (sailing) and the *President* (steamer), no tidings whatever were ever received. Probably the loss of life at sea, at least in "regular" packets, is not much greater in average than on railways, but there is enough to show that no human skill is infallible.

With but little knowledge of the merits of recent lines, I found myself almost at random aboard the *Westphalia*, of the Hamburg line. A greater advance over the vessels of olden time, which I had known, could not be expected even with these twenty years of experiment.

The older Cunarders and the *Hermann* and *Franklin* were

about 1200 tons, and were then the marvels of genius. The ships of this Hamburg line are of 3000 tons, all "screws," most substantially built (on the Clyde, by the way) of iron, and fitted up comfortably and luxuriously enough for a prince, and admirably managed. I write this in the *Hammonia*, on my return. The *Westphalia* is still finer, and the *Cimbria* and *Holsatia* are of the same grade. Officers and stewards civil and attentive, in notable contrast to the martinet ways of the Cunarders; and the table superabundantly provided with delicacies by a French cook. Our trip, though in February, was but nine days and eight hours to Cowes; and, compared with any of the fourteen trips of former years, it was as superior in comfort as it was in speed.

That superb morning when we passed the Needles, with a full moon in a clear sky on one side, and the red light on those picturesque rocks on the other, was a delicious surprise, especially as one is so apt to be met on these coasts by a cold, raw fog or drizzling rain. This agreeable reception was enhanced half an hour later off Cowes, where her Majesty's steam yacht appeared as if all ready to greet us, and the Queen herself, with the whole household, left Osborne House (off which we had anchored) and preceded us in said yacht to Southampton, and thence on the railway to London—blocking us, by the way, on the track for a couple of hours. While listening to the impatient jokes of our German neighbour in the cars during this delay, it was natural to look back to 1836, when I first saw the fair young Princess Victoria, just seventeen, with her mother, at a musical festival in Exeter Hall—then "the expectancy and rose of the fair state"—but attracting no very marked observation, and looking like many other damsels of her age in the audience. Five years later, sitting in the gardens of the Temple on the 9th November, to see the Lord Mayor's gingerbread barge, I heard the guns which proclaimed the birth of her first son, the Prince of Wales. I had been permitted meanwhile to "assist" at a soirée, and also at a public dinner, both attended in a sort of "state" by H.R.H. Prince Albert—and what a handsome, well-formed, sensibly behaved young man he was! The sables still worn by the

stout, matronly Queen, and the monuments everywhere erected to her worthy and useful consort, show that he is freshly remembered—and his works do follow him. The *ci-devant* maiden of sweet seventeen is now fat if not fair, and some dozen children call her "Grandmother."

Towns like Southampton continue to be as essentially and distinctively English as they were in the last generation—the same substantial stone piers, the same snug, compact streets and shops, the same cosy inns, with their cold joints and muffins and excellent tea for breakfast, the same threepence to the waiter and the "boots," the same general air of decent *comfort* in the snug-looking houses of the "trades-people," without a particle of superfluous ornament or frippery. Coming to the railway station, a "N. Y. & New Haven" passenger remarks rather the freedom and absence of red tape, and the quiet, easy fashion of things, less show and even less comfort in the famous "first-class" compartments than one remembers of the first days of English railways. But to go back still farther, when railways were *not*, one cannot help remembering the slower but more picturesque and exhilarating locomotion of olden time,—even as late as 1836,—when we mounted to the box or sat with the guard on the top of the "Royal Mail" coach, and the coachman, cracking his whip over his spirited "team" of four unexceptionable bays, groomed and harnessed to a nicety, we bowled along over the hard, smooth roads at the rate of ten to twelve miles an hour, and absurdly supposed the perfection of travelling had been reached. Or, again, when on a dewy morning we enjoyed the luxury of a drive in an English post-chaise (*à la milord*), with four horses and a postilion to each pair, and dashed with gentlemanly speed along those delicious byways and hedge-lined cross-roads, to do the "lions" in Derbyshire and Warwickshire—to "realise" our schoolboy dreams of Shakespearean Stratford-on-Avon, and lordly Blenheim, and monastic Oxford, and baronial Warwick, and magnificent Chatsworth, and romantic Haddon Hall; or when we used to roam over the softly carpeted hills of Kent and read Boswell at Tunbridge Wells and Sidney's *Arcadia* at Penshurst, and Chaucer at Canterbury, and *King*

Lear under Shakespeare's Cliff at Dover; or imbibed Gray's *Odes* and *Elegy* at Windsor and Stoke Park, and Pope's couplets at Twickenham, and *The Lady of the Lake* at Loch Katrine. All these remembrances of real enjoyment of former days in rural England—away from the iron track, and even before iron tracks existed—all these rose up in memory like an exhalation, as we took our seats to ride to London in the modern humdrum compartment from which the "country" and the chimney-tops can be seen at the rate of from thirty to sixty miles per hour.

At Waterloo Station, cabs in abundance stand by the platform ready for yourself and your luggage, and a plainly printed card of their lawful fares—6d. (12 cents) per mile, or 2s. (50 cents) per hour—is posted in each cab. Observe: you pay for yourself and luggage for the first mile, say 25 cents, and 12 cents for each additional mile; and no grumbling about it. In this point London cabbies have improved. When will New York follow suit?

Whirling over Waterloo Bridge, through the Strand, Trafalgar Square, and Regent Street, my first impression was that even the latter appeared less stately than of yore. In fact, our recent mercantile marble, iron, and brownstone palaces of Broadway have dwarfed the stuccoed grandeur of the famous street of George the Fourth—and I began to wonder whether this was really the great Babylon of my romantic days. Only the more deliberate comparisons of recent architectural improvements of this vast metropolis sufficed to prove its enormous advances—outstripping in proportion even our wide-awake cities of the West. Chicago herself has scarcely grown more in the last quarter of a century than this ancient and unweildy "metropolis of the world."

The "Langham" and the "Charing Cross" are the new hotels for the times, and so I tried them both. Stately as the former appears as you look down Portland Place, the Londoners say it has spoiled the symmetry of that lordly street. Where it stands, the famous Lord Mansfield used to live, and the Czar Nicholas, whom I had seen in London in 1844-'5, "put up" at Mansfield House. The Langham, with its six stories of

solid masonry, already well smoked, and its American manager (Mr. Sanderson), has not yet, they say, paid large dividends to its company (limited). Its cost was large, and the results have not justified the outlay, even after all the advantage of Yo-semitic-Hiawathan-entertainment. The "plan" of this house promised a combination of the excellencies of the English, French, and American systems. Let us hope that in attempting all, the company may not fail to reach either. Of course the house is *comfortable*;—any English country inn is that;—but it lacks something of the cheerful conveniences and elegant economies of the best French and American hotels. The dull dimness of the stately corridors gives one the blues. It caters, apparently, to American customers, and takes the *N. Y. Times*—but the latest number on the files was a month older than that I had myself brought.

A new hotel of the same class, apparently, is the Alexandra, —in Piccadilly, opposite Hyde Park,—a more lively and equally convenient situation, where one sees more of the outside world at a glance.

The Charing Cross—a huge structure at the railway-station of that name—is another "novelty" to me—substantial, bustling, almost dizzying by its constant whirl of active life—for it is at the very heart of London. Looking from my fourth-floor window out upon the familiar tail of the lion on Northumberland House—(town-home of "the Percy's high-born race")—I could not help wondering how the present owner of this ancient and wealthy dukedom likes being jostled so briskly and so closely by modern improvements—locomotives smoking and wheezing and cabs rumbling under his very windows.

At the immense "station" immediately adjoining this hotel, trains with locomotives arrive and depart every few minutes—either on the Dover track or to the Crystal Palace and the suburbs, or to the other stations of the metropolitan or underground railway. But the comparative order and quiet, the absence of all loud calls or locomotive shrieks, the smooth, easy gliding of the cars, without any needless noise or confusion, are in such strong contrast to the aspect of one of our large

“depots” (when shall we quash this word and say “station”?) that one can hardly realise at first how much business is going on. A mere glance at these operations at Charing Cross—with all its details and surroundings—such as a first-rate hotel, a restaurant, a lunch-room, where you are well and civilly served with appetising bits (Mugby Junction is defunct) and at “prices to suit”—the railway library and news-stand on the platform, where you buy a good novel for a shilling, and your *Daily News* or *Telegraph* for one penny, your *Echo* for a ha’penny (a well-printed *double* evening journal), and your *Judy* and *Echoes* for twopence, and are thanked for doing it—with every other suggestion for the agreeable and comfortable start on your journey, whether it is to London Bridge, or to Australia—all these systematic arrangements are so nearly perfect as to make an American growl with disgust when he thinks of the miserable shanties of the Jersey ferry, whence one starts on the great national route to the American metropolis—and where a Senator and an apple-woman or bootblack are huddled together in a scramble for the first squeeze in the wooden hut, six feet or so square, where your ticket or your life (almost) is the consideration. “They manage these things better in France,” and so they do in Eng’and—whatever tyrannies and despotism there may be behind the scenes. If that amiable, gracious, and obliging Cerberus who watches for lapdogs and parcels and anxious fathers at the ladies’ room of the N. Y. & New Haven would come and take a look at the Charing Cross Station—or rather, if his masters, the directors, would do so—possibly a useful hint or two might be gained, which in the course of a few years might be of advantage to our long-suffering people. How is it that while our River and Sound steamers eclipse those of all the world, our railway system is so imperfect—in many conspicuous places so utterly mean and disgraceful?

One thing is objectionable in these stations—at least for a stranger—and that is the display of hundreds of large advertisements and posters—some of them enormous—on the walls, utterly confusing, with their big letters, any one looking for *needful* information. The *profit* of these to the company must

be large, to justify or excuse the nuisance; and as they are repeated in every station, large and small, all over the kingdom, the expense to advertisers must be enormous. Thus the newer journals and magazines post bills eight feet long on all the dead walls in London, and many of these are done in all sizes, in cast-iron plates with enamelled letters. If full-size double daily papers like the *Standard*, *News*, *Star*, etc., can be sold for two cents, and the *Echo* (larger than our *Evening Mail*) for one cent, how can they afford to pay thousands of pounds a year for street advertisements? and how is it that with all this heavy incubus of expense of publicity the supply of reading for the million has so wonderfully increased in England and its cheapness in proportion? Thirty years ago, English newspapers cost 10 cents to 15 cents each—and new books were a luxury for the select few, while ours cost comparatively nothing. Now, both papers and books may be had for less than half the price of ours. Probably Mr. Carey can explain. This turning of the tables is easily accounted for to a certain extent—but the complete revolution and reversal of proportions seems at first to be mysterious.

Even the gilt-edged "Guide" which they give you at the Langham suggests the expediency of your hearing Mr. Spurgeon and of going early and that the cab-fare is 2s.; but it does *not* hint that you can go on the top of an omnibus for 4d., and that the ride may be more instructive. My first observation in the course of this lofty survey was the apparent change in Sabbath observance in London. Not only the gin-palaces, but a great many shops of all kinds were in active business—and in one street on the Surrey side some thousands of rough-looking people were holding high change—apparently a Jewish holi-, not holy, day. Near the famed Elephant and Castle, my omnibus-neighbour, learning my destination, said he was one of that congregation, and invited me (as a stranger) to his seat—otherwise the chance would have been "limited." For a rarity, as I was told, Mr. Spurgeon had exchanged with a brother-minister from the other side of the river, who began by sympathising with the disappointment of the thousands before him. In reality, I liked the substitute better than I

expected to like the more renowned preacher. But neither could be half so impressive as the immense audience itself—said to be over 8000, of which 5000 are in rented seats, placed in three galleries and on the floor of the gigantic Tabernacle so adroitly that every one could see and hear: and when the multitude rose as one man, and followed the precentor at the side of the preacher's table in singing a familiar psalm, the effect was far more touching and solemn than any preaching could possibly be.

In the evening I returned and heard Spurgeon himself: the crowd was greater, every seat filled and every aisle thronged—and the preacher's power over the vast assembly was indeed a marvel. I can't quite forget my prejudice against his heavy face; but his wonderful executive ability and his immense influence for good over so many thousands of regular hearers, and tens of thousands of casual ones, can hardly be overestimated. Boxes for coins for the "Pastors' College" in Regent's Park, placed everywhere in sight, were labelled to the effect that last week's contribution was some £35.

Next Sunday morning, the service at Westminster Abbey was impressive, and notable for other things. This glorious old edifice has not only had care and renovation in its outward aspects, but also in its practical uses. The ding-dong of its ancient dozing vergers, who lay in wait for strangers' sixpences, seems to have been lulled; and on Saturday I was actually permitted to walk about where I pleased, everywhere but in Henry VII.'s Chapel, without any hint of guides or pennies. On Sunday, too, instead of the monotonous homily of a drowsy pluralist, to a handful of people in the choir, a large part of the whole edifice is filled with an interested audience in comfortable seats (graded, of course, for the gentle and simple), the music and chanting are of the best, and a man of real ability preaches a practical and excellent sermon, which gentle and simple may profit by alike. At least this was what I saw and heard. The preacher seemed to be of a different mould from the canons of olden time. Has the Church come down to the people? From the text, "Where shall we buy bread that these may eat?" he not only expounded spiritual

food for the hearers on both sides of the railing which separated the chairs from the benches, but he discussed, for the plainer people, the simple but often urgent wants and anxieties for the wherewithal to *live*—the daily problem, “how to make both ends meet,” which many, even of those not classed as “poor,” find it often difficult to solve. The excellent sense and earnest feeling of the sermon surprised as well as instructed a listener who had come to the Abbey from the last generation. The rich tones of the organ, and some good voices echoing through those long-drawn aisles and lofty arches, were as impressive, in their way, as the 8000 human voices singing in unison at the Tabernacle, without even a bass-viol or melodeon to guide them. Why may not both modes of worship be acceptable, if fervently and honestly rendered, to Him who regardeth the spirit and not the letter of such service?

The huge St. Paul's also is now turned to other uses besides a Pantheon for big monuments. In the evening, I attended service there, when some 5000 people were comfortably seated under the great dome and in the nave as well as the choir, to listen to the choral service and fine anthems, and to hear a really able and interesting discourse by the Bishop of Derry. I don't know who he may be, but he is not one of the drones. These services are held every Sunday evening, and are always crowded,—for they make a point, I am told, of having the ablest and most effective preachers from all quarters of the Establishment. The English Church is evidently waking up to the expediency of *doing* something besides enjoying its immense revenues and fat sinecures. The Taits, Trenches, and Stanleys appreciate the situation

In a week-day visit to the two cathedrals, I noted some of the new monuments which mark the eminences who have passed away since I saw England. In St. Paul's they have put up the usual style of marble to several military notabilities. In Westminster, a full-length Peel, and a ditto Palmerston; and in a modest niche of Poets' Corner is a simple bust of Thackeray, looking toward the wits and poets whom he had revived, as though he were not quite sure whether he was there merely on sufferance. “Tom Campbell,” Hallam,

Wordsworth, and Macaulay are more conspicuously honoured, for as the man in Sheridan's play says, "I'm told there's snug lying in the Abbey," and even men of genius dream of that apotheosis. The whole building is evidently cared for and renovated with suitable reverence—and St. Paul's, too, is in the hands of skilful restorers, who are gradually completing the ornamentation so long left unfinished. Appeals for pennies to aid this renovation are posted, and it is pleasant to know that these grand memorials of bygone ages are not to be permitted to fall into ruin.

Street monuments to England's great men continue to prevail, but do not improve much in grace. Havelock and C. J. Napier stand on each side of Nelson's big lions in Trafalgar Square, with the ambling steed of Charles I., and the pigtail of George III. in near proximity. England's earlier chivalry is embodied in an equestrian Richard Cœur de Lion, near the House of Lords. In Waterloo Place, one of the finest sites of the metropolis is filled with a very heavy if not ugly group of iron grenadiers placed against a granite pile on which is inscribed "Crimea." The only symmetrical and satisfactory recent attempt at the monumental is the Gothic structure in Hyde Park, on the site of the Palace of '51, to the honour of Prince Albert.

The gorgeous Gothic pile built by Barry for the Houses of Parliament has been completed since my residence in London. With a card for the "Speaker's Gallery" from our very polite Secretary of Legation, Mr Moran, I had good opportunity to observe the *manner* of the present Ministry—especially Mr. Gladstone, who spoke twice, briefly, but with peculiar clear-headed tact, courtesy, and dignity, which showed the secret of his influence and power. It was the night after the first great debate on the Irish Church Bill. Everybody knows what the House of Commons is—the only remark I need make is to wonder why the architect of this enormous building, whose halls and corridors and towers are on a superb scale in size and elegance, could not have provided a little more room for the most important object of the building, viz., the sessions of the House? Why should the 650 members be forced to sit

like so many schoolboys crowded on "forms," or forced in a full house to take refuge in the galleries?—(for there are not seats for all the members on the floor). Why should the spectators' galleries be limited to 100 seats? and why should the ladies be limited to a score or so, caged behind a glass screen, to peep like Tom of Coventry at a dumb show, without hearing a word of what is said? Probably all this has been asked and answered scores of times, but each newcomer, who has seen the ample scope of our Capitol, will be sure to wonder over again at these and other of our Uncle's little anomalies.

The one name in England which perhaps excites most interest in an American—after Dickens and Tennyson—is that of John Bright. As I had been privileged with two or three notes from him during the war, in reference to his portrait, and to certain "rebellion" documents, I ventured to send him a card, though half ashamed of the intrusion on a Cabinet Minister as busy as the President of the Board of Trade must necessarily be. A pleasant, familiar note from him within a few hours asked me to call between the hours of 10 and 11 next day—which I did not fail to do. His lodgings in Clarges Street were so much like the modest apartments I had once occupied near by, that I imagined I had blundered in the number. No,—Mr. Bright was in, and I was shown to a plain room on the second floor. "Is there a room below where one can wait if he calls?" Mr. Bright asked of the damsel after he had cordially greeted and seated me. "No, sir," says the servant, "*it* is occupied." A word or two of apology for intruding on his valuable time—which I feared my countrymen were too apt to do—was kindly and simply cut short, and for half an hour he made me entirely "at home" in a rapid talk about certain points on which, as it happened, I was able to give him some information. The servant meanwhile announced "Mr. Livingstone." Again the question about the room below. "No, sir, he is still there." "No matter," said Mr. B., turning to me, "you won't mind his coming up here—he is a brother of Dr. Livingstone, the traveller. *We* have no secrets to talk about." Of course I could but again apologise and propose to take leave—but he kept me some twenty

minutes longer, Mr. Livingstone, meanwhile, meekly waiting for his turn—and when I left him I was again invited with some emphasis to call on my return from Paris. All this is a trifle, but it is mentioned simply to illustrate the unassuming, simple, hearty good nature of this noble man, so different in his manners and his surroundings from our tradition of an English Cabinet Minister. Portraits do not do him justice. His face is a model of the best English type—rosy health without grossness intelligence, good sense, and *bonhomie* happily united. If I might quote some of his sayings, they would show that he has some pickle and *spice* in his composition, also, and that he is a shrewd and independent thinker.

The next call I had to make was on the author of *Foul Play* and *Never Too Late to Mend*. His domicile and its peculiarities were not less interesting for being those of a man of genius who had such marvellous facility in dramatic stories; but one is scarcely justified in relating private conversation, even of a famous author, or in describing his dressing-gown and pet cat. Mr. Charles Reade is a good deal cosmopolitan as well as English in his notions, and his shrewd independence and self-reliance seem to belong to what is usually termed “a man of the world.”

A short visit to Miss Thackeray, the charming daughter of the great novelist, and herself a bright and sensible storyteller, was an agreeable episode in the day's doings. Her grace of manner—wholly free from pedantry or pretence, as simple as a child and as polished as a duchess—is quite winning. To express satisfaction in knowing any one who “had known her father” was very easy, but the evident sincerity of the cordial greeting was not to be doubted.

The author of *The Woman in White* has everything handsome about him, and is evidently a gentleman, and a very agreeable man.

My old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Howitt, and others with whom we used to exchange visits in olden time, are still flourishing in hale and healthy maturity, I was told, but there was no time to seek them.

The elders of the houses of Murray, Longman, and Whit-

taker, who had hospitably received me in 1836, have passed away, but the business of the first two is vigorously pursued by the present generation. The new and elegant premises of the Longmans, and the newer and handsome palace of the rising Nelsons are both lost in the narrow lane, where book-sellers most do congregate—Paternoster Row. Many of the wealthy, older publishers whose names are familiar in our mouths, are conservatively pursuing their vocation exactly as they were thirty years ago. Baldwin, Moxon, Tilt, the elder Bohn, Pickering, and others, have passed off the stage. Henry Bohn, "the Napoleon of remainders," partially retired, after printing 500 Library volumes and editing many of them himself, now amuses himself with knick-knacks like old china, for which hobby they say he has expended £50,000 of his well-earned fortune. The name of Bentley, who is now quite advanced and in poor health, is kept in title-pages by his son, and so is Pickering's, in a moderate way.

But the newer men who have risen up to fame and fortune in this responsible vocation are rapidly eclipsing the old fogies in the magnitude and activity if not respectability of their operations. Of these, Routledge, Warne, Strahan, Macmillan, and Low & Marston, are the most notable—the progress of some of these having been more on our American plan than in the ordinary English habit. In my younger days in London, Routledge had a little box near Leicester Square whence he would sally forth himself with samples of "trade-sale job-lots" under his arm and sell "13-12 at 1s."—or make a "dicker" for Yankee books if he could n't do better.

Now his warehouses are "big things," and his list of publications numbers many hundreds. His first noted contract was with Bulwer—to give him £2000 a year for ten years for the use of his works, printing them in tens of thousands "for the million," at a nominal price. The cheapness of his publications, and others of their class in England, has distanced American competition marvellously. Warne, Nelson, Strahan, Low, and others do an immense business in the same department. Books for five, three, two shillings, and one shilling, and even for sixpence—(a very decent copy of Cooper's novels,

for example)—were published originally at a guinea or a guinea and a half. Apparently they find their account in this system, for it is common to hear of editions of tens of thousands; and Hotten told me that of one of Artemus Ward's books he had sold a quarter of a million! We boast of the universality of our book-reading, but where does the English reading public come from? Look at their periodical literature! To say nothing of their merely "popular" serials like *Good Words*, *All the Year Round*, and *Once a Week*, ranging from 50,000 to 130,000, the number of shilling magazines is startling to think of—three times as many in proportion as we have, and most people would say ours are too many. Then the penny issues, such as *British Workman*, etc., are marvellous for the excellence of their illustrations as well as their literature. In all this matter of instruction and entertainment for the million, our English contemporaries are leaving us very far astern—almost out of sight.

Here, again, one of "the trade" of thirty years ago is startled with the differences. Then the cheapness of American books was proverbial, and English editions were luxuries which few could afford. The stately quartos and octavos, priced in guineas instead of pence, are still issued when important new books are to be launched for the first time; but, the nabobs and the libraries once supplied, the "people" are then cared for with compact duodecimos at prices to suit.

The good old aristocratic days of the elder Murray and his kin are passing away. How he used to entertain the American bibliopoles, the rarity of whose advent, thirty years ago, rendered them objects of curiosity! James Brown and Daniel Appleton and one or two others comprised the whole American delegation for many years. The two named are gone; but others are now familiar with the Albemarle Street mahogany on which the portraits of Scott and Byron and Southey and Crabbe and Irving and the Arctic navigators looked down approvingly. How the old gentleman used to produce his *Childe Harold* and other choice MSS., with half-earnest apprehension lest these wild Americans should slip them into their pockets! (The present Mr. John Murray, who makes

the red-books for travellers, sometimes styled the British tourist's Bible, is now absent on his first visit to Italy; oddly enough, although all these guide-books were supposed to be actually prepared by him, and those on Germany really were so, he has never till now even seen Rome or Florence.) How the *long* firm of Longmans used to give us a hospitable chair at their long table in the Row, where the excellent Brown's bachelor-hall in the warehouse used to provide a hot joint for their authors and business friends! How the Napoleonic Bohn used to give us holiday dinners at the "Star & Garter" of Richmond Hill, and ex-Sheriff Whittaker used to tell us how many men he had hanged when "the City" had the advantage of his services! How democratic Talboys, under the very shadow of the ancient university on the Isis, used to surprise us with his admiration for American institutions, even more strange to us than the superultra loyalty of the official publisher, Mr. Parker, who taught us that "the Crown must be respected if it only hangs on a bush!" But such gossip of old times might be extended *ad nauseam*.

Among the nooks and corners which an American in England, thirty years ago, was apt to "mouse out" were the old Dr. Johnson tavern in Bolt Court, where we used to pay for a pint of ale for the sake of a peep at the Lumber Troop Hall, once the library of the growling old lexicographer; then the rather doubtful respectability of the "Judge and Jury Society," in Covent Garden, where mock "appeals from the Lord Chancellor's Court below, at Westminster," were gravely argued by big-wigs at the bar before a bigger wig "on the bench"—the price of a "pot of 'alf and 'alf" being the admission fee. But I did not fail to revisit and take my "chop and Cheshire" at the little smoky room of Dolly's chop-house in Paternoster Row, which for three hundred years last past has dispensed those comforts to bibliopoles and others who have haunted the place since the time of Spenser and Shakespeare and Ben Jonson.

While the old "haunts" and curiosities remain, the renovations and improvements going on in London are wonderful in their extent and costly excellence. The Thames Embank-

ment, and new bridges, to say nothing of the enormous railway system, the viaduct at Holborn Valley, and the complete transformation of Smithfield and its old cattle market of John Rogers's memory; the new buildings in the city, the immense demolition of rookeries between the Strand and Holborn for the new law courts; the new hotels; the amazing growth of the suburbs; the new horticultural gardens and museums; the wonderful Museum in progress at Kensington and the completion of that at Bloomsbury, are among the signs that London not only "still lives," but that this "huge, overgrown metropolis," as it was called when half its present size, is advancing in apparent prosperity quite as fast as any of our growing Western cities. It is true that in the matter of dwelling-houses in the suburbs the speculative builders seem to have "overdone it" for the time—for Overend & Gurney's failure, and other things of that sort, were a terrible shock to English credit, and sadly contracted the incomes of multitudes of the middle classes. Here again I found a difference from the tone of olden time—in the days when every American in England was pharisaically lectured about the shortcomings of his countrymen, culminating in the national crime of repudiation, and we were kindly told to observe that "an Englishman's word is his bond the world over." Truly, we deserved the lecture somewhat; and Englishmen had a right to a good deal of self-complacency. They have still; for, as a nation, their phariseeism is based on a sturdy, downright foundation of honest candour and integrity. And yet there are exceptions—strange to say. Such cases as that of Overend & Gurney, where thousands were ruined by unsuspecting confidence which proved for a series of years to have been betrayed, have not been so very rare; and one finds a difference in the whole tone in which business operations are referred to. To speak of a contemporary in trade as "slippery," or something worse, is a frequent habit, and it was not at all pleasant to notice so much jealousy and disparagement of each other, even among the prosperous portion of our own fraternity.

The earnest, hearty hospitality and genuine kindness which I met among English acquaintances of former years were

enough to revive the heartiest liking for Old England and to make one feel at home there with enduring friends. Once established in the good-will of such people and they grapple you to their hearts with hooks of steel. Their practical friendliness was so pleasant to think of, that I could not but wonder the more when a passing allusion to our recent national struggle betrayed the fact that the bitterest of the "unreconstructed"—the haughtiest of the unrepentant "secesh"—are not more thoroughly tainted with the poison of Southern doctrine than some of our kindest and most warm-hearted and intelligent personal friends in England. Not all the stubborn events of the war itself and its great results, not all the magnanimous treatment of the leaders of the great conspiracy, has apparently changed or softened in the least the prejudices of many even moderate, well-bred, liberal-minded English men and women which were nursed and fed in the out set by the lies of the *London Times*. Even now, some of the most excellent people, who would do all sorts of hospitable things for you personally, will hold up their hands and roll their eyes in horror at "the abominable treatment of Mr. Davis," and of "that excellent, noble-hearted man, General Lee." Of course this view of things is not universal—but what there is yet, even among the "middle classes," would surprise a simple-minded Northern Republican. The way the sturdy, downright John Bright spoke of a certain famous "admiral" who had eclipsed Captain Kidd, was not much like the tone of Mr. Davis's admirers. But it will take some time yet for the simple truth of our great struggle to be appreciated in the various circles of English life.

After all, however, the American name in England is treated with more consideration than in the time when Lynch Law, Repudiation, Slavery, and the Oregon and the North-eastern Boundary Questions used to be poked at American visitors and residents in a patronisingly offensive style. Some curious illustrations of the spirit of thirty years since, which it was my fortune to encounter, might be quoted—but it is scarcely worth while. Mr. George Peabody, now the great dispenser of millions for the London poor, was then a modest merchant,

keeping bachelor-hall with a friend in a small £80-house in Devonshire Street,—where the chums occasionally dined some of the American residents or visitors, and he now and then joined a similar little gathering at Knickerbocker Cottage, where it was my fortune to entertain, in a small way, three successive envoys,—Mr. Everett, Mr. McLane, and Mr. Bancroft,—besides our Spanish Minister, Mr. Irving; the little American circle being mixed sometimes with some of our English literary friends. It was delicious to take another look at the semi-detached snuggeries and gardens in St. John's Wood and north of Regent's Park, and to remember the good old times when we enjoyed the luxuries of the "Zoölogical and Botanical" and the immediate proximity to Primrose Hill and Hampstead Heath and the magnificent slopes of the Park itself. No street walk in the world, perhaps, is more agreeable than that from Primrose Hill along the terraces of Regent's Park and gardens, and down Portland Place and Regent Street to Waterloo Place—the central point of London grandeur.

But one of the crowning glories of London of recent growth is that superb collection of rare things in the yet unfinished museum at South Kensington. The old British Museum in Bloomsbury, now wholly reconstructed on the site of the old brick pile of the 17th century, is a world of itself, an amazing collection of illustrations of the wonders of nature, ancient art, and the literature of all nations. But the newly built galleries at South Kensington already contain relics and models of ancient and mediæval art which are eclipsing those of the Louvre—while the collections of paintings of the English school, including those made by Sheepshanks, Vernon, Bell, and others, are the most delicious things in modern art to be seen in Europe. Of course, thousands of American visitors in Europe for the last twenty years are aware of all this, but how many of them appreciate fully the immense wealth of art in this building? How many of those who have ample means in lucre to make their names immortal, are disposed to do so by even laying the foundation of such an institution in New York,—so thoroughly constructed, so perfectly warmed

and ventilated, so fully furnished with every luxurious convenience for the *people*—rich and poor, learned and ignorant—to study art in its purest and highest forms, to cultivate their taste and their intellect, to enjoy at all times and in the most liberal manner the advantage of communion with genius of all ages and nations, and to drink in the richest inspirations of art with as much freedom as the air itself?

PARIS

On my first visit to France, in 1836, I was a whole week on the way from London to Paris, including four days at Boulogne waiting for a chance seat in the diligence. Returning, four days at Havre waiting for a steamer, and then a twenty-four hours' passage in a gale to Southampton, left impressions of the trip between the two cities which dozens of subsequent visits only partially modified. When one now takes his cushioned seat at Cannon Street, at 1 P.M., after a good lunch in the station, and at twelve the same evening finds himself comfortably in bed on the Boulevards with his *douaned* port-manteau in the corner, without the least shade of fatigue or discomfort (except somewhat in that cramped Folkestone steamer, which is no bigger and no better than thirty years since), it is safe to conclude that in some particulars the world has advanced since the days of our youth.

But when you sally forth into the glazed courtyard of the Grand Hotel and thence into the Boulevard and take a glance at "N. & E.'s" gigantic new Opera House and the superb new streets diverging therefrom; when you follow these from block to block until you discover in every direction miles and miles of broad, palace-lined, asphaltum-paved streets, newly built where narrow lanes and uncouth rookeries only existed at the time of your last visit; when you find these superb avenues, which have risen like an exhalation, stretching along not in one or two central localities merely, but in every quarter of the great capital, built on a uniform scale of substantial elegance which shows at a glance that some central power—despotic or other—has devised and directed the whole opera-

tion; when you look in vain for the old lanterns suspended across from house to house, and the dirty gutters splashing you from the centre of ill-paved, sidewalkless streets, such as there were in the good old days of Louis Philippe—but find instead smoothly-paved streets with well-made *trottoirs*, and perfect neatness and cleanliness wherever you go, even in the old Latin quarter; when you study without and within the wonderful pile of palaces restored and completed where the Louvre and the Tuileries were sundered by unsightly nuisances; when you look at these and scores of similar improvements on a large scale, is it strange that American visitors should join others in admiring the energy and taste, “imperial” though it be, which has effected such a magnificent transformation? It is true that the people are now called upon to “pay the piper” (there’s the rub), and Hausmanised Paris is on the *qui-vive* at this moment for the verdict of the Corps Législatif on the legality and the justice of these enormous expenditures and high-handed seizures of individual property. But, after all the grumbling, Paris likes her new holiday dress too well to quarrel with the Emperor for insisting upon her wearing it—and paying for it too; and so when the Ministers the other day confessed to the deputies that the improvements had been illegally made—but they “would n’t do so any more,” the deputies voted that his Imperial Majesty and his advisers should be excused and forgiven—just this once. The radicals growled, but the bankers and merchants applauded, and all again “goes merry as a marriage bell.”

It was curious to note the different shades of feeling in regard to the government and to the prospects of France. Some of the shrewdest and most active of the “reds” whom I had a favourable chance to know are so bitter in their hostility to the “upstart” Emperor, that one wonders as to the chances of his head. But, going from these to the prosperous men of business, one may imagine universal contentment and security for the dynasty to an unlimited extent. As to the Orleanists and Legitimists, if they still exist in any strength, they do not appear to be demonstrative.

In 1851, during a flying visit to Paris, one of the members

of the Chamber of Deputies was pointed out to me as Prince Louis Napoleon—"the adventurer" who had come over from England and got himself elected to the legislature, but who appeared to be looked upon as of small account. Eleven years before, by an odd chance I had, with an American friend, taken the very rooms in St. James Street which this same adventurous prince had vacated only a day or two before, when he went over to Boulogne, with thirty men and a tame eagle, for his second attempt at the conquest of France. The freak was not, probably, so utterly insane as it then appeared; but if a prophet had then recorded, in advance, his imperial reign, in apparent strength for seventeen years (whatever yet may come), and all the immense progress of France and the astounding growth and magnificent renovation of Paris, which is even now an accomplished fact, how many would have believed the prediction?

The moderate republicans, led by such men as Laboulaye, Martin, Cochin, and Jules Simon, make occasional demonstrations, in the shape of *conferences*, or public lectures. I was fortunate in hearing one of these, of notable interest. There was an assembly of 3500 intelligent-looking men and women, in one of the largest theatres of Paris,—Prince Imperial,—at two o'clock in the afternoon—admission three francs—proceeds for some charity. Laboulaye presided, and made an introductory address of half an hour, and then came an oration of more than two hours by Auguste Cochin, the handsome and wealthy member of the Institute, who wrote those excellent books on slavery. His theme was the life and character of Abraham Lincoln—and the address was a very interesting and comprehensive account of that remarkable man, with all the lights and shades of his early and later life, from flatboatman to President and Commander-in-Chief. The sly parallels with Imperialism were, apparently, capital hits, for the interest seemed to be intense, and the applause frequent and earnest. Probably the idea was a compound one—the running fire on the Government was as much the purpose as the eulogy of our martyred President. The tone, however, was moderate and dignified, warming occasionally into real elo-

quence, as when he quoted the famous Second Inaugural—"With malice toward none, with charity for all." The oration is to be published, probably, for it was most interesting and significant under the circumstances.

An evening with M. Laboulaye—at one of his "receptions"—was another pleasant incident to remember. The republican leader (as he may be called) is a gentleman of winning address,—calm, dignified, yet kind and genial,—inspiring at once a good deal of respectful regard. Among his visitors were members of the Corps Législatif, and notable men from various parts of Europe. It was curious, by the way, to observe that at French "receptions" of this sort, the sterner sex appear to do the talking among themselves, leaving the ladies to their own resources. The charming Madame Laboulaye entertained the feminine visitors in the same room, but in a group by themselves.

M. Laboulaye's *Paris in America* has so many clever and shrewd hits at our most creditable national traits and habits, that one can scarcely believe the author knows us only through books. His keen appreciation of the good points in American theories and practice shows him to be a skilful observer, and a judicious and able friend of constitutional liberty and progress.

A visit to the great warerooms of Hachette, the Harper of France, was another matter of quite as much interest, to a publisher at least, as many of the lions in the programme. Besides the immense piles—some hundreds of tons—of cheap, popular books, educational and other, this house issues those famous folios which Doré has illustrated with that magician's pencil which he wields with such marvellous facility: and the "royals" of popular science, such as *La Terre*, by Réclus, and the famous serial called *Autour du Monde*—an illustrated quarto which reproduces and illustrates notable travels in all parts of the world. They are now preparing, in a series of sumptuous folios, an edition of the four Gospels, the production of which will cost some \$200,000. One of the artists engaged on this stays two years in Jerusalem, simply to make the sketches. This *œuvre de luxe* is done for the love of art and of fame alone, and not for profit in lucre.

"Would you like to visit Gustave Doré's studio?" Wouldn't

I! With a card from Hachette's, we were not long in finding it—even without a number or name to indicate it—for probably it is the only isolated studio in Paris built for the purpose—it must certainly be the largest. An artist who paints pictures 30 feet long and 22 feet high must have a studio of his own: and these are the dimensions of the last great work of Doré, which we saw on his easel (?), nearly or quite finished. The subject is Christ coming down from the Judgment Hall of Pilate—some twenty or more life-size figures fill the canvas. The competition for such a work must be somewhat limited—for what galleries less extensive than the Louvre can hold such a canvas? In the spacious studio, at this moment, there were also more than a dozen large pictures, all recently painted by this almost miraculous artist—(marvellous, at least, so far as facility and amount of work are concerned)—including figure-pieces from Dante and from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Rossini in his bed after death, and two very beautiful forest scenes, all these being about six or eight feet high. One would think that Doré's pencil drawings might have occupied any one man for a lifetime, but to see these enormous and elaborate works in oil going on simultaneously, causes one's wonder to grow in proportion to their square feet. But for the janitor's assurance that no one but the master himself touched the canvas, we might guess that a large part of the work was done by pupils. Doré himself is a surprise, for he is, apparently, still on the sunny side of thirty-five. In feature he is not very unlike Thomas Nast, whose pencil comes nearest on our side to that of the French prodigy. M. Doré received us with that quiet and unpretending manner which marks the modesty of true merit: and though we avoided using minutes that must be money—and much money—to a man who can do such things as he does, yet he kindly explained the chief points in his recent works in a simple and sensible fashion, and gave us the impression that he was a true son of genius. And yet even a novice may guess that his drawings are not all faultless.

A fortnight in Paris and another in London, actively employed, gave ample material for rambling notes to an indefinite extent, but too much of our space is already filled.

CHAPTER XIX

Leaves From a Publisher's Letter-Book

I

IN the course of a "somewhat busy" experience of thirty-three years, as publisher and bookseller on both sides of the Atlantic, it has been my fortune to know, more or less intimately, several authors and artists of the period, whose names have become, in some sort, the world's heritage.

Looking over the earlier letter-files of such a business, one is reminded of personal interviews and incidents, trivial enough, perhaps, but often characteristic and suggestive as being connected with men who have left their mark in the reading world, and "whose works do follow them." Personal references to living men would be questionable, if not improper. Of others who have passed away, it may not be amiss to recall a fact or two—for life is made up of little things, and slight touches may aid in filling up an outline portrait. In some slight "Recollections of Irving," a few years ago, a few other authors were briefly mentioned. Some others may be here referred to in connection with a scrap or two from their correspondence.

The name of FENIMORE COOPER in American authorship was a prominent one during his life. It is not yet wholly eclipsed—but whether it will continue to fill a place in proportion to the bulk of his writings may have ceased, perhaps, to be a question. He was as conspicuous in person as in intellect, standing over six feet in height—strong, erect, well propor-

tioned—with the air and manner of one who claimed the right to be listened to, and to have his *dictum* respected. A man who had seen so much of the world, whose opinions were so well fortified by reading and observation, and who had done so much for his country's fame in letters, was well entitled to respectful attention—yet it was not always pleasant to hear his rather tart criticisms of notable contemporaries. One of his axioms appeared to be, that the very possession of office or of popular favour in this country was *prima-facie* evidence of incompetency, superficial attainment, or positive dishonesty. (It is rather sad to think, that if he had lived longer, this estimate of popular and official success might have been strengthened rather than diminished.) He loved to demonstrate this by examples—and would even include such names as Edward Everett and others whose fame and position were beyond ordinary question.

His views on *personal* rights were very decided, and often decidedly expressed. Coming from my house at Staten Island, he took occasion—having been brusquely jostled by a carman driving on to the ferry-boat—to give him a five-minute lecture on the inherent rights of foot-passengers as against all vehicles whatsoever. The dignity and force of the argument evidently impressed both the carman and the bystanders.

Mr. Cooper was a good story-teller. At my house he gave a sketch of a scene in court with a thick-headed witness which was rich in graphic humour, and was often afterwards quoted by our neighbours who heard it. For his book copyrights, he was fond of constructing his own agreements, with all provisos and conditions. Eleven of his thirty-three novels were included in one library edition as those best worthy of preservation; and only one other was suggested by the author as being thus worthy of a fine edition. The only original work of his first published by us was his last, *The Ways of the Hour*, intended to show the dangers and evils of our Jury system. Referring to the London edition of this, he wrote the following. (Mr. Bentley, "Her Majesty's publisher," had been in the habit of accepting his drafts for £300 on the receipt of the MS. of each of his novels; but the lighter craft

in London, cruising about for free spoils in books, had discovered that there was, at least, a question whether an American author could *convey* a right to an English publisher which he did not first possess himself;—and so they had boldly seized Mr. Bentley's guinea-and-a-half "copyright editions," and had printed them for a shilling,—in defiance both of courtesy and tradition. As to the English *law*, that still remains in *inglorious uncertainty*, while *our law* is still *ingloriously certain*—on the wrong side.)

HALL, COOPERSTOWN, July 23, 1849.

MY DEAR SIR: . . . Mr. Bentley has sent me a recent decision of an English court, which, as he asserts, goes to affect his interest in my books. He sends me a new proposition for the publication of *The Ways of the Hour* that I have declined accepting. Now, I wish to know if you cannot dispose of this book for me to some English publisher. . . .

I shall expect somewhere about £400 for the book, to be paid in drafts on the publishers at sixty days, £100 on sending vol. I, £100 on sending vol. II, and balance on sending the last volume of the work. I did think of asking £500 for this particular book, which is more elaborated than most of its companions; but this difficulty may compel me to accept even £300. There has certainly been a decision adverse to American copyrights, but it is evident that Bentley himself does not think it will stand.

Under no circumstances will I sell a book to share the profits. This is of the nature of Bentley's last proposition, though he proposes paying me down for a certain number of copies.

Yours, very truly,

FENIMORE COOPER.

A letter from Mr. Prescott, the historian, written in connection with *The Homes of American Authors*, may find place here.

BOSTON, May 12, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR: At your suggestion, I have found an artist

and sent him to Pepperell. The result is the sketch which I enclose to you.

I am very well pleased to have this old place, to which I am attached by many associations and recollections, thus preserved; and I shall not, therefore, charge you with the expense of the sketch as you proposed, but only desire that, in case you do not use it, you will return the drawings to me.

The place at Pepperell has been in the family for more than a century and a half—an uncommon event among our locomotive people.

The house is about a century old—the original building having been greatly enlarged, by my father first, and since by me. It is here that my grandfather, Col. Wm. Prescott, who commanded at Bunker Hill,¹ was born and died, and in the village churchyard he lies buried, under a simple slab, containing only the record of his name and age. My father, Wm. Prescott, the best and wisest of the name, was also born, and passed his earlier days here. And from my own infancy not a year has passed that I have not spent more or less of in these shades, now hallowed to me by the recollections of happy hours and friends that are gone.

The place which is called "The Highlands" consists of some two hundred and fifty acres about forty-two miles from Boston, on the border line of Massachusetts and New Hampshire. It is a fine rolling country, and the house stands on a rising ground that descends with a gentle sweep to the Nissitisset, a clear and very pretty river, affording picturesque views in its winding course. A bold mountain chain on the north-west among which is the grand Monadnock of New Hampshire, makes a dark frame to the picture. The land is well studded with trees—oak, walnut, chestnut, and maple—distributed in clumps and avenues, so as to produce an excellent effect. The maple, in particular, in the autumn season, when the family are there, makes a brave show with its gay livery when touched by the frost.

¹A very proper belief for his grandson to hold. There is, however, good evidence in support of the belief that the responsibility for the command rested with General Putnam.

As I have mentioned to you, I usually pass the hot months in the cottage at Nahant, of which I sent you a sketch, and then migrate to the Highlands until winter brings us back to town. The ample accommodations of the house are put into requisition; for I have endeavoured to keep up the good name for hospitality which the old dwelling has had for many a year. And yet it is the spot where I often do most work; and many a chapter of *Ferdinand* and *Mexico* have I composed while galloping over the hills, or wandering among the chestnut shades of my favourite walk in autumn.

I have been thus particular at your suggestion; and if more than you desire, I suppose it is because I love the theme better than you can.

I remain, . . .

WM. H. PRESCOTT.

NAHANT, July 9, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR: As you desire, I send you a specimen of my autograph. It is the concluding page of one of the chapters of *The Conquest of Peru*, Book III., chap. 3. The writing is not, as you may imagine, made by a pencil, but is indelible, being made with an apparatus used by the blind. This is a very simple affair, consisting of a frame of the size of a common sheet of letter-paper, with brass wires inserted in it, to correspond with the number of lines wanted. On one side of this frame is pasted a leaf of thin carbonated paper, such as is used to obtain duplicates.

Instead of a pen, the writer makes use of a stylus of ivory or agate, the last being better or harder. The great difficulties in the way of a blind man's writing in the usual manner arise from his not knowing when the ink is exhausted in his pen, and when his lines run into one another. Both difficulties are obviated by this simple writing case, which enables one to do his work as well in the dark as in the light.

Though my trouble is not blindness, but a disorder of the nerve of the eye, the effect, so far as this is concerned, is the same, and I am wholly incapacitated for writing in the ordinary way.

In this manner I have written every word of my *historicals*.

This *modus operandi* exposes one to some embarrassments. For as one cannot see what he is doing on the other side of the paper, any more than a performer in the treadmill sees what he is grinding on the other side of the wall, it becomes very difficult to make corrections. This requires the subject to be pretty thoroughly canvassed in the mind, and all the blots and erasures to be made there before taking up the pen—or rather the stylus. This compels me to go over my composition—to the extent of a whole chapter, however long it may be—several times in my head, before sitting down to my desk. When there, the work becomes one of memory, rather than of creation, and the writing is apt to run off glibly enough.

A letter which I received some years since from the French historian Thierry, who is totally blind, urged me, by all means, to cultivate the habit of dictation, to which he had resorted. And James, the eminent novelist, who has adopted this habit, finds it favourable to facility of composition. But I have been too long accustomed to my own way to change. And to say truth, I never dictated a sentence in my life for publication, without its falling so flat on my ear that I felt almost ashamed to send it to the press. I suppose it is habit.

One thing I may add. My MS. is usually too illegible (I have sent you a favourable specimen) for the press; and it is always fairly copied by an amanuensis before it is consigned to the printer. I have accompanied the autograph with these explanations, which are at your service, if you think they will have interest for your readers. My *modus operandi* has the merit of novelty. At least, I have never heard of any history-monger who has adopted it besides myself.

I remain, . . .

WM. H. PRESCOTT.

In one of many letters which I received in England from Mr. Tupper, the poet-proverbialist, he says, "Shall we make EDGAR POE famous by a notice in the *Literary Gazette*?" referring to the volumes of Poe's Tales which Mr. Wiley had printed in our "Library of American Books," and which I had

given to the poet as novelties. These tales have a weird kind of fascination, which made me curiously interested in the author, whom I had never seen. Another incident enhanced this interest. At our London office we had received about 1840, a volume called *The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym, of Nantucket*, which, in a long title-page, purported to describe sundry veritable voyages, ending with one in which the author had reached the eighty-fourth parallel of southern latitude. The late Mr. Daniel Appleton was sitting in our office in Paternoster Row. "Here is an American contribution to geographical science," I said to him. "This man has reached a higher latitude than any European navigator. Let us reprint this for the benefit of Mr. Bull." He assented, and took half share in the venture. The grave particularity of the title and of the narrative misled many of the critics as well as ourselves, and whole columns of these new "discoveries," including the hieroglyphics (!) found on the rocks, were copied by many of the English country papers as sober historical truth. Whether such a book were as justifiable as *Robinson Crusoe* may be questioned—it was certainly ingenious and skilful.

Some years after, when my desk was in Broadway, in separate quarters, a gentleman with a somewhat nervous and excited manner claimed attention on a subject which he said was of the highest importance. Seated at my desk, and looking at me a full minute with his "glittering eye," he at length said: "I am Mr. Poe." I was "all ear," of course, and sincerely interested. It was the author of *The Raven*, and of *The Gold Bug*! "I hardly know," said the poet, after a pause, "how to begin what I have to say. It is a matter of profound importance." After another pause, the poet seeming to be in a tremor of excitement, he at length went on to say that the publication he had to propose was of momentous interest. Newton's discovery of gravitation was a mere incident compared to the discoveries revealed in this book. It would at once command such universal and intense attention that the publisher might give up all other enterprises, and make this one book the business of his lifetime. An edition of fifty

thousand copies might be sufficient to begin with, but it would be but a small beginning. No other scientific event in the history of the world approached in importance the original developments of this book. All this and more, not in irony or in jest, but in *intense* earnest, for he held me with his eye like the Ancient Mariner. I was really impressed—but not overcome. Promising a decision on Monday (it was late Saturday P.M.), the poet had to rest so long in uncertainty about the *extent* of the edition—partly reconciled, by a small loan, meanwhile.¹ We *did* venture, not upon fifty thousand, but seven hundred and fifty.

Even after this small edition was in type, the poet proposed to punish us by giving a duplicate of the MS. to another publisher, because a third little advance was deemed inexpedient.

This little book of "great expectations" was *Eureka—A New Theory of the Universe*—which Mr. Poe had read as a lecture to a small audience at the Society Library. A Southern magazine, *The Nineteenth Century*, gave recently a high estimate of the theory or discovery announced in *Eureka*—but it has never, apparently, caused any profound interest either to popular or scientific readers.

During Mr. EDWARD EVERETT'S residence in London as American Minister, the few American families residing there were always made at home at the Legation receptions, where we sometimes met English notabilities, such as Sydney Smith, who was a firm friend of our Minister—even while he was writing epigrams on Pennsylvania bonds—and whose rather burly figure and good-humoured, wit-lighted face were frequently visible among Mr. Everett's visitors. Mr. Everett's interest in the progress of American letters was evidenced in many inquiries received from him respecting book-making statistics. He kindly made suggestions in regard to some facts and figures which I had collected in answer to a chapter

¹ The text of the receipt given by Poe for the second loan is given in an earlier chapter under the year 1848.

of Alison's *Europe* referring to American authorship, which he "had read with pleasure," and which would "be of great value to the candid Englishman."

When Mr. Everett was Secretary of State, he arranged with Mr. Crampton (British Minister) the plan of a treaty for international copyright; but this treaty, by some opposing influence, was withheld and never presented to the Senate. At Mr. Everett's request, I had prepared a schedule of the American books that had been reprinted in England up to that time—most of them being more or less disguised in their English costume—the whole number being about seven hundred and fifty.

WASHINGTON, March 25, 1853.

DEAR SIR: I duly received yours of the 16th, with the list of American works published in England, for which I am greatly indebted to you.

It is a very important document, and when properly made use of will have its effect on the public mind.

I do not think we shall be able to take up the Copy-Right Convention at this session. The Senate is greatly preoccupied with other subjects, and there is an indisposition to take up business of this kind.

Great pains have been taken by outsiders to prejudice the Senate against the treaty; and not much to counteract these efforts. It is the universal opinion, as far as I know, of the friends of the measure, that it would be unwise to take it up this Spring.

Let this, however, be *entre nous*. You must get some able, temperate, and skilful friend of the measure to advocate it in a series of articles in your magazine. It would be worth while to have something in each number during the recess of Congress.

With great regard, faithfully yours,

EDWARD EVERETT.

PARIS, November 28, 1836.

DEAR SIR: . . . Proposals have been made to me for translating some fragments of my writings into the French

journals, and I think that, at least, the sketch of American literature and some part of *Woman in the Nineteenth Century* might be interesting here. Will you have the kindness to send me five copies of the *Papers on Literature and Art*, and to purchase for me as many of *Woman*, etc., to send with them. I can give them away much to my advantage and pleasure to the persons with whom I am making acquaintance. As I have already given away the copies I brought with me, would you have the kindness to send the parcel as early as possible, and in some safe way, to my address here. . . .

We are enjoying a great deal here; it is truly the city of pleasures.

Mademoiselle Rachel I have seen with the greatest delight. I go whenever she acts, and when I have seen the entire range of her parts, intend to write a detailed critique, which shall also comprehend comments on the high French tragedy. . . .

With compliments, . . .

MARGARET FULLER.

During her visit to London, on her way to Italy, Margaret Fuller passed an evening at Knickerbocker Cottage; and I had also an opportunity to study her peculiar manner when she made an address at the anniversary of an Italian school, at which Mazzini, Gallenga, and others made speeches. In this address (1847) Miss Fuller said it was quite customary in her own country for women to speak in public. This seemed to me to be not a very accurate, though it might be a prophetic, remark.

It so happened that our party in Genoa, Leghorn, Naples, and Rome was a good deal with that of Miss Fuller. Between Leghorn and Civita Vecchia our steamer, an English one, was run down in the night by a French steamer. As they were going in opposite directions, at the rate of twelve miles an hour, such a shock in the dead of night, knocking us out of our berths, was not fitted to soothe an anxious spirit. The first impulse was to rush on deck to see if we were actually sinking. Fortunately the bow of the Frenchman had merely smashed one of our paddle-boxes, and the wheel itself, but

had not injured the hull; so I jumped down to the ladies' cabin to reassure my wife and the other ladies. The door was opened by Miss Fuller in her nightdress. Instead of hysterical fright, as I expected, my hurried report that there would be time to dress before we went to the bottom was met by Miss Fuller by a remark that seemed to me superhuman in its quiet calmness: "Oh, we—had not—made up our minds, that it was—worth while—to be at all—alarmed!" Verily woman—American woman, at least—is wonderful for her cool philosophy and strong-nerved stoicism in great danger!

The narration in the memoirs of Miss Fuller of her first meeting with her future husband, the Marquis d'Ossoli, is not accurate. Her party had been attending some of the services of Holy Week in St. Peter's—ours had heard the Miserère in the Sistine Chapel. As we came away from the Chapel, and met the throng from the great church on the steps, Miss Fuller stepped out quickly to overtake us, saying she had lost her friends; and as it was nearly dark, she seemed quite bewildered—more alarmed, indeed, than when we were really in danger of being drowned in the Mediterranean. She had taken the arm of a young gentleman in the crowd, who had politely offered to escort her home, or to a cab; but on joining us, she took leave of him, as we thought, rather ungraciously. She certainly did not give her address to him, but left him in the crowd, and we ourselves took her to her lodgings. How and when they met again, we do not know. But this was the first time the Marquis had seen her, and he left her in the confusion, without knowing who she was or where she lived.

At a notable private concert at the Palazzo——, Miss Fuller appeared with us one evening, rather unconsciously, in the character of Madame. The superb music, from some of the best artists in Europe, with cardinals and other grandees for fellow-guests, was pleasant to remember, rather than the question of identity suggested by the very magnificent hostess and her chief of staff.

II

STOCKHOLM, May 4, 1854.

MY DEAR SIR: The moment is come when I can fulfil the

promise given to my friend A. J. Downing, and to yourself, that you, and no other publisher in America, should be the publisher of my first novel after my work, *Homes of the New World*. That work, and many cares both private and public, have taken up my thoughts and my time since, so that I had no time to write a novel; until lately the pressure of the spirit has had the upper hand, and made me bring forth a novel, not of large size, but, as I presume to say, of no small or narrow mind. I shall have it printed leisurely during the summer, so as to have it ready to be published in November or December. Every printed sheet I shall send (reduced to its smallest dimensions) to England, to France, Germany, and to America, all at the same time, and so that the different publications may all be issued at the same time. I do not think that the size of this new book will exceed that of my little novel, *The Midnight Sun*. I leave it to you if you will have the translation done in America, in case of which I wish you would try to engage Mrs. ——— to do it; or, if you will, make an agreement with Mrs. Mary Howitt to have a copy of her English translation. Her genial mind and manner of writing will always make her translations in many ways unsurpassed; and her growing knowledge of the Swedish language will hereafter make mistakes of words very rare; nor will they matter much in a work of fiction. I leave to you to make the pecuniary terms of the agreement between us, perfectly sure that they will be honourable; and I am ready to subscribe to any mode you shall propose. Only I wish that you will pay the postage, in case you want me to send the printed sheets over to America and I cannot get them free of post by the legation of the United States in Stockholm, which I fear will not be possible. I do not think it safe to send anything with travellers; these are apt to be forgetful, and leave the things behind them.

My friend Downing wrote to me, in the last letter that I received from him (shortly before his most tragical death), that he would send to me several books—I think called *American Stories*—all written by women. I have also heard of travellers being charged with some books for me, which I supposed to be these; yet they have never come to me. I am

sure, also, that you have forwarded to me that last work of my friend for which I had written a biographical sketch, and sent from Sweden the daguerreotype after which the portrait in the book was drawn. I am sure that Mrs. Downing would not that I should be without this last dear memory of her husband and my friend. . . .

Many changes, most of them sorrowful, have taken place among my friends in America since I was with them. Some of these friends have blessed me with their visits in my land and home; some I hope still to see here. My dear friends of — Cottage are still in Europe, and gave several weeks last summer to Scandinavia, which made me happy, as I was there with them. I hope, my dear sir, that the happy and beautiful family that I saw at your house on Staten Island is so still, only growing, as all good things should.—Give my kind regards to my lovely hostess there, and remember me to common friends.

I remain, my dear sir,

Yours faithfully,

FREDRIKA BREMER.

LONDON, Dec. 9, 1851.

SIR: I have a bad habit, sometimes, of not opening parcels which are addressed to me; and I am appropriately punished by not having till now discovered the very neat edition of my lectures which you have had the great kindness to send me, Late as it is, and uncertain as I am whether this will find you, I cannot forbear from expressing my gratification at the fact of my production having been deemed worthy of republication in a country to which I feel so many ties of attachment, and at your own personal courtesy in the matter. I have the honour to be your obliged servant,

CARLISLE.¹

48 DOUGHTY STREET,
Friday, Aug. 31, 1838.

. . . I beg to thank you for the books you have been so

¹ Earl of Carlisle—Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; better known in the United States as Lord Morpeth. His two Lectures—one on "America" and the other on "The Poetry of Pope"—had been reprinted in New York by G. P. P. & Co.

obliging as to forward me. I have only had time to glance at them, but have been already much pleased, and hope to be more so. I assure you that nothing would yield me greater pleasure than to be the humble means of introducing any American writer to this part of the world. I would only entreat you to remember that our means do not always keep pace with our inclination, and that the claims upon the very limited space of such a magazine as the *Miscellany* are necessarily more than it is possible to answer with any speed or regularity. I should be very happy to write something for the *Knickerbocker* and *American Monthly*; but I do assure you I have scarcely time to complete my existing engagements. So I think I must defer this pleasure until I visit America, which I hope to do before very long; and then I shall be more independent and free, which will be more in keeping. I am your obedient servant,

CHARLES DICKENS.

NEW YORK, November 16, 1850.

DEAR SIR: I received, yesterday, your note, with an enclosed letter from England, and beg hereby to return to you my best thanks for the same. I feel exceedingly sorry to hear that you have not received my acknowledgment of the receipt of the beautiful books which you so kindly presented to me when last in New York, and may thus have been led to think that I did not fully appreciate your splendid gift; but beg you to be assured that such is not the case, as, on the contrary, they have afforded me great enjoyment. Believe me, dear sir, yours, truly obliged,

JENNY LIND.

4 VANE STREET, BATH, ENGLAND,
November 3, 1856.

DEAR SIR: I have just received safely your letter of the 18th of last month, with the two bills¹ enclosed; and while acknowledging the receipt of them, I must express my sense

¹ Exchange for about £200, for "copyright" on sales of the New York edition of her *Letters from America*.

of the honourable manner in which the business has been conducted.

I have not yet received Professor Gray's work, but no doubt it will be duly forwarded. I remain, dear sir, yours, truly obliged,

AMELIA M. MURRAY.

PARLIAMENT STREET, LONDON.

SIR: I am sorry I cannot communicate any particulars relative to Mrs. Charlotte Lennox, except what appears in *Nichols's Literary Anecdotes*, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, *Chalmers's Biographical Dictionary*, etc. She was an active member of the literary world for a long series of years. Her history, in brief, appears to have been this:

Barbara Charlotte Lennox was the daughter of Lieutenant-General George Ramsay, Lieutenant-Governor of New York, and was born about 1719 or 1720. At the age of fifteen she came to England to visit a wealthy aunt; but on her arrival her aunt was out of her senses, and never recovered them, and about the same time her father died.

From this period she depended on her literary talents for support. In 1747 she published a volume of poems; in 1752, *The Female Quixote* and *Memoirs of Harriet Stuart*; in 1753, *Shakespeare*, illustrated, 2 vols.; in 1756, *Memoirs of the Countess of Berci* and *Sully's Memoirs*; in 1758, *Philander: a Dramatic Pastoral*, and *Henrietta*, a novel; in 1760, with the assistance of the Earl of Cork and Orrery and Dr. Johnson, a translation of *Father Brumoy's Greek Theatre*, 3 vols. In 1762 she published *Sophia*, a novel, and in 1769 brought out at Covent Garden *The Sisters*, a comedy, from her novel of *Henrietta*. This comedy was not successful. In 1773 she produced, at Drury Lane, another comedy called *Old City Manners*. She afterwards wrote (it is believed) *Euphemia*, a novel.

Her latter years were clouded by distress; and it is mentioned in the printed notices of her, that she was relieved by the Literary Fund; but no additional particulars of her are to be gleaned from their books. The Literary Fund seems also to have assisted to fit out her son for an employment in

America. Dr. Johnson's high opinion of her may be learned by the following extract from Boswell's *Life*: "I dined yesterday at Mr. Garrick's, with Mrs. Carter, Miss Hannah More, and Miss Fanny Burney. Three such women are not to be found. I know not where to find a fourth, *except Mrs. Lennox, who is superior to them all.*"

Besides the works before noticed, she published *Memoirs of Madame de Maintenon*, 2 vols.; translated *The Age of Louis XIV.*; *Eliza*, erroneously attributed to Dr. Young; *Harriet and Sophia*, 2 vols.; and translated *The Devotions of Mademoiselle de Vallière, Mistress of Louis XIV.*; and the first three numbers of *The Trifler*. She died in Dean's Yard, in the parish of St. Margaret, and is buried in the parochial ground; but no stone marks the spot where she was interred.

Your very obedient servant,

B. NICHOLS.²

MY DEAR MISS PEABODY: I now write to ask the favour of you to transmit a message to Mr. P., of London, by the earliest conveyance you may have. Will you say to him that his communication to my father, of the 18th of April, by the *Cambria*, reached us on the day of my father's death—a few hours only before his death, when he was so weak as to be apparently unconscious.

We were thus debarred the satisfaction of communicating to him this testimony of Mr. Putnam's regard for my father's just rights and literary reputation. As we are denied the privilege of knowing and communicating my father's views and wishes on this subject, which possessed for him so deep an interest, will you thank Mr. Putnam in our name for the regard he has thus manifested?

It will be gratifying to Mr. Putnam to be assured that the course which he took in England in relation to the Greek Lexicon has met with the approbation of two of my father's

² Author of *Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century*, in 16, vols. 8vo. At this time he was about eighty years old, and remained as a connecting link with the days of Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, and Reynolds.

most intimate friends, Mr. William H. Prescott and Professor Edward Robinson.

Yours very truly,
MARY O. PICKERING.¹

ROWE ST. July 1, 1846.

ABINGDON, February 28, 1844.

SIR: Your note found me on the eve of my departure for the Oxford Circuit, and too much pressed by business to answer it before leaving town. In reply to your inquiry, I beg to inform you that the Copyright Act, 5th and 6th inst., is that which you refer to as *mine*—that which I endeavoured to pass for four sessions; but it is not purely mine, as I was not in Parliament when it was passed.

It does not affect the question of international copyright, as I relinquished the clause I had prepared to the conduct of Government, by whom the bill of 1838 was carried.

I have no objection to the publication of my letter to you. It was written very hastily, and is not, therefore, in point of style what I should desire to see published; but as it contains the substance of my opinion on the existing position of the law, I will not on that account desire to suppress it.

Accept my thanks for the books which accompanied your last note; and believe me to remain, sir, yours faithfully,

T. N. TALFOURD.²

¹ Daughter of the late John Pickering, author of a Greek Lexicon. Referring to a correspondence with Prof. Dunbar of Edinburgh, who was charged, in *American Facts*, with using Pickering's work in his own Lexicon, without any proper credit. His angry denial was replied to in the *Scotsman*.

² Sergeant Talfourd, M. P., author of *Ion*—an active promoter of the interests of authors.

The question of the rights belonging to foreigners under the Act of 2d Victoria (1838) came into discussion in various suits of later date. *Murray vs. Bohn*, *Low vs. Roulledge*, etc. It was passed upon by the law officers of the Crown in July, 1891,—who accepted the conclusions of Talfourd. Their decision has since been questioned by McGillivray (1902).

III

During Miss Bremer's visit to this country, I had the pleasure of meeting her at Mr. Downing's, on the Hudson, and she was also a guest for a few days at our house on Staten Island. "Why not publish a decent library edition of Miss Bremer's works while she is here?" said Mr. Downing one evening while we were sitting together in his library. "If Miss Bremer will sanction it, and write a preface and revise the translations, we shall be glad to do so." All this was done. But, unfortunately, the "rights" arising from previous reprints (sold at one eighth of the price by the Harpers) were made the pretext for hostilities against us, because we had dared thus to meet the wishes of the author and her friends.

STOCKHOLM, October 14, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR: After a residence of several months in the country, far away from Stockholm, I have returned to my capital, and there received your note of the 10th July, and the bill for the case of books you have had the kindness to send to me with the Brig *Beate* to Gotheborg. Of the brig and the bookcase I have as yet no kind of intimation from Gotheborg, but will write to ask for them. I thank you very much for the good and valuable books that you have given me by this and before this, and look upon them as a fair retribution. . . .

I have written to Mrs. Howitt, according to your first letter, to ask her to send you the printed sheets of her translation; but it seems that she is not free to do it, as Messrs. Chapman, Hall & Virtue pay her for the translation. It is also, if I understand it right, with these gentlemen that you must make arrangements if you wish to have Mrs. Howitt's translation, which certainly will be the very best translation possible to be had, and greatly favourable to your publication. Then, though she makes occasional mistakes, her style is full of life, and her genial mind shows itself even in the translation; and the knowledge which she has now gained of the Swedish language will make her less subject than ever to mistakes; and Mr. Howitt, being now at home, will be able to correct these. My advice is, therefore, my dear sir, that you should

write to Messrs. Virtue & Hall, and make them propositions about the translation, and to enable you to compete in these with the Harpers, you shall *owe me nothing*, and I will write for your publication a special introduction, as I want to dedicate the book to the memory of my friend A. J. Downing; so that your publication will be sure to have a good run in America. I have written to Messrs. Virtue & Hall how much I want you to publish this book, asking them to let you have it on the best possible terms. . . .

As the book has been much detained (by various causes), and is not yet finished, I have but last week sent to Mrs. Howitt the first sheet (printed) for translation, so that you will be in good time to have the printed sheets from England for your publication, and be able to keep ahead with the English publishers.

I shall take a special delight in the dedication and introduction; and all I ask of you is, to write to me and tell me how the affair has succeeded, and how you are satisfied. As soon as I have your answer and approbation of the course I have suggested, I shall sit down and write what I have promised, and immediately send it to you. I remain, my dear sir, yours faithfully,

FREDRIKA BREMER.

Mr. Halleck was a frequent visitor at our "bookstore" in Broadway, always with the same sunny smile and courteous greeting, and always ready with his pleasant chat about books, authors, politics, theology, metaphysics, or æsthetics.

Whether he was a Romanist or not, at that time, he used, perhaps just for the sake of argument, to defend the chief "Catholic" tenets, and I remember his apparently earnest exposition of the necessity of worshipping the Virgin as the Mother of God. His conversion to Catholicism we never doubted at the time, and it was frequently referred to by visitors; but as Halleck was rather fond of paradoxes, he may possibly have intended merely to puzzle his listeners.

At the notable dinner to authors, given by the New York

booksellers at the old City Hotel, in 1837, Halleck was of course in one of the places of honour; and Irving in his single successful dinner-speech quoted a letter from Rogers complimentary to the author of *Marco Bozzaris*, and gracefully turned the current of courtesies to the *speechless* poet.

The courtly Philip Hone also managed to hit the genial "Croaker" with his sugar-plums, and Halleck often referred afterward to the overwhelming laurels forced on his modest brow.

The letter annexed is his response to an extra invitation to the Fruit Festival to Authors at the New York Crystal Palace, in 1853.

Genial, interesting, and fluent as he was in conversation, he could say nothing in public, and his dread of being called upon even for a word, prompted refusal of all such invitations.

In his later days, I used to meet him occasionally in Broadway, when he came to town; and he seemed to enjoy a short chat even on the sidewalk, and to be glad of a listener; but his growing deafness was his excuse for refusing all enticements where more than two or three were present. He had been a valued member of the "Century," and a frequent visitor there; but this infirmity made him shrink from all assemblies even in this favourite haunt.

GUILFORD, CONNECTICUT, September 19, 1853.

MY DEAR SIR: I feel highly flattered by the renewed expression of your kind wishes, more particularly as you are aware that I have no talent, either as a hearer or speaker, that can aid your good cause, or make my presence or absence noticed on such an occasion.

Believe me, I am as anxious to enjoy your hospitality as you in your large benevolence are to bestow it.

I very reluctantly wrote you my unsatisfactory note, and fear that I cannot make this much less so; but I hasten to assure you that, if it be possible for me to escape from my present engagements, I will do my utmost to be with you.

I remain, my dear sir, most truly yours,

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

When Mr. McLane was a second time Minister to England, I was honoured with some intimacy with his amiable family at the Legation and at Knickerbocker Cottage. Mr. Irving, who had been Secretary of Legation with Mr. McLane at the same post in 1830, and was now Minister to Spain, visited his old friend when he came to London, about the time the Oregon question was most hotly discussed. During Mr. McLane's visit to Paris, when this negotiation was in the most delicate condition and a war seemed to many inevitable, I was told that the Minister was invited by Lord Aberdeen to a formal diplomatic dinner, given to the leading foreign ministers. In his absence, the Secretary, Mr. M——, appeared in his place. Replying to a formal toast, "The President of the United States," the Secretary electrified the diplomatic circle by a Tammany speech, winding up somewhat thus: "I was one who helped to place Mr. Polk where he now is, and I know that he will not *dare* to recede from 54.40!"

The late Archbishop Hughes (then only Bishop) was the chief guest at a breakfast given by the Secretary soon after. I was much impressed with his mildly dignified and genial manner, so different was it from previous notions of this energetic prelate.

In order to dispense a little sound information on the Oregon question, which had become *the* exciting topic of the day, I proposed to the Minister to print the documents for general circulation. His reply is annexed.

December 30, 1845.

DEAR SIR: Being engaged out last evening, I was not able to attend to your note earlier.

All the documents relating to the Oregon question—at least all that are any way necessary to an understanding of the subject—are contained in the *Times* newspaper of yesterday. Among them you will find not only the letters of Mr. Calhoun, but those of Mr. Buchanan also; and after reading them, you can well form a judgment which to select for publication, or whether to publish the whole. The whole would be best,

unless you should find them too voluminous for the bulk of your pamphlet.

Believe me to be, dear sir, with great respect,

LOUIS MCLANE.

Our advertisement in the London *Times* of some American publications was noticed by an old gentleman, who seemed to be curious about the name of the advertiser. His name was Sir Frederick Robinson, and it appeared that he was a general in the British army; that he was now ninety-five years old; that he had been an officer in the British army during our Revolution, and had been taken prisoner on the Hudson by General Putnam, in whose custody he remained for some time, and for whom, as he wrote in one of his notes to me, he "had learned to cherish great respect," which gave him a special interest in the General's descendants. It was a pleasant incident,—this little connecting link with a former generation. The old General wrote several notes, in which he seemed glad to recall memories of our great struggle and of his rough old captor; but I can now find only this:

33 BEDFORD SQUARE, BRIGHTON,
August 11, 1845.

The descendants of General Putnam and all his well-wishers will find many very satisfactory passages in Stedman's *History of the Revolutionary War*, particularly in the first volume.

Sir Frederick Robinson has very great pleasure in communicating the above to Mr. P—.

WILLIS'S ROOMS,
King Street, St. James's.
MR. THACKERAY'S LECTURES
On the English Humourists of the 18th Century.

MR. THACKERAY
will deliver a series of Six Lectures, on
"The English Humourists of the 18th Century
Their Lives and Writings, their Friends
and Associates."

The course will contain notices of Swift, Pope, and Gay, Addison, Steele, and Congreve, Fielding and Hogarth, Smollett, Sterne, and Goldsmith.

The First Lecture will be given on Thursday Morning, May 22d. To be continued each succeeding Thursday. Commencing at Three o'clock.

Tickets for the Course of Six Lectures £2 2s.; for which the seats will be numbered and reserved. Single Tickets, 7s. 6d. Family Tickets, to admit four, 21s. Which may be secured at Mr. Mitchel's Royal Library, 33 Old Bond Street, &c.

This course of lectures, given during the great Exhibition of 1851, at the "fashionable" rooms of "Almack's," was attended by a brilliant audience. The most notable of the aristocracy both of birth and of intellect were eager listeners. Macaulay, Bulwer, and scores of the poets and novelists were sprinkled among the dukes and duchesses; the stairs were lined with liveried "Jeameses," and Jermyn Street was completely blocked with lordly equipages. What specially amused an American was the apparently indifferent and nonchalant coolness of the lecturer: he seemed less deferential and more completely at his ease than when he repeated the same course to a *republican* audience at Dr. Chapin's church, in Broadway.

While I was living at Yonkers, Mr. Thackeray accepted an invitation to give his lecture on "Charity and Humour" at the Lyceum at that place. In the morning the great novelist, with Mr. F. S. Cozzens and myself, drove up to Sunnyside to call on Mr. Irving, and to bring him down to the lecture. The hour passed at Sunnyside was delicious, for the talk of the two humourists was free, cordial, and interesting; even more so than at Mr. "Sparrowgrass's" dinner-party later in the day. At the lecture, the Lyceum President was overwhelming in his introduction of the author of *Vanity Fair*, who fairly blushed under the eulogiums heaped upon him; but he had the good taste to make no reference to these, or to the living representative of the theme of his discourse, who sat before him as a listener.

At one of the little gatherings of book-men, editors, and artists at my house in New York, Mr. Thackeray was talking with a lady, when Dr. Rufus W. Griswold came up and asked me to introduce him, which of course was done. Thackeray bowed slightly, and went on talking to the lady. Presently, the Doctor having slipped away for the moment, the novelist said to me, inquiringly, "That 's Rufus, is it?" "Yes—that 's he." "He 's been abusing me in the *Herald*," pursued the satirist. "I 've a mind to charge him with it." "By all means," I replied; "if you are sure he did it." "Positive." So he stalked across to the corner where Griswold stood, and I observed him looking down from his six-foot elevation on to the Doctor's bald head and glaring at him in half-earnest anger through his glasses, while he pummelled him with his charge of the *Herald* articles. The Doctor, after a while, escaping, quoted him thus:—"Thackeray came and said to me: 'Doctor, you 've been writing ugly things about me in the *Herald*—you called me a SNOB; do I look like a SNOB?' and he drew himself up and looked thunder-gusts at me. Now I did n't write those articles." "Yes, but he did, though," said the big satirist, when I quoted to him this denial; and so he persisted in saying, weeks after, at the *Century*.

CLARENDON HOTEL, NEW YORK,
November 27, 1852.

DEAR SIR: Messrs.—, who have published my larger books and have paid my London publisher for my last work, have offered me a sum of money for the republication of my lectures; and, all things considered, I think it is best that I should accept their liberal proposal. I thank you very much for your very generous offer; and for my own sake, as well as that of my literary brethren in England, I am sincerely rejoiced to find how very kindly the American publishers are disposed towards us.

Believe me most faithfully yours,

W. M. THACKERAY.

CHAPTER XX

A Venture with Japan

IN 1867, there came to my father a business opportunity such as he had not frequently been favoured with, and which gave fair promise of very large and continued returns. It really seemed as if in this second stage of his business career, he was going to make a fortune. The fortune this time was lost, or rather failed to be made, through no error of judgment of his own, but from complications entirely outside of the control of the American publisher.

The Empire of Japan had for a series of years, in fact since the time of Commodore Perry's expedition in 1853, been giving consideration to the question of securing for the growing generations an education that should be on a par with that of the other enterprising nations of the civilised world. During the ten years immediately preceding 1867, the authorities in charge of the educational system of the Empire had carried on a series of experiments in a very practical way. They had sent groups of higher-class pupils, selected partly on the ground of their families, but in the end, if I remember rightly, by competitive examinations, to carry on their studies in the educational centres of the several nations with which Japan had come into relations. Such groups of Japanese were studying during this decade in Leyden, in Berlin, in

Paris, in two or three centres in England, and in several of the university towns of the United States. They had gone accredited to leading educators with whom the Japanese Government had come into correspondence. They were charged with the task not only of mastering the language of the countries adopted for their education, but also of carrying on in the foreign language the studies which had been selected as the most effective for the desired test. As these pupils returned to Tokio, they were instructed to bring with them specimens of the text-books that they had been utilising in their higher-grade work, and also selections from those that were in use for the high schools and common schools. A careful examination was made as to the difficulties with which capable Japanese students had had to contend in mastering the languages and in coming to an understanding of the text-books of these different countries. Some experiments were also made in the work of producing Japanese versions of German, French, English, and Dutch text-books. It was finally decided that it would be easier for the educational work required to utilise for text-book purposes a foreign language than to attempt to secure Japanese versions of books containing a long series of foreign terms for which there were no accurate Japanese equivalents. It was further decided, after a very careful comparison of the different national series of text-books, and also of the experiences of the students, that the English language was better suited for the requirements than the French, German, or Dutch. The Dutch language was, by the way, the first European tongue with which the Japanese had become acquainted. The final comparison was made between English and American text-books, and in this the preference was given to the books produced in the United States. The Minister of Public Education, Ono Tomogoro, with one or more interpreters and a staff of

assistants, decided, in 1867, himself to make a journey to the United States for the purpose of selecting a series of American text-books for the Japanese schools, and at the same time of familiarising himself with American educational methods. He brought letters of introduction from the Tycoon's Minister of State to the President (Johnson) and to Mr. Seward, who was then Secretary of State. He also naturally took counsel with the Japanese Ambassador in Washington, Arinori Mori, who was a scholarly and wide-minded statesman. Ambassador Mori had become known to my father through Mr. Seward, and had had occasion to ask some little service of my father in connection with the printing of a memorial or monograph which Mori had prepared on the subject of national religious toleration. In this monograph, the Japanese scholar took the highest possible ground in behalf of freedom of religious belief, and contended that the only responsibility that rested upon the national Government was to secure and to protect all groups of its citizens in the exercise of such freedom. The paper had been prepared to influence public opinion in Japan, and was, in fact, submitted as a memorial to the Tycoon's Government. It was originally written, therefore, in Japanese, but the version submitted to my father was in English. The English was not merely good but eloquent, while the memorial itself gave evidence of a very full knowledge of the history of religious belief and of an exceptionally clear understanding of the great issues in the world's history around which have been fought the questions of religious toleration. My father's aid had been asked for the purpose of revising the English text in so far as this might call for revision. He found occasion for but inconsiderable and unimportant suggestions. The commission was, however, a means of bringing the two men together, and my father had come to have for the Japanese Minister a

very cordial regard. Mori's career was, unfortunately, cut short at too early a period to enable him to render to his country the full service of his exceptional abilities and of his high standard of public spirit. The immediate result of the submitting of his memorial was his recall to Japan under partial disgrace. His resignation from the diplomatic service was accepted, and he retired for a year or two to his country estate. Later, however, he was recalled from his retirement, and was given the highest diplomatic post in the service of the Government, that of Ambassador to Peking. He remained there for two years, and then, returning to Tokio, accepted the position of Minister of Public Worship. His appointment brought out a good deal of protest and antagonism on the part of the very considerable faction in Japan which continued opposed to foreign influence and to reform ideas. The history of Mori's memorial was recalled, and he was accused of being a traitor to the national faith, and an iconoclast. He had in fact, proceeded with all possible conservatism in the work of bringing to bear his reform ideas on education and on the supervision of religion, but the fanatics looked upon him not only with suspicion, but with indignation. One of these members of the old Japan party was sufficiently fanatical to sacrifice his own life for what he believed to be the maintenance of the old faith. He assassinated Mori while the latter was leaving one of the temples. The assassin made no attempt to escape, and was promptly executed.

My father's personal relations with the Japanese Minister and his old-time friendship with Mr. Seward, Secretary of State, caused him to be recommended to Ono Tomogoro as the best man to advise him in the matter of the formation of a text-book system and in the selection of the books themselves. The Minister called at our office in Broadway with his letters, an aid, and an interpreter.

My father had received from Washington notice of his coming and was, therefore, to some extent prepared for the commission. The errand was explained, and the interpreter was instructed to make clear to the American publisher that the matter was one of considerable importance. The Minister wanted to take back with him, or to have sent by the following steamer, what he called a series of samples of the text-books, after the scheme or suggestions submitted had received his approval. He then wanted to execute a contract with the House recommended to him (in this case G. P. Putnam & Son) for the purchase from quarter to quarter or from half-year to half-year of such supplies of books as would be required for the high schools and the common schools of a nation of thirty millions of people. I remember particularly one remark made by the Minister which, while uttered in perfectly good faith, proved, unfortunately, not to be well founded.

You will understand, Mr. Putnam, that in your relations with the Japanese Government, you will be dealing with a stable and permanent customer. If these preliminary transactions prove satisfactory (and from the reports of your Secretary of State and of my own friend, Mr. Mori, I have very full confidence on this point), the business will continue in your hands and in those of your equally worthy successors, for an indefinite period of years. . . . I have [continued the Minister] been a student of history. I find that not only in Europe but in your own country there have occurred from time to time series of wars and disturbances through which governments are overthrown and national policies are revolutionised. In Japan, also, we have changes; my present mission is, in fact, itself an instance of a very noteworthy change in our national policy. But we proceed in an ordinary and evolutionary fashion. Our Government is permanently organised, and retains in its own hands the direction of the affairs of the Empire. Why [he continued], there has been no fighting within the territory of Japan for a term of three centuries.

You can, therefore, have every confidence in the permanence of your business relations with this particular client.

This little address, which was in substance, if not in exact words, as quoted above, was set forth sentence by sentence by the interpreter. The Minister veiled himself behind an assumed ignorance of the English language, at least for conversational purposes. We found afterwards, however, that he understood perfectly all that was going on, and he was probably as well able to speak as to understand. His expressive little eyes sparkled from time to time with full comprehension of remarks made in his hearing.

My father gave, in company with myself and one or two other assistants, a fortnight's time to working up the scheme required for the text-books. As soon as some knowledge leaked out among the educational publishers of the nature of the business of our Japanese visitor, we were naturally enough beset with offers of lines of school-books, and with very liberal suggestions concerning the commissions that would be paid to our House on the sales of any American books of which we might secure the introduction. It is probable (in accordance with the very frequent routine of trade) that the size of the commissions offered was in inverse proportion to the actual value of the books or to their relative value for the particular requirements. In any case, my father's selections were arrived at entirely irrespective of the relative margin of profit to the Putnams on one book or another. He gave pains simply to the preparation of a scheme which should present for Japanese schoolboys the most practical and most effective system of common-school education in the several branches indicated in the Minister's instructions. The tentative contracts for the books selected were made with the most responsible educational book publishers in the country. The scheme was submitted to Ono Tomogoro, and was promptly approved, and sample lots of the

books were ordered, amounting in value to about \$20,000. These first lots were promptly packed and started for Japan a few days after the departure of the Minister. The books were never seen by either the Minister or his assistants, but on the presentation of the invoices we received drafts on London for the full amount of our account.

The beginning of business with a "permanent customer" of this importance certainly seemed in every way promising. If the commissioner's calculations could be depended upon, our annual orders were going to amount to a million dollars or more, amounts which would in the course of a few years have left for the Putnam firm a substantial fortune. In the course of a few weeks' time, a representative of the firm started for Japan, by way of San Francisco, to receive the first series of orders, and to put into train in Yokohama and in Tokio the necessary machinery under which future orders would be cared for. He reached Yokohama a few weeks after the outbreak of the rebellion against the Government of the Tycoon, a rebellion which was instigated and carried on in the name of the defenders of the Mikado. The latter was, as is, of course, made clear in Japanese history, the titular head of the Government; but for a term of a century or more (I am not taking time at this moment to look up the precise dates), the Mikado had been relegated to seclusion, and his responsibilities were apparently restricted to the headship of the ecclesiastical organisation. The actual management of the affairs of the state had, a century or more earlier, been taken over by the Tycoon, who, originally merely a mayor of the palace, had become the virtual ruler of the Empire. The reform measures, including the extension of relations with foreign states, the introduction of foreigners as instructors, the permission of foreign merchants to extend their trading posts and to establish

themselves in inland cities from which they had heretofore been barred out, had all been carried out under the direction of the Tycoon and his advisers. The party of old Japan, with a cordial antagonism to foreign ideas and to foreigners themselves, instigated this rebellion with the purpose of re-establishing the actual power of the Mikado. The rebellion became a revolution, and in its immediate purpose, after a struggle lasting for three years or more, proved successful. The Tycoon was relegated to obscurity. His advisers and the leaders who had fought for him were in part killed, in part permitted to commit hara-kiri, and in part pardoned and accepted by the new Government. While a new group of men came thus into the control of affairs, the movement towards an extension of the relations of Japan with the outside world proved too strong to be resisted. After a resting spell of a year or more, a series of enactments were issued conceding to the foreigners practically all that had been planned at the time of the overthrow of the Tycoon. Among the changes which were put into force were certain measures relating to the school system and providing for the organisation of a central educational institution or university, the chief direction of which was for many years in the hands of foreign instructors, largely American. The plan, however, for utilising American text-books, or any text-books in foreign languages, was, for the most part, given up. The use of a foreign language for educational purposes was restricted to works in higher technical science and in a few other divisions of instruction. With a rapidity that, considering the obstacles, was certainly noteworthy, a great series of common-school text-books in the Japanese language was produced and put into use in the schools. In some way or other, the original difficulty of the lack of equivalent terms was overcome.

Our representative learned, on landing in Yokohama,

that all foreigners had already been expelled from Tokio. Trusting, however, to his introductions (he had with him letters of commendation left for the purpose by Ono Tomogoro and other letters from Mori and from Secretary Seward), he took the risk of making his way (in the face of rather peremptory prohibitions) to the capital and remained there for some weeks. He found in the Tokio custom-house the cases containing our books, just as they had been shipped. The cases had not been opened, and, in fact, the officials who were responsible for receiving them had already fled or were out of office. As far as our relations with the Japanese Government were concerned, we should apparently have been quite safe if we had filled the cases with bricks instead of books. He was informed that two or three of the higher officials who were named in his letters had already committed hara-kiri, and were, therefore, not available for his purposes. After waiting a week or two in the capital, he was compelled to return to Yokohama. There he delayed for some little time in the hope that the rebellion would prove to be but a temporary outbreak. When it became certain that the Tycoon's Government was overthrown and that the civil war was likely to persist not only for months but for years, there was nothing for him to do but to return to San Francisco and to New York. If the rebellion could have held off for three years, we could have made out of Japanese school-books a legitimate fortune. It seemed rather a pity, after the islanders had kept peace for three centuries, that they should choose this particular time for readjusting their government.

After the return of our representative to New York, one of the Daimios, or provincial princes, initiated correspondence concerning certain supplies of books required for his own principality. This Daimio was an adherent of the party of the Tycoon. His principality covered

some islands and a portion of the mainland in the south, and after the Tycoon's main armies had been defeated, the Daimio kept up some contest (the Mikado's party naturally called it rebellion) on his own account for about three years. There were, I think, a few other Daimios whose territory was easier to defend, who also maintained, for some considerable time, resistance against the authority of the representatives of the Mikado. In the end, some terms were arrived at under which, without actually being overcome, the southern Daimio accepted the new order of things and disarmed his forces. During this time of independent action, he remained a customer of our House in New York. Our name had possibly been given to him by Mori, but a member of his own local government had, I think, been on the staff of Tomogoro.

The orders to us during these two or three years covered chiefly supplies of American text-books, but not exclusively of those that had been specified in the original selections. In addition to these common-school supplies, the orders called for a number of books for higher-grade classes, and I suppose that the Daimio must have instituted in his own capital something in the shape of collegiate work. I remember among other works supplies of Watts on the Mind, Paley's *Moral Philosophy*, etc.

The Daimio employed during his campaigns the services of a number of Americans and other foreigners having knowledge of army organisation and military practice. Under the suggestions of these advisers, he included in his orders for books works on artillery practice, infantry and cavalry drill, bridge-building, etc. Finally, in connection, I believe, with illness among his troops, and under some counsel that was evidently not that of a regular practitioner, he found occasion for supplies of patent medicines, the orders for which were jumbled in with the lists of moral philosophy and infantry tactics. I remember, after the

arrival of one Japanese order, my father giving me a note to John F. Henry, who was the head of one of the large patent medicine houses in the city. He requested Mr. Henry to give his personal attention to the selection of medicines amounting in value to one hundred pounds sterling, and kindly to see that we secured for our Japanese clients full value. The medicines naturally came to us packed for shipment, and we never knew how much advantage (or the reverse) came to our Japanese friends from this particular outlay.

When our Daimio's rebellion had been overcome, his business correspondence with our House came to an end. I imagine that his school system must have been assimilated with that of the Empire as a whole. Since that date, increasing numbers of American works in higher education have found their way into Japan, but the heads of colleges or of educational departments and the Japanese dealers have found it to their advantage to place these orders directly with the American publishers. The common-school books are, as explained, now written in the Japanese language and are manufactured in Japan.

For a series of years after the establishment of the Government of the Mikado, the printer-publishers of Japan carried on a satisfactory business in reprinting American and European books that had been found suited for the requirements of the Japanese schools, and the larger portion of the text-books and works of reference so appropriated originated in the United States. The shrewd Japanese left to the American publishers the initiative and the expense of securing the introduction of the books, a work that involved, of necessity, considerable expense in sending skilled educational travellers to Japan and in the distribution of specimen copies. When the books were generally accepted and a current demand for them had been established, the Japanese printers were ready,

partly through the use of photographic processes, to produce reprints at a price perhaps one third, or not to exceed one half, of that which it was necessary to charge for the American editions. The risk of appropriation of Japanese literature either in Europe or in the United States was, of course, inconsiderable, and Japan had, therefore, good business grounds for remaining outside of copyright conventions. The desire, however, to be fully accepted into the comity of nations caused the Japanese Government to secure membership in the Convention of Berne in 1899; while, in 1906, it took the further step of arranging for a copyright treaty with the United States. The Japanese publishers were, therefore, called upon, for the sake of the dignity of the nation, to sacrifice a business that had been for them decidedly advantageous.

CHAPTER XXI

Family Record--The Metropolitan Art Museum

IN January, 1869, occurred the death of my father's mother who was then in her seventy-fifth year. She had retained until within a few months of her death all her faculties and a sturdy vitality that had enabled her to continue not only her personal interest, but a full share of personal activity in the work of the First Baptist Church, of the Seamen's Bethel Mission, and of other kindred undertakings. She had made her home with her daughter Elizabeth, whose husband, Isaac T. Smith, had, with a loyal affection for his wife's mother that was equally creditable to both, always been ready to have her accept his house as her home. This home relation had continued from the time of my aunt's marriage in 1842. The following letters, which, after my grandmother's death, passed between my father and my uncle, throw some light on the character of both men, and also upon that of the woman whose life's work had closed.

ORIENTAL HOTEL,
Jan'y 12, 1869

MY DEAR BROTHER:

I am not one of the "demonstrative" sort, as you know, and I frequently reproach myself for appearing to be more indifferent and cold-blooded than I really am, in circumstances

which would naturally excite warm emotions in a susceptible person.

But I have been often prompted, nevertheless, to express in some way my earnest thankfulness for the very generous, considerate, and unselfish kindness and liberality which you have for so many years uniformly and constantly bestowed on our venerable Mother, whose mortal part we yesterday placed in the grave.

I did not need to be convinced of the unbroken uniformity of this kindness,—but I cannot help remembering that almost the last words which I heard from her lips, after she had taken me to her room to show me your generous Christmas gift in her bank-book, were, “Yes, he has always been very good to me.” Such words in such circumstances have a peculiar value.

If I have never fully appreciated and valued the entire strength and excellence of Mother’s remarkable character, and the beauty and power of her extraordinary Faith, and the equal energy of her Works as long as she could work, let us at least hope that the influence of these characteristics as an example will be only the stronger and brighter, now that she has passed away so peacefully to a better world, leaving us the rich legacy of a well-spent life, in which her never-faltering faith was so constantly manifested in the untiring energy of her practice, so long as her physical strength permitted her to work for the good of others.

But I do not write this note as a formal and hollow parade of mere words.—I wish merely to say most emphatically and sincerely how closely the memories connected with our Venerated Mother and her last days and years on earth are connected with the comforts and considerate attentions which you so constantly placed around her. Such memories must be some reward for you, as well as an earnest satisfaction to all of us who share in the legacy of wisdom and truth and beneficent example left us by our departed Mother.

Your affectionate Brother,

G. P. PUTNAM.

ISAAC T. SMITH, Esq.

NEW YORK, Jan'y 13, 1869.

MY DEAR BROTHER:

I have received your kind and feeling note of last evening, so characteristic of yourself, and so worthy of such a mother, and in all sincerity reply that I have always felt honoured and blessed in having your mother as my guest.

I can say that during all this period of over twenty-five years the esteem, affection, and respect which I first felt for her when she became one of my family remained undiminished, and if possible increased, until, venerated and beloved, she was by the dispensation of Providence taken from her home here below to visit in those heavenly mansions prepared for her above.

I am gathering up all that relates to her life, her writings, and her work, and especially a copy of the remarks made at the funeral by Dr. Anderson and Dr. Hodge, and intend to have them appropriately printed to send to distant relatives and friends.

I hope that the rich legacy of her life and example may be valued and imitated by all her children and grandchildren and their descendants for many generations.

Your affectionate brother,

ISAAC T. SMITH.

GEO. P. PUTNAM, Esq.

A year or two after the close of the Civil War, my father interested himself with a group of other public-spirited citizens of New York in the organisation of the Metropolitan Art Museum. I am not sure with whom the idea of the Museum originated. The men who came to my father's office, where were held the preliminary meetings, included William T. Blodgett, William C. Prime, Robert Hoe, Jr., John Taylor Johnston, and three or four others whose names at the moment I do not recall. It is my memory that Mr. Blodgett was perhaps the most active, the most persistent, and the most hopeful of the men who first gave their time and their money to the

undertaking. My father had no money to give, but of his time he gave very freely indeed for the years between 1868 and his death in 1872. He was made Secretary, or, as it was later termed, Honorary Secretary, of the Institution, and notwithstanding the demands of his business, he found time, after the first exhibits had been opened, to pass at the Museum certain hours of every week and to give his personal attention to the supervision of the paid staff. I think it possible that if he had lived he might have accepted some position as a general superintendent or director. He had no technical or expert knowledge of art, but he had excellent knowledge concerning sources of information, and he seemed to be able to estimate fairly the relative value of conflicting authorities. His judgment on art matters was considered good, and for the years in question he was also Chairman of the Art Committee of the Union League Club, the monthly exhibitions of which included some of the most important of the art productions that came to the city.

In the preliminary work of the organisation committee of the Museum, a very important part of my father's responsibility was that of keeping together—if not in harmonious accord, in what might be called working accord—some of the most important of the citizens interested. They were men of very decided convictions, and three or four of them had very definite theories of their own as to the manner in which the Museum should be organised and carried on. There was, of course, opportunity for no little diversity of opinion concerning different directions of enterprise, different forms of organisation, the classes of the public for which the exhibits should be prepared, different methods of raising the funds and of securing, in addition to private subscriptions, aid from the city or State, and, finally, the different channels in which the first funds should be expended. The diverse opinions on

these several headings sometimes took very hot expression indeed. Two or three times the members of the committee separated from their meetings in our office in what might be called centrifugal atoms, and it looked as if they would never come together again. The antagonism between Mr. H. and Mr. B. I remember as particularly keen. Each of the two had some theory of leadership in the undertaking, and while each possessed certain of the qualities of leadership, neither one could be trusted to act with the judgment, tact, and influence required. The responsibilities of leadership, as far at least as it could be indicated by office, came first to John Taylor Johnston, who was made President of the Association. The first funds were raised by private subscription, and a preliminary exhibit was opened in a house in upper Fifth Avenue, somewhere near 50th Street. During the succeeding season, an old dwelling-house of considerable size was secured in West 14th Street, and remained the headquarters of the Museum until the putting up of the first of the series of buildings in Central Park, buildings which have, in later years, been very largely added to.

After these stormy meetings, my father would occasionally give me a word of sermonising on the futility of public-spirited citizens losing their temper concerning methods and details, or on the ground of personal jealousies, and he would then devote time before the day fixed for a later meeting to personal visits from house to house in the labour of smoothing over the differences, of adjusting the jealousies, and of explaining away expressions that had given undue offence, and of persuading his associates to come together for further attempts at organisation.

Among the publications which resulted from my father's art interests was a history of American art or of American artists, by his old-time friend, Henry T. Tuckerman. The book contained valuable material, but too much of it. Its

publication paid expenses, in connection more particularly with a limited number of specially illustrated copies sold at a high price, but the work failed to secure continued acceptance. It is probable that Tuckerman was at best not a very incisive or critical writer, although he did have a good knowledge of art history.

In 1867, a year after the establishment of the new firm, my father made a trip to England, in order to renew relations with his old-time correspondents in the English book-trade, and also to make clear to literary workers that he was again prepared to take up English publications. The following year I was myself sent over with letters of introduction to the leaders in the book-trade, the group of which still included a number of the men who had been active in the business at the time of my father's sojourn in London. During the succeeding years, one of the members of the firm made a point of being in London for a few weeks of each summer.

In the same year, the burning of the Winter Garden Theatre, which was an extension of the old LaFarge house, very nearly brought about the destruction of the stock and the offices of G. P. Putnam & Son. Our books and papers were moved across Broadway to the premises of the Scribners, which were nearly opposite, and the day following, when the fire, which had destroyed a large piece of the block, was fairly under control, were moved back again. There was naturally in the hurry of the first transfer, some loss and some damage, but as our own building had not actually been touched by either fire or water, we could not secure any offset from the insurance companies.

In 1870, the business was removed to the building of the Young Men's Christian Association, on the corner of Fourth Avenue and 23d Street. Our own store occupied an L, the larger limb of which was on Fourth Avenue, while our offices opened more directly on to 23d Street.

CHAPTER XXII

Some Later Undertakings of G. P. Putnam & Sons

AMONG the authors with whom the firm came into relations in the five or six years immediately succeeding the reorganisation of the publishing business in 1866, I may recall the following: Isabella Bird, later known as Isabella Bird Bishop, for whom we published, about 1870, in co-operation with John Murray of London, a sprightly volume entitled *Six Months in the Sandwich Islands*, which was followed, a year later, by *A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains*. The author in question was a plucky Englishwoman with a perfect mania for travelling, whose travels have since taken her into many out-of-the-way corners of the earth. She followed up these two earlier volumes with accounts of sojourns in Korea, in some hitherto unvisited districts of China, etc. The widow of the famous naturalist, John James Audubon, prepared in 1869-70, with the aid of her granddaughter, Lucy Audubon, a volume presenting the life and journals of her husband. Mrs. Audubon died in 1871. I had occasion to call upon her, under my father's instructions, in connection with the production for this volume of an engraving of the Inman portrait of the naturalist. The portrait itself was one of the most effective pieces of Inman's work, and its reproduction is fortunately also very artistic. The old lady herself was very attractive

and entertaining. We were fortunately able to arrange with Sampson Low & Co. for an English edition, and the returns from the two editions brought to Mrs. Audubon, during her last years, funds that were much needed. About the same time, we undertook the publication of a series of brief biographies of European statesmen, which were edited by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who himself wrote the volume on English statesmen.

Under arrangements with my father's old-time friend, Mr. Bryant, we published illustrated editions of the famous poems *Thanatopsis*, *The Flood of Years*, and *Among the Trees*. The designs for these volumes were drawn and engraved by William J. Linton, who died in 1898 at quite an advanced age. Mr. Linton had long held the position of the leading wood-engraver in this country, and possibly in the world. He was probably to be classed as the last artistic engraver of his own special school, which has been largely replaced by the later methods of reproducing artists' drawings in photogravure or in half-tone. My father had met Linton during his earlier sojourns in England, when Linton as a young man was an enthusiastic Chartist. Discouraged at the slow progress that his radical friends were making in reshaping the government and the social organisation of England, Linton had come to the United States in the early sixties, making his home in New Haven. He brought with him his two daughters. His wife, who was making a noteworthy prestige for herself as a novelist (writing under the name of Lynn Linton), did not share her husband's discouragement about England, and considered it more important to remain an Englishwoman than to join her husband. She died in London a few months after the death of her husband in New Haven.

Richard Irving Dodge, a colonel in the United States Army, and a nephew of Washington Irving, wrote, in 1870,

a volume entitled *The Plains of the Great West and Their Inhabitants*, a volume which presented a careful study of the life of certain tribes of American Indians with which the colonel had come into close relations. He was able to speak of the Indians with more sympathetic knowledge than is often shown by army officers who have had experiences on the border, and many of whom are inclined to sum up the Indian with some such conclusion as "No good Indian but a dead Indian."

In 1868, Theodore S. Fay, whose name had for nearly three quarters of a century back, in association with that of Nathaniel P. Willis, been connected with the *Home Journal*, and also with certain romances, brought into our office from Berlin, where he had for a number of years made his home, a work quite different in its character from the light literature which had previously interested him. He had prepared two text-books on geography which were, as he fondly hoped, to revolutionise the whole method of teaching in the elementary and the higher schools of this branch of instruction. He had given years of labour to the production of his book, and had invested in the preparation of the costly maps all the money that he could spare of his own and a further fund borrowed for the purpose from his son-in-law, Dr. Abbott. He was quite confident that the moneys were to come back to him with very large profits in addition, and he was equally certain that the book was to make the fortune of the favoured publisher to whose charge it should be confided. My father had had personal relations with Mr. Fay between 1848-1852 or 1853, when the latter was engaged in carrying on the *Home Journal*. He published, as late as 1896, a work on the history of Germany, which showed a good deal of industry and research, but which was not accepted as authoritative. He died the following year, being at the time nearly ninety.

It was, I think, in 1870, that Mrs. Eliza Greatorex brought into the office a series of drawings presenting studies of what remained of old New York—buildings, bits of old parks, etc. Some of the buildings presented in her drawings had, in fact, already disappeared, the drawings having been prepared some years back. The series included, for instance, picturesque views of Columbia College at the time when the college buildings were in the park since covered by College Place and West Street. There were also views of this park at Broadway, where the buildings of the New York Hospital were permitted to remain for a series of years after the college had been moved up to 49th Street. In the hospital grounds, my father had some personal interest, as his old office at 321 Broadway had overlooked them. These views were reproduced by the best process which was at that time available, and, in connection with some gracefully written, though not very complete or very accurate, descriptions, were bound up into two folio volumes entitled *Old New York; the Battery to Bloomingdale*. The reproductions were made in advance of the time when the work of photo-engraving was really satisfactory for artistic effects, and the prints were not as good as they ought to have been. The volumes possess, however, some permanent value as a record of bits of New York which have now in great part disappeared.

Dr. William A. Hammond, who had had during the war a varied experience in the post of Surgeon-General of the Army, gave us for publication, about 1870, two or three more or less scientific books, of which the most successful was one devoted to *Spiritualism and Allied Causes of Nervous Derangement*.

Another physician with whom during this period we had publishing and personal relations was Dr. Brown-Séquard, a man of a world-wide reputation as well for

scientific ability as for extreme crankiness. We published for him during one year a journal chiefly devoted to nervous diseases, entitled *Archives of Scientific and Practical Medicine*. A doctor associated with him in the management of the journal was Dr. E. C. Seguin, who was also connected with him in his special nervous-disease practice. Dr. Brown-Séguard was a native of Mauritius, his father being English and his mother French. His professional life had been for the greater part passed in Paris, but during several periods he had had an office in London, and for two or three years remained a resident of New York. He was a brilliant investigator, and I understand that in many branches of nervous diseases his suggestions and theories have proved of lasting importance. He made and spent a large income, an income which would have been still larger if he could have brought himself to remain for any long period in one place. Just about the time, however, that he had collected a circle of European patients in Paris, he would be seized with unrest, and, closing his office, with hardly an hour's notice, would flit over to London. After having fairly established himself in London, and having expended, as he always did expend, considerable sums of money in the fittings of his home and office, he would go to New York or to Italy. His scientific research was as fitful as his practice. *The Archives of Medicine*, which, according to the preliminary announcement, was to be a permanent organ for the nervous practitioners of the world, was continued for five numbers only. It was published monthly, and seven numbers were therefore due to subscribers who had paid in advance their year's subscriptions. Towards the end of the year in question, without any notice to his publishers, the Doctor flitted southwards from New York, and for a period of months gave us no notification whatsoever of his whereabouts. The publishers had on their hands annoying

correspondence with the irate subscribers. Finally, about one year after the stoppage of the magazine, the Doctor placed in our hands, writing from Paris, funds with which to return to the subscribers the amount due them for the half-year's subscription. He asked us, in sending the two dollars, to explain to each subscriber that the sixth number, also due to them, would be delivered "shortly." The "copy" or material for this, however, never came, and the publishers were called upon to remit to about a thousand dissatisfied subscribers thirty-five cents each.

With his associate, Dr. Seguin, who remained in practice in New York, we continued in relations for a number of years. In connection with the *Archives of Medicine* and with the relations that it brought to us with the medical profession, we began with 1869 a medical department, which has been continued to the present time with varying results. Among the nervous practitioners whose books came to us as a result of the *Archives of Medicine* was Dr. George M. Beard, whose book on *American Nervousness* had some continued success. The subject seems likely to be one of abiding interest for the American people.

Dr. W. S. Mayo, whose name may be remembered in connection with the romance *Kaloolah*, one of the successful publications of the old House, brought to my father, in 1870, a new story entitled *Never Again*. The doctor was at the time a man of substance, having married a Stuyvesant. He proposed to print this book in his own way, regardless of expense. Under his instructions, the matter was set in very large type, and series of galley proofs were taken, with which proofs he practically reshaped the text. The printers were then instructed to distribute the first batch of type and to set the story a second time. The second series of proofs were handled nearly as severely as the first, but a third setting was finally accepted as

satisfactory. This method of reshaping a book after it was in type was in line with that pursued by the somewhat more famous author, Balzac, but the Frenchman made his publishers pay for the expense. *Never Again* made for itself a fair success, but never attained the prestige of *Kaloolah*, and the doctor did not feel encouraged to go on in his old age with further authorship.

During this period, our old-time friend and author, Susan Warner, resumed her relations with the House, and published three stories, *Diana*, *Wych Hazel*, and *The Gold of Chickaree*. Miss Warner had retained her reading public for a longer term of years than was the case possibly with any other American writer of fiction whose work had begun as early as 1849. Fifty years later there is still continued demand not only for the first book, the *Wide, Wide World*, but for nearly the entire series.

One of the more expensive publications of 1872 (the last year of my father's management of the business) was a big folio entitled *The American Landscape Gallery*, which presented, with some descriptive text, engravings on steel of landscape works by some of the more noteworthy of the American artists. The volume was issued in co-operation with William Pate, the engraver. The book can be considered in its way as a landmark in the history of American publishing, as it was one of the last volumes the illustrations in which were presented in the form of steel plates. The very large cost of steel engraving, as compared with the later illustration methods, has practically brought to a close, at least as far as American book-production is concerned, this form of illustrated publication. The book was not a noteworthy success, but returned its cost with some margin of profit. The year 1872 was not a prosperous one for business generally or for the book-trade in particular. The apprehensions of the disasters of 1873 were already being felt in the financial and commercial

circles. Books are sensitive products, and are easily forgotten by buyers during periods of doubt or anxiety.

In 1870, the year after my marriage, my father and I arranged to share an apartment in the building 142 East 18th Street, which had been designed by Hunt, and which was, I believe, the first of the long series of New York apartment houses. In visiting this building before its completion, my father met with an accident which brought him near to death. A descending mortar crate, which had in some way gotten out of control, knocked him over and fell in part upon him. The shock was serious, and its effects were, I believe, felt by him up to his death.

CHAPTER XXIII

The Last Days

IN December, 1872, my father was called to the funeral of his old friend, the artist Kensett. The weather was inclement, and he came back in the afternoon more exhausted than was usual for a man of his energetic temperament. I found afterward that, absorbed in other matters, he had eaten practically nothing during the day. He died suddenly on the afternoon of that day, December 20, 1872. His death occurred in the office, where he fell into my arms and never recovered consciousness.

The funeral was held at the Madison Avenue Baptist Church, of which at that time Dr. Elder was pastor. With Dr. Elder were associated for this service Dr. Stephen H. Tyng from St. George's Church, Dr. Howard Crosby from the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church, and Dr. George H. Prentiss.

Dr. Tyng read a service at the home for the family, in spite of the fact that the family were supposed to belong to Dr. Elder's church. At the public service Dr. Bellows was also among the clergymen, and Mr. Frothingham was in one of the front pews.

My father's death was due to a fainting fit caused by exhaustion of the blood-vessels of the brain. It was certainly painless, and coming as it did without the strain

of illness and in the midst of the books that he loved, it might be looked upon as a fitting close to a life which had certainly in itself been in more ways than one thoroughly happy. The happiness of my father's life had come to him rather from temperament than from success. He had had in certain periods a fair measure of satisfactory results from intelligent and active work. He had also secured a well-earned and invaluable prestige with the community for good service as an unselfish and public-spirited and patriotic citizen. He had won for himself the cordial regard and respect of the best citizens of the land, and had secured from among these a circle of valued and intimate friends. His domestic life had been in every way happy. Different as we were in many ways by temperament or character, we fitted in very well together, as I was more than glad to find when, in the management of the business, I became his close associate and partner and a sharer with him of business calculations and of business anxieties. When we first began work together in 1866, I was interested to note that the conservative or pessimistic side of the partnership must depend upon the younger member. In spite of previous trials and disappointments, my father, in beginning for the second time his publishing career, was still ready to be hopeful and optimistic, sometimes unduly optimistic, as, with a closer calculation of resources and a much smaller amount of creative ability and of business imagination, his junior was disposed to think. Such a combination of optimism and conservatism in the make-up of a firm is always desirable, but it is less usual for the younger member to be the one who holds back and who doubts.

From my earliest boyhood, my relations with my father had been close. He was, as before stated, never demonstrative, and his dread of interfering with the individuality or personal liberty of anybody with whom he had to do

made him sometimes almost unduly reticent. But with all his reserve, he was by nature keenly sympathetic.

I could always feel assured, without any spoken words, that he understood what I had at heart, and that he had made my hopes and aims his own. I know that during these six years of our working together, with the many business problems and perplexities, as I arrived at a fuller understanding of his high purposes and simple-hearted, straight forward standard of action, I was on my part more than ready to identify myself with his hopes and wishes.

It is now forty years since the day when I heard my father's last words, and it is, of course, not easy to say that my memories of him are absolutely trustworthy. I should say now, however, as I certainly felt in 1872, that he never wanted anything that he ought not to have had. His purposes were all high and his aims unselfish. With this conviction of his character, it is to me a great satisfaction to remember that these six years of our close business association passed without a jar or a friction, as, if there had been any such instances, the fault must have rested with myself. There was, however, no merit in working harmoniously with a partner of his temperament.

My brothers and myself were during this sad week before Christmas taken away from our business desks. The thought occurred to my father's friend and old-time associate, Henry Holt, that the place of business ought to be kept open without any break, and that service must be secured for its management. He with Charles Collins and Andrew C. Armstrong, a partner of my father's early friend, Charles Scribner, and himself an old-time friend and associate, took charge for the week of the business of G. P. Putnam & Sons.

The resolution, the original of which I find in my scrap-book as pencilled by Henry Holt, reads as follows:

The undersigned members of the book-trade, realising that to the affliction of the family of the late George P. Putnam ought not to be added the very serious financial detriment of an interruption of the business of Mr. Putnam's House at this most important season, have taken upon themselves the responsibility of conducting the business at the establishment in Association Building, until the surviving members of the firm can resume control.

This notice, published with thoughtful care by Mr. Holt in the daily papers as well as in the trade journals, served the purpose of making clear to the book-buying public with whom the responsibility rested for the supervision of the business in the Fourth Avenue book-shop, and also incidentally proved an advantageous influence in advertising the business during the all-important Christmas week.

It is my memory that Mr. Holt and his associates brought with them one or more clerks in order to make sure that the force was sufficient for the needs of the holiday season. I know that the earnest personal attention given by these men (who neglected for the time their own business affairs), aided possibly by some increased interest on the part of the public in the fortunes of the House whose head had just been stricken down, brought to the establishment during these December days a larger trade than had been expected or than probably would have been secured in the ordinary routine. When, the day after Christmas, the affairs were handed back into the hands of my brother Bishop and myself, I was pleased to find a larger cash balance immediately available than I had ventured to expect.

The year 1873 brought with it serious disasters to the business of the country, and the failures and the general interference with trade were more considerable and

far-reaching than had been known in any year since 1857. If we had entered upon the year's business with any accumulation of indebtedness from previous seasons, it would have been impossible for us to pull through. My own experience was but limited, and while I had pleasant relations with a number of my father's older friends, a group which included some men of capital, I should naturally have been rather timid in asking them to extend to youngsters like myself and my brother loans or credit which I should have been willing to ask for on behalf of my father. As it turned out, however, we were able to bring the concern through the year in safety, although with meagre business returns. During 1873, the sales of books were diminishing, and not a few of the booksellers failed to make payment for what they had bought, but with 1874 there came a change for the better.

From the long series of notices of my father's career, either by individual friends or by editors who had some personal interest in the man, I select for this record the following:

An article in the *Publishers' Weekly*, written by Mr. Frederic Leypoldt, closes as follows:

Singularly winning in manner and even in temper, a radiance of genial feeling always shone from his pleasant face, and a cordial greeting was always felt in the grasp of his hand. Any one who had ever met him was able easily to understand why he had been a life-long and intimate friend of so many of those with whom he had to do, and why there should be so large a circle of intimates to mourn him. These outward qualities were but the expression of a beautiful soul, a warm heart, and a well-stored and vigorous mind. It was chiefly in personal influence upon individuals that his life-work was done, for with his somewhat hesitating speech, a peculiarity which gave weight to his conversation, he was not much given to public address. Yet there were few men who had done more in lead-

ership in the literary and art development of his country. In all such undertakings he was trustingly looked to for enthusiastic help, and he never failed in effective response to the trust. . . . The history of his career as a publisher was one altogether of measures planned for the best interests of his country and his readers. He felt deeply the responsibility of the publisher's calling, and never did anything issue from his press which he believed could injure in any way or degree man, woman, or child. His conscientiousness and his Christianity were thus vital, permeating every moment and every act of his life. As a writer and compiler, he had done much and good service, as all readers know. As a supporter of American art no one was before him; it is impossible to estimate how much art in this country is indebted to Mr. Putnam. He was self-sacrificing always, but never more cheerfully and continuously than in his years of voluntary service in connection with that long series of efforts now crowned in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. We trust that some fitting record of his memory may be made in connection with this enterprise, which commanded his last efforts, and with which we believe he would like best to have his name associated.

An editorial in *Harper's Weekly*, from the pen of Mr. Curtis, closes with these words:

Eminently social in his disposition, Mr. Putnam surrounded himself with warm friends. His counsels were frequently sought, and always highly appreciated. Modest and retiring in his manners, he cherished a singular self-respect, and never receded from his ground but through the force of conviction. He was a man of the rarest purity and sweetness of life, of strong religious sentiment, and a model of excellence in the social and domestic relations.

W. C. Prime wrote in the *Observer*:

. . . One of the true order of gentlemen, a soul so candid, chivalrous, and kind that we can only pray Heaven to make

men more like him. It would be pleasant to breathe abroad his unnamed virtues. So singularly pure a life in the heart of modern society; such incapacity to do or to fathom meanness; such integrity joined to such liberality, and such unworldly honour, belong only to a few favoured souls who show the real worth and possible goodness of human nature. No chivalry of the time which has much unsuspected nobility to declare in after-story shows a Paladin of whom to pride itself more than the gentle, old-fashioned figure of this publisher, with his bright eyes moving among his books and papers, careful, courteous, exact, with benevolence and honour and a sense of duty crystal-clear, that shone like a Venetian mirror in antique setting. . . . His exactness and his kindness together were irresistible, as many young authors have declared, who found him their earliest and safe friend. Of his services to American literature, which owes more of what is pure and delightful to his labours than to those of any other one man who can be named, less need be said than of his rare personal qualities. This doubtless, however, may be stated: no author directed by his sagacity into the work native to his talent ever found him afterward capable of extortionate, dishonourable money-making out of other men's brains and fingers. He was always to them a better friend and counsellor than they could be to themselves. His honesty was a proverb among publishers. His friends used to tell how he absolutely refused to believe in the rascality of a firm by which he lost considerably. "It must be a mistake," he said. "To say otherwise would prove the man dishonest," a possibility of which Mr. Putnam never could conceive. His nature attracted to him only high-minded gentlemen like himself; others were warned away by their own instincts. . . . So high a standard of honour is all too rare, and the world can better afford to lose brilliant genius than unstudied moral worth.

Frederic Beecher Perkins, whose relations with my father have already been referred to, wrote in the *Examiner*:

I do not know anybody who seemed to me more absolutely

good. He was, in fact, too good for what is usually considered success as a publisher. This is no doubt a half-truth; but it is not every statement that is even half true; a publisher must not print what is of too high literary quality for his readers. He must not pay money to an author because he likes to, or because the author needs it or deserves it; nor must he pay more than the current market value. Publishing, in short, is not literature, but business; and a publisher with literary tendencies, above all, if he have real ability either as a writer or a publisher, is in great danger. Mr. Putnam had both abilities and he took the consequences. A curious incident that happened during the issue of the second series of his *Magazine* illustrated more than one trait of his character. He had let himself be talked into publishing a certain novel; the author, who was, no doubt, honest in his foolishness, having vanquished the reluctance and resistance of the veteran, who knew all the time he had no business to submit, but who was only too kindly in acquiescing in the requests of others. In this instance, however, he was too unsuspecting to watch sharply enough. Mr. Author shrewdly managed to get the book through the press before the publisher knew much about it; and out it came with an extravagant title at its head, with two other equally ill-baptised books promised at its tail, by the same author, as close at hand; and as for the story itself—well, *The Gun-maker of Moscow* was a masterpiece to it, and *The Bloody Butcher of Bungtown* was its own brother. I never saw a more disgusted man than Mr. Putnam; and I confess that, in my mild way, I drew his attention to the nature of the occurrence. He said as little as possible, though he looked a great deal. He was wise afterwards, if he had not been before; and certainly he did what I never knew to be done by any other publisher to repair the error. He could not suppress the book, for it was not his own: but he went to work and procured a just (that is, an unfavourable) review to be written of his own publication, and printed it in his own magazine. The second and third of the series were never issued; possibly they are yet in the non-written pre-existence of the author's great mind; and almost certainly the

author knows he is a fine writer and a frightfully abused man. . . .

I never heard Mr. Putnam say an unkind or harsh word; I do not believe he could do it if he tried. The utmost he was capable of was to suggest by way of inquiry, with a smile, with hesitations, and a visible reluctance to differ, whether so-and-so might have been substituted with advantage for this or that. He was a gentleman of the most delicate honour, as pure-minded as any child, a cultivated lover and student of literature and art, and a sincere and unaffected Christian. I have met very few human beings who seemed to me so quietly, naturally, easily, and completely good. His great powers of acquiring and retaining masses and details of knowledge of all kinds, his ability to endure long labours, his business abilities, remarkable as they were, are merits of a secondary rank. If I believed death to be much of a circumstance, I should be sorry that Mr. Putnam is dead.

In a leader in the *Mail and Express* I find the following paragraph:

We have neither the heart, nor the time, nor the space to-day to attempt a worthy review of the busy and honoured and useful life that is brought to its close so far as this world is concerned. Mr. Putnam's old associates and friends—such as Mr. Bryant, Mr. Godwin, Bayard Taylor, or Mr. Curtis—will doubtless embalm the virtues of this singularly modest, gentle, patient, industrious, and productive labourer in the literary field. What tributes would Irving twine around his friend's memory could he be recalled! How positively and heartily would Cooper testify to the traits of character of his publisher! From what different points of view would Kennedy and Poe depict the man who was beloved by each of them! The mention of these names suggests some of the memorable features of Mr. Putnam's career. He was the early, constant, and devoted friend of American literature and of American authors. In his relations with those who have largely aided in making American literature what it is, he was far more than a mere business man.

He was a wise counsellor, an active co-operator, and a warm-hearted friend. There was that in the man which won and kept friendship. Unselfish almost to a fault, he regarded his business as a means to an end. The traditional antagonism between author and publisher never could exist in his case. Among his many services, that of initiating the publication of *Putnam's Magazine* ought to be long and gratefully remembered. It marked a new epoch in the history of our magazine literature. For the first time, an American and original monthly took hold vigorously of the living questions of the day, and it became speedily an unquestioned power in the land. . . . We cannot now allude to the exceedingly useful works which Mr. Putnam wrote or compiled, and can only speak briefly of his early and constant devotion to the development of American art. The intelligent and kindly friend of all our artists, he has always been among the foremost in all movements for their benefit. He helped largely to organise the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and has been actively engaged in preparing for the representation of our art at the Vienna Exhibition—his position being recognised by his appointment by General Van Buren as Chairman of the Advisory Committee on Art. He was also for many years on the Art Committee of the Union League Club. We do not begin to measure the usefulness of such quiet and unassuming men as he until they have gone from among us forever. But in how many literary, artistic, and dramatic circles will the loss now be felt of that winning presence which used to be the centre of whatever was refined and generous and useful? How much will be missed those genial suggestions which used to come so quietly from him? When and how will the loss we have suffered be made good?

I find in a scrap-book of my mother's a large collection of letters that came to her from friends, acquaintances, and strangers, letters written for the purpose of expressing sympathy for her loss, and appreciation of the life and work of the man whose life's work had been closed.

These friendly words, while interesting in their different

points of view, can, however, add but little to the estimates that have already been given of my father's character and of the nature of his services to the community.

I will therefore include but three,—from his sister's husband, Mr. Isaac T. Smith, loyal and brotherly as he had always shown himself; from his old-time friend and author, Bayard Taylor; and from a valued friend of later date, Arinori Mori, the Ambassador from Japan.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28, 1872.

DEAR VICTORINE:

The sympathy everywhere expressed for you and the family by every one I have seen who knows you, and the general goodwill for your material interests, is very gratifying to us all; and ought to be an encouragement to all the workers in the flock (and I do not know who among you are not useful in some way) that they will certainly succeed, and therefore you ought all to be of good cheer.

You can certainly count upon me to stand by you all in Sunshine or in Storm in every way in my power: it will give me pleasure to aid you.

Your affectionate brother,
ISAAC.

LAUSANNE, SWITZERLAND,
Jan. 17, 1873.

MY DEAR MRS. PUTNAM:

With the sorrow of Mr. Greeley's loss still upon me, I can hardly tell you how much I have been shocked and grieved by this additional blow. I only learned it three days ago, the *Tribune*, which contained the news, having been delayed on the way. I could scarcely bring my mind to admit the truth: it seemed incredible that a man like Mr. Putnam, with so much freshness and energy for his years, such an active habit of life, such temperance and regularity, could be stricken down so suddenly: My wife and I have thought and spoken of you constantly since we received the sad news; and though the deepest and tenderest sympathy can be little consolation,

under the shadow of such a loss, we must obey the feeling which commands us to offer it.

I remember, when Washington Irving was called away by as sudden a summons, how Mr. Putnam spoke of it as a fortunate death, saying that if men were allowed to choose, the most would prefer to die as Irving died. He now has been equally fortunate, and we who have known him so long and intimately know that he was always ready for the call. His nature had that transparent goodness and purity which cannot be hidden: it was seen of all, and the only thing which seemed disparagement that I ever heard said of him was: "He is too good a man to be very successful in business." But I consider such a life successful in the highest and noblest sense. Mr. Putnam's personal and moral influence extended further and was more enduring than he, or even his family, could know; and it does not cease with his death. There is, there must be, some consolation in contemplating the stainless record of his life, even to those who have lost the most in losing him.

My wife joins me in offering you our deepest and most affectionate sympathy. We both feel that we have lost a very dear friend. To me New York without Horace Greeley and George Putnam can never seem quite the same place as formerly. With love to all your family from both of us, believe me always

Your faithful friend,
BAYARD TAYLOR.

Extract from letter from Bayard Taylor to G. H. P.:

From first to last I have found him to be a man whose simple word was as good as the written bond of most men. As a friend, he was always the same—true, steadfast, unselfish, sympathetic. I always thought of him, and felt towards him, as a dear and near friend, not as a business associate.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
December 23, 1872.

MR. PUTNAM, New York.

SIR:

In your sudden and sad bereavement, you have my sincere

George Palmer Putnam

sympathy. As you are aware, your father was my generous and true friend. The memory of his learning, his enlightened interest in the welfare of my country, will always remain with me as a testimony of the greatness of his character. Only a few days ago I saw him, apparently in perfect health and vigour, and it has been very difficult to realise that he has really gone from the community where he had played such a distinguished and honourable part.

Renewing the assurance of my earnest and deep sympathy with you and those about you in your great affliction, I am as ever,

Most faithfully yours,

ARINORI MORI.

(Ambassador from Japan.)

TO GEO. HAVEN PUTNAM.

CHAPTER XXIV

Final Characterisations

THE picture given in the foregoing pages is of necessity but a fragment. The memories of my father that are recalled to myself in connection with the names of old-time friends, or in recording certain of the incidents and undertakings of his busy life, are so full and so suggestive that it is difficult for me to realise how little the record may present to the younger generations to whom my father is little more than a name, instead of being, as he is to me, an abiding personality. The narrative is also, as a biographical study, seriously incomplete, in that it has been possible to include in it so few of my father's own letters. His speech was sometimes hesitating, and his reserved nature made it in any case difficult for him to express himself freely in the spoken word. With a pen in his hand, however, the conditions at once altered. He wrote easily, gracefully, and effectively, and the letters were really characteristic of the man. There was no attempt at literary composition, and, above all, there were no phrases inserted for effect. The graceful and flowing pages were in their statement of fact or opinion no less truthful and conscientious than the reserved and reticent speech. They presented a charming expression of his loyal affection, his far-reaching sympathy, his keen interest in the happiness of others, his unselfish public

spirit for the welfare of the community. It is a real misfortune for the readers to whom this volume is addressed that it has not proved possible, after an interval of forty years, to recover any number of the letters written to his family or to friends. I trust, however, that, fragmentary and incomplete as the sketch must be, it may still convey to these younger readers, for whom more particularly it has been prepared, some impression of the nature, the temperament, and the methods of thought and of action of the man who was so valued by those who had the privilege of knowing him. It could not be claimed for my father that his career gave any evidence of greatness. It would possibly be an exaggeration to speak of him even as distinguished. His own modest nature would have protested at once against any such large-sounding adjectives. And yet his life was certainly a distinctive one. It seems to me, trying to look at the record apart from any filial prejudice, only just to claim that, on the ground of high ideals, directness of purpose, unselfish public spirit, simplicity of motive, purity of nature, an exceptional power (always exercised with wisdom) of influencing others; the faculty of bringing all his talents and capacity to bear, persistency of effort, a hopeful confidence in the men about him, and an abiding faith in the wisdom and justice of the Creator, my father's life was exceptional, and was of distinctive value not only for those who belonged to him, but for the community at large. I believe that as a result of certain of the qualities above referred to, he accomplished much more for the service of the public than was possible for many men whose talents were greater and whose names were often better known. Reference has been made to his hesitancy of speech. It was, nevertheless, the case that whenever he had occasion to speak, whether in the committee room or in a larger gathering, his utterances were always listened to with the

largest measure of respectful attention. It was recognised that he never spoke except on a subject that he understood and unless he had something to say that was pertinent and that should prove of service.

He possessed not a little of the kind of imagination that is essential for progress or achievement, a perception of things as they ought to be, and a hopeful vision of their accomplishment. He had also both the interest and the capacity to scheme out and to initiate undertakings for the general welfare. Not infrequently, however, after he had, through his personal influence, induced others to take hold with himself of some piece of public work, he would in his modest fashion push "some more conspicuous citizen" to the front, to be identified with the movement as its leader or at least as its figurehead, while, in some such capacity as secretary, he continued himself to do the larger share of the work and to carry the real responsibility. I have heard him say that it was necessary to have a "showy man" as chairman or president. It made a larger emphasis for the undertaking with the public, while it might easily happen that in no other way could the co-operation of the "leading citizen" be secured.

I have already referred to his really exceptional capacity for getting men to work together and for maintaining among them some harmony of action while the work was in progress. It was impossible for any one to quarrel with him, while it was apparently very difficult for even the most cantankerous individuals to quarrel through him or to maintain contentions in his presence. His skill in making clear that the issues that had arisen between his co-workers were based solely on misapprehensions, his persuasiveness in straightening out such misapprehensions, his gentle insistence on the importance of the cause that was being imperilled through the differences among its supporters, were nearly always successful in restoring harmony.

My readers should not gather the impression that my father's gentleness and self-abnegation implied any lack of sturdiness of character. His convictions were slowly formed, but whenever they had taken possession of him they were consistently and courageously maintained: It will be remembered that he permitted himself to be dismissed from his collectorship rather than to accept the dictation of Andrew Johnson's henchmen on a point which seemed to him to involve his own honour and his independence, although loss of office at that time meant beginning the world over again with small resources and with a large family.

His opinions in regard to the abominableness of slavery, the supremacy of the national government, the rights of literary producers, freedom of trade, honest money, and other such issues of his time, had been clearly thought out and were stoutly upheld, and no self-interest, personal or business, could ever betray him into any recreancy or wavering, or into concessions from what he believed to be right. In matters theological, he could not claim to have arrived at any such assured or precise conclusions. In religious belief, however, as in questions of citizenship, his first requirement for himself was intellectual integrity. Whatever might be the apparent desirability, it was for him impossible to pretend to accept dogmas that had not made themselves clear to him. He found the creeds as formulated repellent and their dogmas unconvincing. His nature was, however, profoundly reverent. He was by temperament a believer in his fellow-men, in a universe which, however perplexing, must be wisely ordered, in the existence of a "Power not ourselves that makes for righteousness," and in the fact that the world was making progress towards betterment. The cheery optimism and hopefulness which were such characteristic features of my father's life, while partly due to good health, were largely

based upon this abiding faith, which withstood the strain of years of trials and disappointments.

My father's career gives evidence of no little business ability. Without any inherited capital or plant, and with no friends or connections who were in a position to assist in the financing of his undertakings, and with the steadily increasing drains of a growing family to provide for, he succeeded in establishing a publishing business which secured for itself not only a national but a transatlantic reputation, and which is credited with having rendered valuable service in the development of American literature. Notwithstanding the disasters which came upon the old firm, the prestige that had been secured for its imprint has in itself proved to be a most valuable capital for the business that has been continued and developed by the sons of its founder.

The qualifications of my father as a business man included enterprise, courage, initiative, an almost unlimited capacity for work united with an unflagging industry, resourcefulness under difficulties and obstacles, and an unfailing hopefulness. I am inclined to add to this credit side of the account his abiding confidence in his fellow-men. Such a confidence brings its obvious disadvantages. He who puts trust in those with whom he comes into relations is, of course, frequently enough a loser in being imposed upon or taken advantage of in one way or another. It is very possible, however, that in the end he loses less than the over-suspicious person, who has faith in nobody, and who is always defending himself in advance against imaginary imposition or injury. Confidence begets confidence and brings opportunities. The selfish or even the unscrupulous man may not infrequently, in coming into contact with a large-hearted trustfulness, be shamed into a fairer method of dealing. Further, confidence placed in acquaintances tends to develop acquaintances into friends,

and friends who have faith and who come to have personal interest in one's undertakings constitute a very important factor in the success of a publisher. My father was particularly fortunate in gathering about him during the years of his active life an ever-increasing circle of trusted and trusting friends. These friends, gathered from among his authors and others with whom he came into relations, were not infrequently able to be of service. Apart, however, from any question of service, such friendship relations widen and enrich life, and in fact a life in which friendship does not constitute a vital factor can at best be but imperfectly developed.

Notwithstanding qualifications such as those mentioned, and a brilliant preliminary success, my father's business failed, as this narrative has shown, to secure for itself a satisfactory success, and he died a poor man. It is in order to look for the grounds of this failure. The causes were, in part at least, influences outside of his own control. The great panic of 1857, which, for the time at least, undermined the credit system of the whole country, carried into ruin thousands of merchants whose net resources were far more ample than those of the young publisher, and whose individual undertakings were, like his own, free from any direct connection with the "wildcat" speculations which were at the bottom of the country's difficulties. In like manner, the outbreak of the Civil War, four years later, when for publishing, as for other concerns, there was just beginning to be a breathing space, was something which could hardly have been foreseen, and which, even if anticipated, could not have been guarded against.

It might also be said that the inadequacies or delinquencies of my father's young partner, whose mismanagement of the finances brought the firm into trouble some months in advance of the dark days of the panic of

September, 1857, constituted a factor outside of my father's control. For this element in his difficulties, however, I judge that my father would have been prepared to admit that the responsibility rested with himself. It was his duty to arrive at a correct judgment of the capacity and trustworthiness of the men selected by him as his subordinates and co-workers; while it was also his duty to keep some supervision over the methods and actions of those to whom had been entrusted his resources and his credit. He admitted very frankly that he had in this instance been at fault, and that, absorbed in the work of creating business, and of guiding its undertakings from the literary or editorial side, he had failed to keep a close enough watch over the balance-sheets and the book-accounts. His own taste in the making of books was excellent, and he has been credited with doing not a little towards the development of a higher standard of book-making for the United States. The Artists' Edition of Irving's *Sketch Book*, published in 1864, was described at the time as the most artistic volume that had been issued with an American imprint. Of this work my father printed an edition for George Bell & Sons of London. He told me that a copy with the Bell imprint was later shown to him by an appreciative London bookseller as an example of *English* book-making that American publishers could hardly hope to emulate. Losses were undoubtedly brought upon my father's business through an unwise optimism in regard to the requirements of the reading public. It was his tendency or temptation to overestimate the capacity of the public to absorb higher-class literature. His own standard and tastes were literary, and he evidently found it difficult to adapt his publishing plans to the requirements of the great circles of commonplace readers upon whom depend so largely the sales of the books which achieve what is called popularity.

Some of my father's publishing friends spoke of him as an idealist in business. If this term was intended to describe a man who could form a clear conception of undertakings and whose conceptions had to do always with undertakings of the higher grade, my father certainly was an idealist. In fact, any man who is competent to create business, whether it be in publishing or in other directions of activity, must possess the idealistic capacity. It was, I judge, a difficulty with my father that his ideas were not always connected with sufficient closeness with the commercial possibilities of the things planned. He found himself attracted by the literary side of the scheme, and was possibly too ready to believe that a sufficiently large proportion of the book-buying public would share his interest and would be prepared to give the necessary co-operation. Certain literary schemes, which miscarried with him or which failed to secure under his direction an adequate return, were successfully carried out in later years by some of his competitors. The plan itself was all right, but he had simply miscalculated the time at which it could be made effective.

On these several grounds, my father failed to secure what in the worldly sense of the term is called a success. He left no fortune, and during the larger portion of his working years he had his hands so full with making financial calculations and securing necessary resources, that he could not but be hampered in both the planning and the executing of his schemes. In a wider sense of the term, his life could, nevertheless, surely be called successful. Even on the business side, he had associated with his work a well-won prestige which secured for his name an assured reputation on both sides of the Atlantic. Outside of his business, he had maintained satisfactory relations with wide circles of citizens, among whom he was an honoured and valued co-worker. He was widely appre-

ciated for his unselfish public spirit and for his readiness to give skilled and devoted labour to work for the benefit of the community, work from which he never sought either personal emolument or personal fame. He was loved by his intimates and held in high regard by all with whom he came into relations. His life brought happiness to himself and to many others, and his memory is to be cherished not only by the children who loved and honoured him, but also by the grandchildren who can know him only through tradition.

CHAPTER XXV

George P. Putnam

An Appreciation¹

AT the funeral services of George P. Putnam, when, as is the custom, an attempt was made to sum up the character of the life that had closed, Mr. Elder, his pastor, called it "pure, patient, gentle, self-sacrificing." No words could have been more fitly chosen, and not one could have been spared. The purity of his nature was so perfect, so childlike, that I think he was hardly ever called upon to resist a temptation, for many things that would have seemed such to other men were regarded by him as simple impossibilities. I remember, however, one vanquished in his boyhood. He was hardly twelve years old, a fatherless lad, trying to make his way in commercial life as youngest clerk or errand-boy in a Boston store. He was living with very strict relatives, whose religious principles forbade the indulgence of any "worldly" amusements. The little fellow, however, whose imagination was hungry and craved nourishment, contrived two means of satisfying it. He carried a volume of Miss Edgeworth's tales about with him, and read them whenever sent on an errand; afterwards, stimulated to greater daring by this

¹ This graceful and discriminating appreciation, which was originally printed anonymously, may now properly be credited to its author, my sister Minnie, the late Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi, who died in 1906.

first nibble at forbidden fruit, he managed to make several secret visits to the theatre. But this last concealment was too serious a strain upon his conscience, and one evening a sudden self-reproach arrested him in what then seemed a "mad career,"—on the road to the theatre. He turned round, walked home, and voluntarily renounced the enticing pleasure; even the innocent dissipation of Miss Edgeworth's stories was for a while given up, under the pressure of remorse. I do not know that he ever suffered remorse again in his life.

Mr. Putnam's judgments of things were formed from their sunny and kindly, but also superficial aspect. Worldly superficiality is common, but unworldly superficiality is rare. The reason is, that most men who escape from the world do so in virtue of a profounder reflection that pierces its illusions and seeks more solid ground than its sham supports. But he escaped, even to the end of his life, by the same instinctive purity and naïveté of feeling that we fancy we detect in a child who prefers flowers to diamonds. He had, indeed, a naïve delight in the sheen and glitter of certain worldlinesses, but this always took one shape,—the sense of pleasure of belonging to a social institution, or a group, or an individuality wider than his own. He was so completely destitute of arrogance or self-assertion that he habitually thought of what he was or what he did as quite insignificant, but attached a rather whimsical importance to the occasions which had brought him in contact with notable things, events, or men. I have heard him relate many times, and with the utmost glee, the account of some public banquet to which he was invited in London, which was graced by the presence of many eminentmen, and over which Prince Albert presided.

Early in life, when Mr. Putnam was principally associated with men of letters and of the world, he never forgot

to lend his share of support to the Church. During the last fifteen years, when religious belief had become a matter of profound personal experience with him, and he was associated with many who "dreaded the world," he entered with even more earnestness into schemes for the general improvement of society by means of political reforms in cities, or the establishment of reading-rooms and lecture associations in country places—of innocent enjoyment everywhere. Within my recollection of him, though now long ago, he did active battle for Fremont, in the great campaign of '56, that virtually forbade the extension of slavery into the Territories; and during the last year of his life he was an active though unostentatious member of the Council for Political Reform, that he helped to found. As a young man, hewing a way for himself in London, he wrote his volume of *American Facts*, proud to vindicate the reputation of his country in Europe. And it is well known to many of his fellow-citizens, that almost his latest and most enjoyed efforts were in behalf of their Metropolitan Art Museum, which seemed to him to foreshadow European glories for New York, which opened an illimitable vista to his imagination, and about which he dreamed fondly, in the quaint, shy, reticent manner in which he always dreamed.

His interest in art was, indeed, chiefly the expression of his general interest in the moral welfare of society. He had, as had been said, an almost human fondness for pictures and books, such fondness as we sometimes have for dumb animals, for their own sake, and not for what they cannot say to us. He never received the intellectual training requisite for the thorough study of any one thing, and his was not a powerfully concentrated nature, able to dispense with such training and grasp a subject for himself. But without the knowledge requisite for real intellectual culture, his innate refinement and natural taste gave him

a love for beautiful things that he desired to see propagated as a humanising influence. He had that craving for harmony and orderly fitness which, carried further, becomes an artistic faculty, but which with him predominantly suggested his love of peace and good-will. He was so thoroughly gentle himself that he always believed that men only had to be soothed in order to be purified; and his desire for purity gave a latent enthusiasm to his social efforts, and tinged many things for him with a certain romantic ideality. By the side of the restless activity that distinguished his youth was another nature, quiet and dreamy, such as characterises men who have spent their lives as custodians in the cloistered libraries of great museums of the Old World. It was this that gained ground as he grew older (for he did not live to grow old), and when those who stood nearest to him could mark that the pulses of his life were beating with greater stillness. He was looking forward, I think, to a quiet old age, to an afternoon of beneficent leisure, filled with social plannings, such as becomes the legitimate reward of a broad and sympathetic and reverent life. It seems hard that this should have been denied him.

His beneficence, however, did not wait for old age or for leisure; it was so spontaneous with him that it imitated none other, but was always characteristic of himself. He made no researches, he originated no missions,—he shrank from those departments of philanthropic work that unmask depths of wretchedness and degradation. He left to others the task of digging painfully at the roots of things, but devoted himself all the more earnestly to his own work of diffusing brightness, and pleasantness, and sunniness on the surface. It has always seemed to me rather whimsically typical of him, that the one general mission among the poor with which I knew him to be connected was an enterprise for establishing public baths

and wash-houses. He used to laugh over this himself. He perfectly illustrated the rather subtle distinction that exists between a thoroughly public-spirited man and a philanthropist. Both are good, but few men can be everything.

His public spirit was the result both of instinct and principle; his kindness was always personal, and so natural that it seemed scarcely to require the intervention of principle. It was both in social beneficence and in individual kindness that he habitually sought refuge from personal care. I remember once, when some financial crisis had just inflicted upon him losses that he could ill afford to sustain, and when he might be well supposed to be absorbed in the future of his own family, he took a poor widow with her children from a wretched tenement house in the city, found a home for them in the country near his own, and for months watched over them with unforgetting solicitude. He believed very practically in the doctrine, "As ye do unto them, so also will your heavenly Father do unto you."

Other kindnesses, however, he did not recognise to be such. His business brought him into frequent relation with a class for whom he always had the most profound and chivalrous sympathy,—poor and solitary women struggling to maintain themselves by the uncertain profits of the pen. I do not know that anything touched him so much,—and this never failed to touch him. To refuse the manuscript of such a one, when he had once made personal acquaintance with her, was a positive pain to him; and the care with which he tried to soften such refusal and render it "less ungracious" has certainly been appreciated by many with whom he has had to do. This word "ungracious" was very frequently on his lips, and was one of his strongest expressions of disapproval. I think the idea of showing indifference or rudeness to the personal

presence of another human being struck him as something like blasphemy, of which he was indeed literally incapable. He would sometimes say at a distance, "So-and-so is a queer genius,—I should like to give him a piece of my mind"; but, once brought in contact with the offender, the suavity which was the literal expression of the goodness of his heart, and never disguised his independence, always prevented the threatened verbal retribution.

He theorised so little, that it was easy for him to be consistent. His philosophy was wonderfully homogeneous, and stood the test of every trial, great or small. He believed in the first place in the most absolute liberty for every human being, and had a perfect horror of every kind of coercion or tyranny, temporal or spiritual, social or domestic. The large indulgence that outsiders noticed in his treatment of his children from infancy upward was regarded by himself as a matter of simple justice. He disclaimed all right to interfere with the individuality of another human being, which seemed to him sacred, though it were that of his own children. He always showed a fastidious delicacy in regard to speech wi h them on topics of intimate personal experience, and his rare words of counsel and admonition were generally conveyed by letter, and with an eloquence unsuspected by those who knew the hesitancy with which he spoke.

His general elastic confidence in the integrity and good intentions of mankind was absolute in regard to those in whose veins ran his own blood. Whatever the disagreement, either in theoretical belief or in practical preferences, he never allowed it to become a cause of separation or of distrust; but with a rare sweetness and magnanimity of feeling himself set it aside, and acted as though it never had been. He really dreaded imposing his own opinions even upon those who were naturally bound to be guided by them; and was always ready to further their plans

because they were theirs, even when in themselves they crossed his wishes, or seemed to him absurd.

He was thus endeared to his children by the very things that so often introduce alienation and discord into families, and he had the satisfaction in many cases of seeing the final triumph of his own wishes, whose silent weight he had not deigned to enforce by command or exhortation.

His second fundamental belief was certainly in Providence. Even in the space of my recollection of him, I can trace the gradual evolution of this belief from the general conviction "that everything would turn out for the best," a conviction at first originating in the constitutional elasticity and animal spirits of his youth and younger manhood. When he was young, he looked persistently on the bright side of things because it attracted him; when he was older, he kept his eyes steadily fixed in the same direction, because he would have esteemed it a wicked unthankfulness to have done otherwise. The name of God was rarely upon his lips, but it was frequently in his heart, and his constant watchword in any trouble or misfortune was, "We have had so many mercies, we have no right to complain." He was indeed spared a long catalogue of the worst misfortunes that fall so thickly on many, and which never even menaced him, but a man's judgment of his own fortunes depends more upon his own nature than on theirs. And into minute daily affairs—those that often torment people as by a rack of pins, so unnecessarily we think, yet so inevitably—he carried the same patience with which he confronted greater trials. It was touching to see in later years how his patience gained upon his hope,—to learn to recognise by a certain look that crossed his face at times, that the vivacity of his enjoyment had begun to lessen, and his sensitiveness to pain to increase. This transition is the common fate of all; its details may seem trivial, yet they are not so, for according to their nature

they foretell the approach of a genial and loving or of a selfish and querulous old age. This last never could have been his, whose sympathies continually widened and deepened as he grew older,—with whom one amiable instinct after another became converted into a fixed principle, and who could thus be rightly ranked with those just men whose light shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

This was moral light. Intellectually, he accomplished his best work long before he died. Perhaps his period of greatest mental activity was the two years of his boyhood, from fifteen to seventeen, when, after working as a clerk until nine o'clock in the evening, he then studied until two, arranging material for *The World's Progress*, whose publication gave him a just title to precocious authorship. On account of its precocity, of the disadvantages in regard to leisure and previous education under which the boy laboured, this book affords proof of a certain originality and boldness of mental conception which could not be fairly inferred from it were it the work of a mature man, or of one professing to be a ripe scholar. It is a proof, too, of the patient persistency that characterised him, and which was rather moral than intellectual. He had no capacity for intellectual research or analysis; he had a great deal for the grouping of things together in a manner to be most effective,—that is, to convey the most intelligible meaning to some one else, and I consider this preference another proof that his interest in literature, as in art, was, unconsciously to himself, chiefly moral. While he loved refinement, he hated subtleties; he admired a pithy sentence, even though it contained a loose thought, and, it must be acknowledged, he frequently failed to comprehend a pithy thought, especially if clothed in vague language. Associated with so many books, he really, after the one great effort of his boyhood, read few, and his taste lay very

definitely in one direction—for the calm, even, harmonious style that we associate with Addison and Goldsmith and Irving.

His association with the latter writer has been so intimate, and is so well known, that to many it is perhaps the principal fact suggested by the mention of his own name. The association is not fortuitous, but, I think, really means all that it seems to imply. It has always been said that one peculiar charm of Irving's *Life of Goldsmith* arises from the evident kinship that exists between the genius of the author and that of his hero. The devotion of one life to the interpretation of another always implies the consciousness of some such kinship between the two, even when the mode of expression of the genius be quite different, as in the case of Turner and Ruskin; or when the genius is all on one side, and on the other belongs only what Carlyle has well called "the genius of appreciation" in Boswell for Johnson. To this latter class of appreciative friendship belongs that which for so many years existed between Mr. Putnam and Washington Irving. This was much more than the ordinary relations between a publisher and author who share each other's success. Mr. Putnam was one of the first to appreciate Irving, and immediately devoted himself to the task of hewing out a road for his future reputation, with a zeal and generous confidence that was certainly most generously recognised, and has been amply recompensed.

But this divination of Irving's possibilities for success, to whose external conditions he largely contributed, was not the mere insight of a man of business trained to detect what will succeed. It was rather that joyful perception of a person who meets in another the full and graceful and adequate expression of what he would like to say himself, and said in just the way in which he would wish to say it.

The serenity, the openness, the facility, the limpid

clearness of Irving's style, and of Irving's not too deep thought, not less than the gentleness and geniality of his character, with its quaintness, its shy delicacy, its fastidious reserve, its unspoken depth of sentiment, its stainless honour, irresistibly attracted a nature, that, though intellectually inferior, was morally akin. A sketch of Irving that Mr. Putnam wrote for *Harper's Weekly*, about two years ago, shows distinctly the points at which he had attached himself to him,—the details upon which he most loved to dwell. Irving was, indeed, his hero, his ideal in the world of letters in which he lived, his type of the region of that world which he most preferred.

Irving has a national fame which will last, at least for a while; that of his friend, in the hurry of events, and in the urgent proportion of other things, must be sooner forgotten. It is for that very reason that I, as one of his nearest and dearest friends, have tried to gather up into an imperfect portrait these few traits of a man that I loved, not merely from habit and association, but because his character has always impressed me as winning and touching and lovely. He was nearly always inadequate fully to express himself; who is not that is worth the expression? He lacked grace and presence, so that his real depth and force were frequently concealed or misunderstood. But when these had once been felt, they were not easily forgotten. Nor, in a world thronged at once with louder merit and with vices yet more loud, can pass unprized and unmissed this life, which, though so energetic in action, possessed its greatest power in silence; and which, though so vivacious in worldly activity, yet through singleness of purpose and sincerity of belief ever kept itself at heart unspotted from the world.

M. P. J.

January, 1873.

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